May 8, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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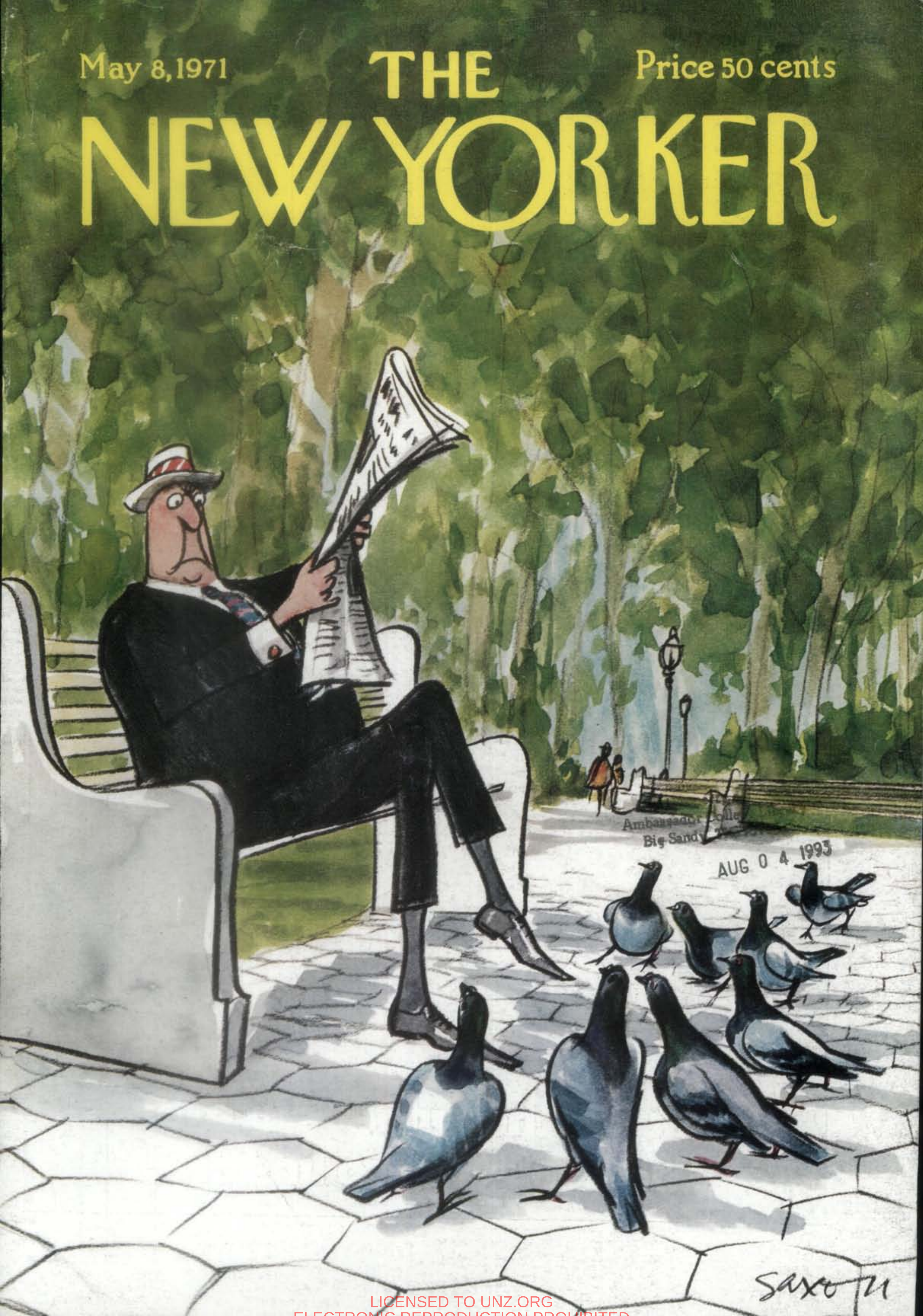

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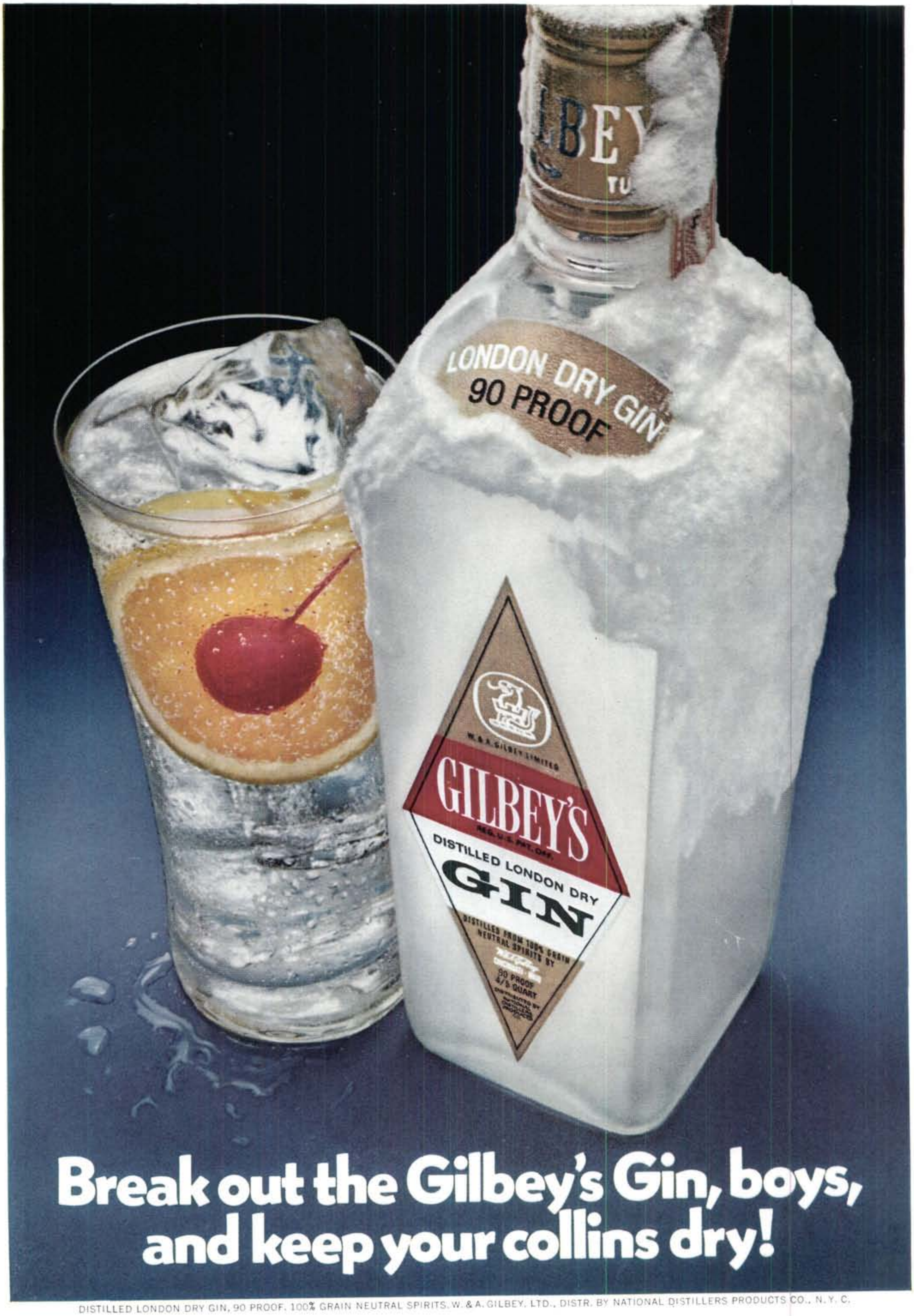
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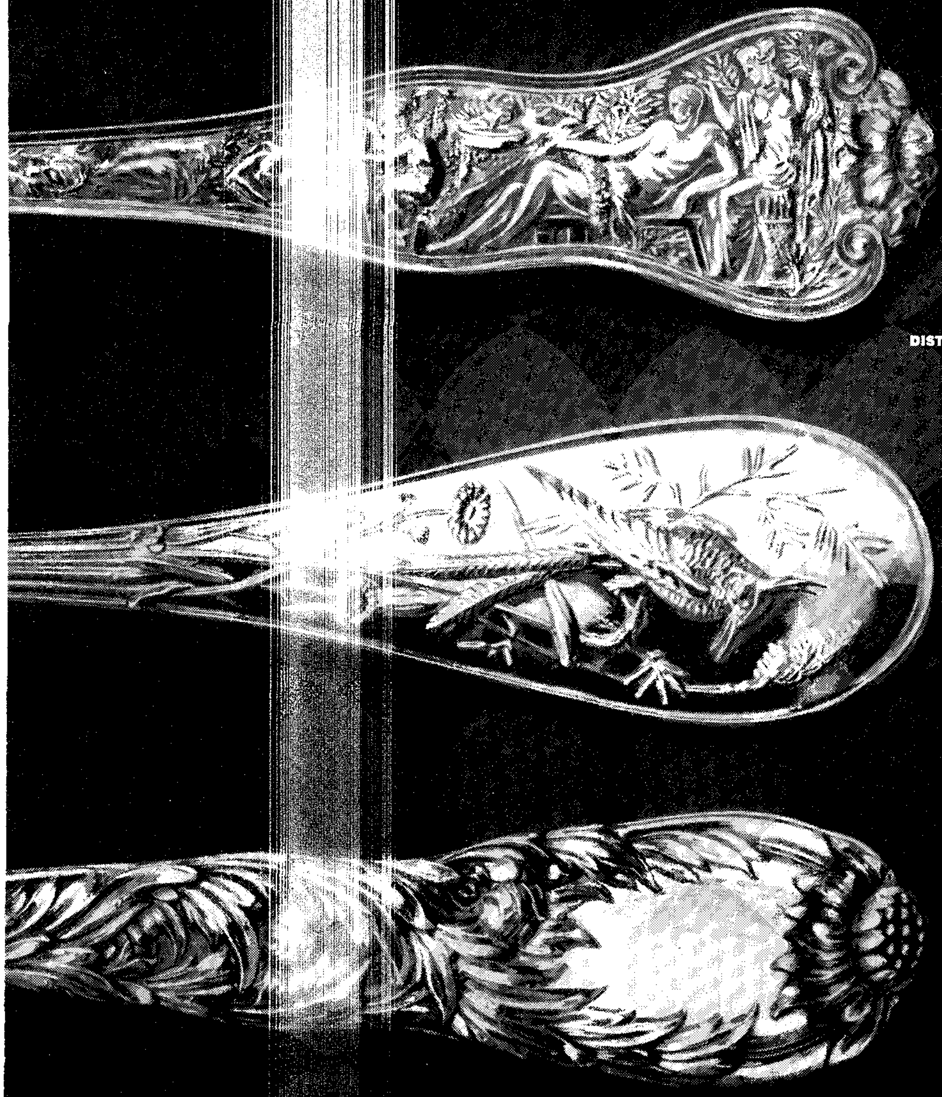

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A tiresomely old-fashioned play by Paul Zindel about three unpleasant sisters. With Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, and Julie Harris. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

And Whose Little Boy Are You?—A play by Rod Parker. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Back Bog Beast Bait and **The Cowboy Mouth**—The first play of this double bill is by Sam Shepard, and the second by Mr. Shepard and Patti Smith. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—In which the playwright, Neil Simon, puts a reformed alcoholic through a rather too carefully carpentered wringer. Ably acted by Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A dreary domestic comedy, written in English in England and now translated into coarse and unfunny American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A triumph. Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—An interesting, imperfect play about a don and his troubles, written by a bright young Englishman named Christopher Hampton. Alec McCowen, Jane Asher, Victor Spinetti, and Ed Zimmermann are among the exceptionally good cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sophocles' **Antigone**, in an English version by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. The final production of the season. Previews Thursday through Sunday, May 6-9, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 11-12. Opens officially on Thursday, May 13, at 8, and will run through Sunday, June 20. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, May 6, at 2.) . . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: A satisfying revival of **Pictures in the Hallway**, Paul Shyre's adaptation of the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 15.)

The School for Wives—Brian Bedford plays a man so obsessed with the need not to be cuckolded that he would sooner stop the world than risk an ordinary marriage. The translation of Molière's delightful comedy is by Richard Wilbur. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 29.)

Scratch—A play by Archibald MacLeish, suggested by Stephen Vincent Benét's short story "The Devil and Daniel Webster." The cast, directed by Peter H. Hunt, includes Patrick Magee, Will Geer, Roy Poole, and

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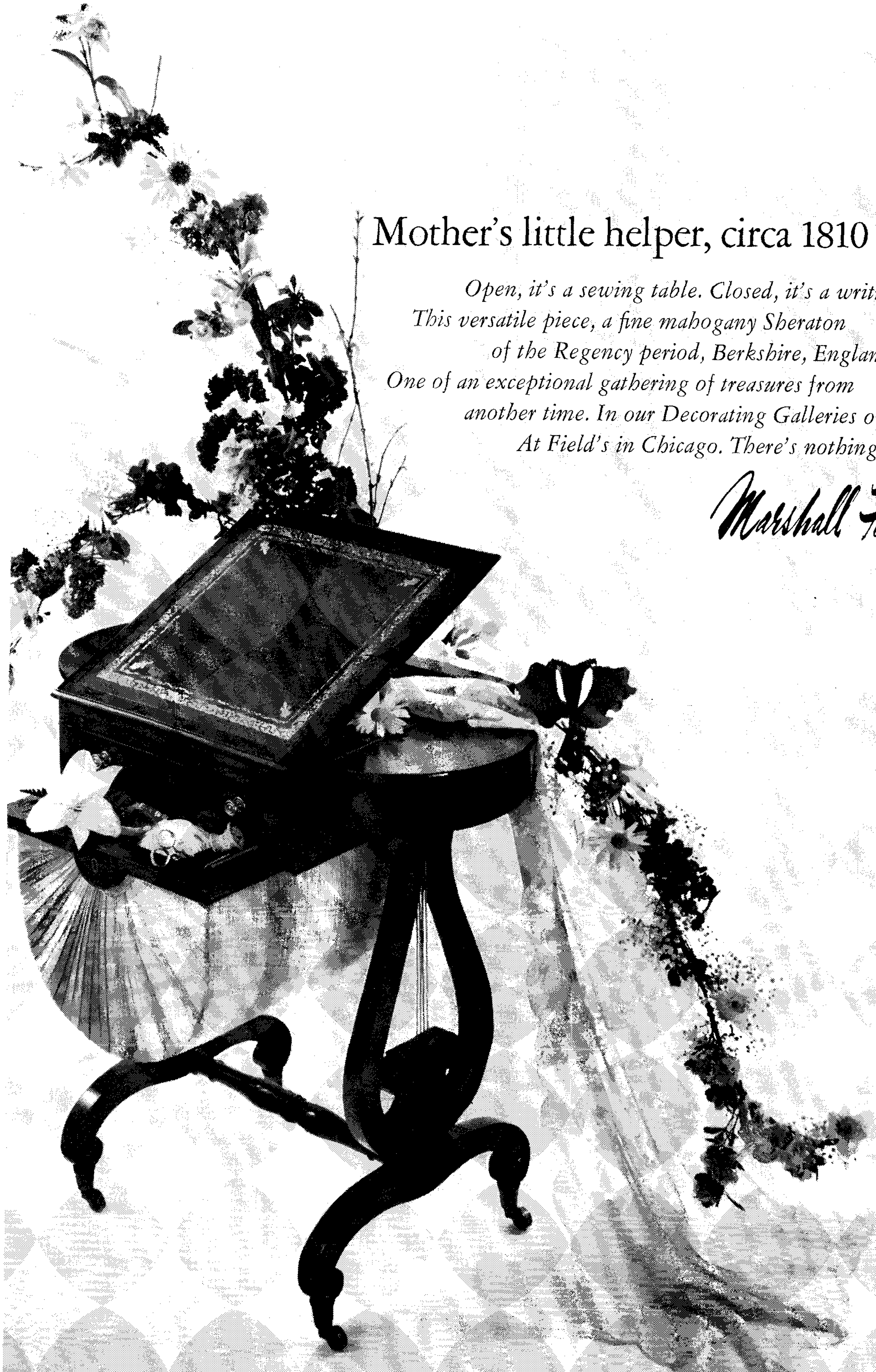

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Will Mackenzie. Previews Wednesday, May 5. Opens officially on Thursday, May 6. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—story theatre: In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday, May 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **the metamorphoses:** Ovid is well served by a company of handsome young people who know how to turn his wit into play. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except May 8, at 2. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

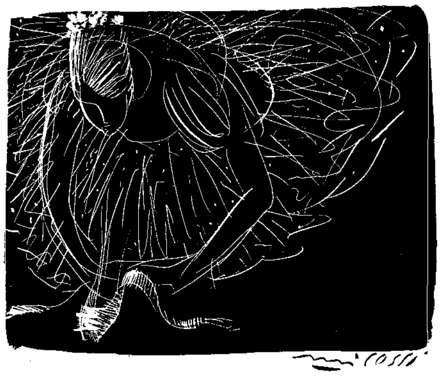
The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays *through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and* 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—a doll's house: A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Wednesday, May 19. . . . **hedda gabler:** Also with Miss Bloom. Performances resume Thursday, May 20. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 10, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, May 14.)

Underground—A pair of one-acters written by a pair of black dramatists and performed by a mostly black company called the Corn Bread Players. The second of them, Walter Jones' "Jazznite," is a fascinating and revelatory play about a professor who comes home on a visit to the slum where he grew up. "The Life and Times of J. Walter Smintheus," by Edgar White, which opens the evening, is somewhat remote and tenuous. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—butterflies are free: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the dirtiest show in town:** An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.). . . **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **last of the red hot lovers:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MUSICALS

The Ballad of Johnny Pot—Feeble. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Earl of Ruston—A musical with a book and lyrics by C. C. Courtney (who also directed it) and Ragan Courtney, and music by Peter Link. Opens Wednesday, May 5. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some *home truths, marred by a pedestrian* book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

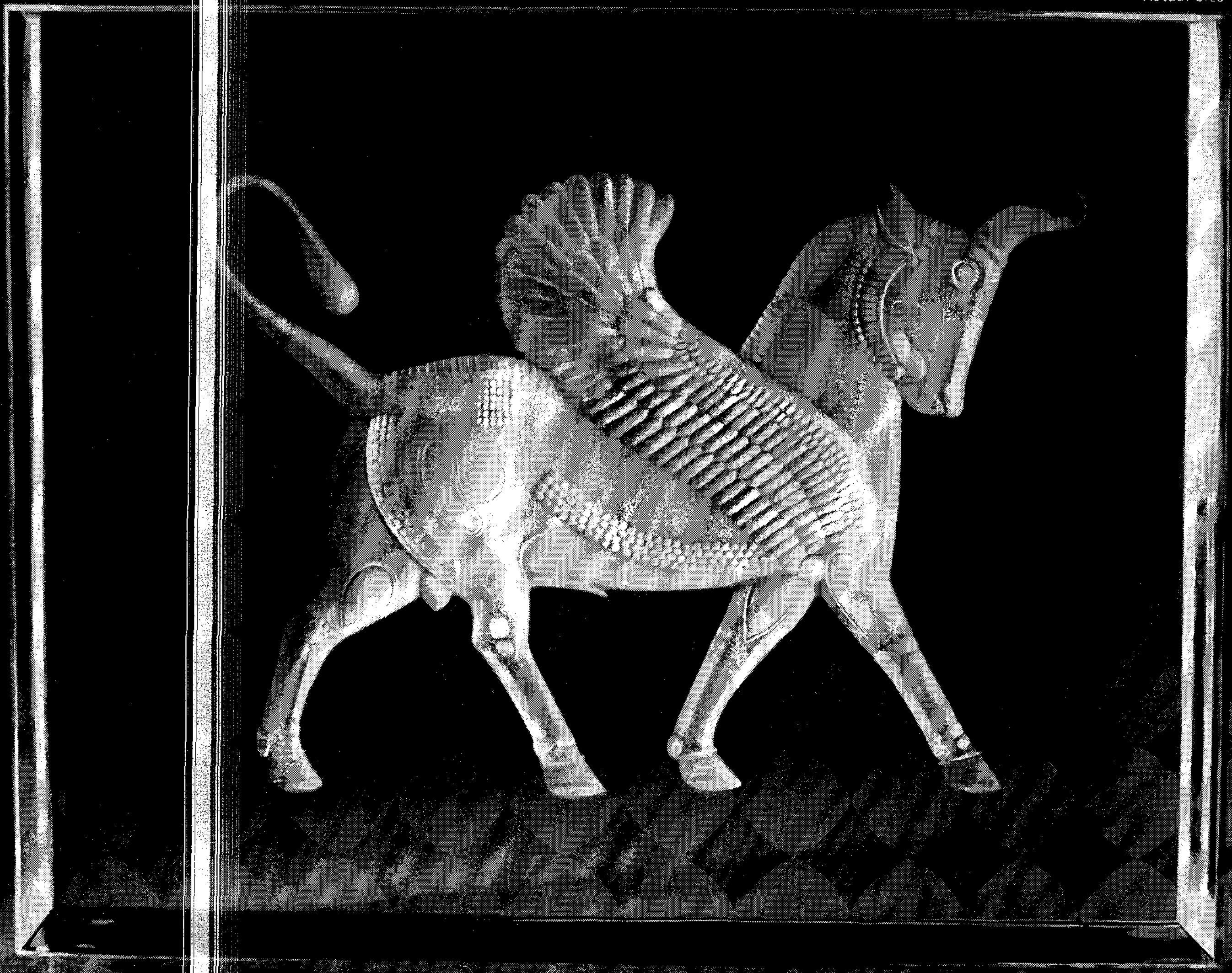
The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

70, Girls, 70—The perfect benefit for the Euthanasia Society. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—applause: Lauren Bacall, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring *version of the movie* "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **company:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. Starting Thursday, May 13, Jane Russell will replace Miss Stritch. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** —I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere, he said bemused. The Father and the Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the Father. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **the fantasticks:** Buck Mulligan at once put on a blithe broadly smiling face. He looked at them, his wellshaped mouth open happily, his eyes, from which he had suddenly withdrawn all shrewd sense, blinking with mad gaiety. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **fiddler on the roof:** He moved a doll's head to and fro, the brims of his Panama hat quivering, and began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice: *—I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard. My mother's a jew, my father's a bird. With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree, So here's to disciples and Calvary.* (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **hair:** It had not been possible for him to spend less: he had done nothing but what Sir Walter Elliot was imperiously called on to do; but blameless as he was, he was not only growing dreadfully in debt, but was hearing of it so often, that it became vain to attempt concealing it longer, even partially, from his daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **man of la mancha:** He had given her some hints of it the last spring in town; he had gone so far even as to say, 'Can we retrench? does it occur to you that there is any one article in which we can retrench?' (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **promises, promises:** And Elizabeth, to do her justice, had, in the first ardour of female alarm, set seriously to think what could be done, and had finally proposed these two branches of economy,—to cut off some unnecessary charities, and to refrain from new furnishing the drawing-room; to which expedients she afterwards added the happy thought of their taking no *present down to Anne, as had been the usual* yearly custom. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the me nobody knows:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, May 12, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, May 13, at 2.). . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **purlie:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Mati-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nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "La Sonnambula," and "Suite No. 3."... ¶ *Thursday, May 6, at 9: "Suite No.* 3" and the première of "Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra" (performed with the Dance Theatre of Harlem). A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-7902.... ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Four Last Songs," "Tarantella," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Concerto for Two Pianos," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." ... ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 7: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, May 11, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, May 12, at 8: "Bugaku," "Four Temperaments," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Thursday, May 13, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," an unnamed ballet (première), "Fantasies," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, May 14, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite," "Fantasies," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Serenade," "Tarantella," and the new unnamed ballet.... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Afternoon of a Faun," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 5: "The Taming of the Shrew." ... ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Brouillards," "Ebony Concerto," "Opus One," and "The Seasons."... ¶ Friday evening, May 7: "Carmen."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 8: "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Monday evening, May 10: "Carmen."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 11, and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 12: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "Carmen."... ¶ Friday evening, May 14, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 15: "Eugene Onegin." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, May 29.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, May 5: "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," "Icarus," "Child of the Earth" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Blues Suite," "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," and "Revelations." ... ¶ Friday evening, May 7: "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," a new unnamed ballet, "Icarus," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 8: "Choral Dances," "Streams," and "Blues Suite."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 8: "Flowers," "Child of the Earth," "Icarus," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 9: "Flowers," the new unnamed ballet, "Child of the Earth," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 9: "Choral Dances," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2.)

American Ballet Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8: "The Consort," "The Maids," "The Gods Amused," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8: "The Consort," "Intermezzo," "The Gods Amused," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8: "Clockwise," "A Poem Forgotten," "Romance," and "Theatre."... ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 2: "Harbinger," "Romance," and "Meadowlark."... ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 7:30: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Romance," and "The Consort." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Three rings brimming and spinning. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Les Frères Jacques—A French cabaret troupe, performing songs, dances, and sketches. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

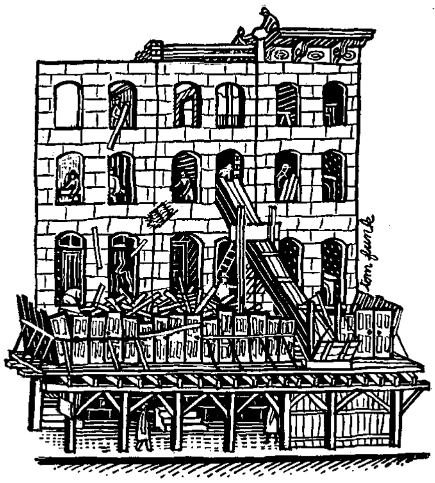
Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Jimmy Webb, one of the most prolific young songwriters around, has been moving away from Tin Pan Alley toward some realer streets. He plays *piano and sings from his* own large repertoire. On Wednesday, May 12, another comer, Nashville singer Kris Kristofferson, who wrote "Me and Bobby McGee," will take over. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The 1971 bandwagon contains a mixture of jazz and soul food, and this new spot makes pretty good use of both. Pianist Norman Simmons plays with a bassist each Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursdays through Sundays, John Blair, who fancies an electric violin, performs with piano and bass. Music from nine-thirty to three every night but Monday.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Even-tempered jazz from ten to two, usually on electric piano and bass. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—To brighten this comfortable corner of the Village, Tiny Grimes, heading a trio *in which Al Hall*, on bass, and Hal Frances, on piano, are concerned, sets to at eight and keeps on until one. On Monday, May 10, the group will be succeeded by folk singer Susan Reed and pianist Sammy Price. Every day but Sunday belongs to these players; Sundays are the property, from seven to twelve, of Dill Jones and his piano. Dining.

Gaslight au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—A new-old coffeehouse that opened recently at the site of the extinct Café au Go Go. The brick walls and the wooden benches remain, and cider is still the strongest drink. John Hartford, who may or may not be gentle on your mind, will be singing and playing some of his own country-type songs through Monday, May 10. On Wednesday, May 12, drummer Tony Williams will bring in his high-powered Lifetime. They will alternate with Nico, a singer with Warhol connections. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.



Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, dark corner where the jazz guitar is apotheosized five nights a week. Ted Dunbar is the current practitioner, working with bassist Larry Ridley. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Restricted amounts of soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Consistency is one of the virtues of the easy-swinging quartet led by tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims. His sidemen are Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in Fridays through Sundays. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are coöperating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled *piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in.* Nine until closing.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. The Monty Waters trio and singer Rita da Costa perform on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, the Quartet Noire is up. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Oliver Jackson. On Monday, May 10, Jimmy McPartland will replace Eldridge on trumpet. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your plastic boater and hoist your beer mug, and maybe you'll think it's 1920 instead of the puzzling present. Or maybe you won't. Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Roy Ayers' vibraharp sometimes threatens to trundle down the road to Dreamland. He will be here with his Ubiquity until Tuesday, May 11, when drummer Art Blakey will bring in his time-tested Jazz Messengers. The room is a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Starting at about nine-thirty, the Mose Allison trio does some inventive and bluesy things every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when the sound is Latin. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist Chick Corea leads his far-out foursome here until Tuesday, May 11, when the Big Little Band (Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, Richard Davis, Roland Hanna, and Pepper Adams) comes in. On Sunday, May 9, from five to nine, a six-piece band called the Jazz Contemporaries will play before the regular session. Mondays are reserved for the mighty, *ten*-man Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays,

Dress by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15

and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, May 9, trumpeter Joe Thomas will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoop-la and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—A designer on a Moorish trip must have dreamed this one up, with its series of ornamental arches. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A fairly restrained evocation of the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help set it. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Like something off the old M-G-M lot, equipped with sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and danceable. The Crystal Staircase churns out some ready-made pop three times a night. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Free Will plays through Sunday, May 9; Emmis starts Tuesday, May 11. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The Ol' Man River of discothèques—it just keeps grooving along, but on fewer nights than formerly, the doors being open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is sometimes absent-minded.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Down where the Würzburger flows. The Alps in this case are Bavarian; so are the singers, prancers, and musicians, the red cabbage and sauerbraten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The tumult and the shouting is done by All-Andalusia boys and girls in the flamencan troupe run by Antonio Santaella. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is the **flamenco room.** In the center of a tiny amphitheatre of banquettes, Ramon y Barra lets his guitar recall nights in the gardens of Granada. He is on duty from eight to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Four Tops roll off their rockpile on Wednesday, May 12, and one night later in comes Bobby Vinton, a rather mannered Pied Piper these days but a certified Pied Piper nevertheless. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Nevada. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Not a forest primeval but a forest primavera is **la forêt,** a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quartet (the most inventive group he has ever put together) is the principal event, and other musicians, arriving as early as eight, help him carry on until two. At two, the chefs go home, and music starts to arrive by coaxial cable. . . . ¶ In the **café,** dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **persian room,** Jane Morgan does her last star turn of costumery and song on Tuesday, May 11. Next evening brings along Charlie Manna, whose ways and words lead inevitably to legitimate laughter, and the Burgundy Street Singers. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the **edwardian room,** the *traditional violin weaves its way through the* dining hours every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Oscar Peterson, an imposing figure on the dais and at the piano, puts his trio in action during dinner and supper, and there is no mistaking the beat. Dancing, too—some of it disco and some of it for real. Sundays are dark.

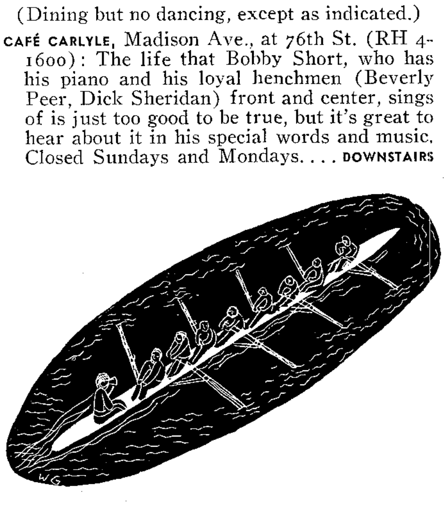
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The old barony leads a long and useful life. It begins at five-thirty in the **oak room** with a buffet dinner-and-piano session, proceeds to dinner and supper in both the **maisonette** (more music, most of it for dancing) and **la boite** (more piano) and ends in the **st. regis room** with the *après*-theatre songs of a firm young man, Jason, and a lissome nymph, Maryhazel. The Oak Room is a seven-day operation; the St. Regis Room is in service every night but Sunday; the Maisonette and La Boite shut down Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—An unsynthetic sunlight floods the **empire room** when Tony Bennett, the most casual and yet the most persuasive of all our big-time tenors, gets down to pleasure-before-business. This he does during both dinner and supper. No Sundays or Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The life that Bobby Short, who has his piano and his loyal henchmen (Beverly Peer, Dick Sheridan) front and center, sings of is just too good to be true, but it's great to hear about it in his special words and music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Of true words spoken in jest Shelley Berman has one of the finest collections, on exhibition through Saturday, May 8. Ernestine Jackson, who likes experimental songs and knows what to do with them, and the Judd Woldin threesome, bearded prophets with an up-to-date beat, will retire the same evening. On Thursday, May 13, Joan Rivers will resume her very special pleading on behalf of women's rights to practically everything. . . . **dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **el avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): The kibbutz overlooks the entire Eastern Mediterranean; the kibitzer (Avram Grobard, prop.) overlooks no opportunity to chaff. An amiable life, sprinkled with perpetual music and song. The oud plied by George Mgrdichian gives the local draft of musicians an extra lift. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **la paella,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood, an arborway buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is frequently active; the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **al mounia,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Though there's only piano, from five-thirty until whenever, in the lounge, the whole place, including a restaurant whose cuisine is most plausible Moroccan, has a way of bustling all the time; i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. After ten, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca. Closed Sundays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **peter rumsey's place,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): Mixing current Broadway and period-piece Manhattan and making it into a bar-and-grill is a catch-as-catch-can project, but here it is, with Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty until midnight. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining be-

Bring spring color indoors
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The Woolmark is
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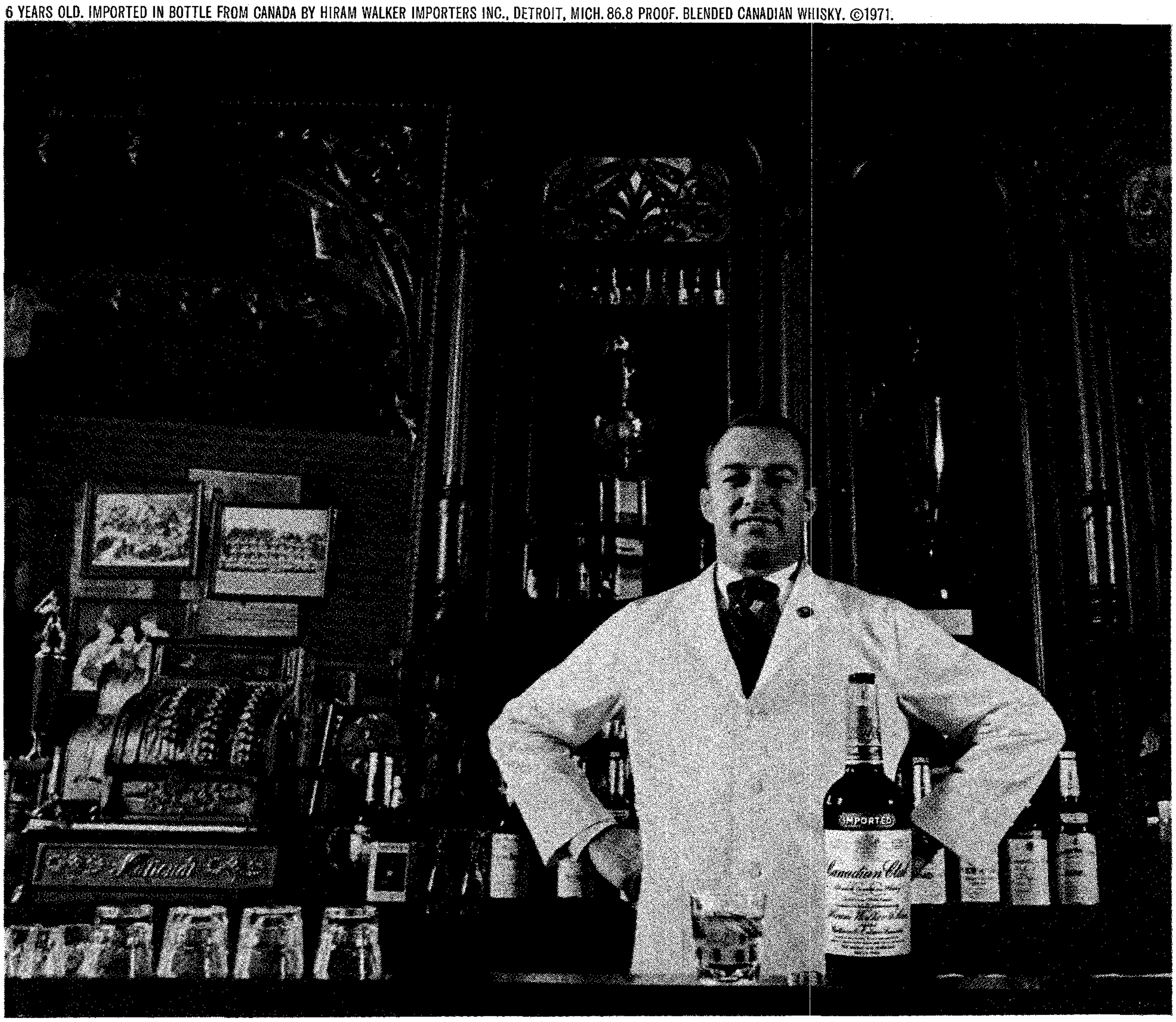

M.V.P.

Show us a tavern and we'll show you a team. A softball team. A bowling team. A touch football team.

Show us a team and we'll show you a Most Valuable Player. A bartender who played pretty good ball in school. But plays now just for the fun of going out and getting winded with a group of guys he likes.

Which is one of the things that makes him a pretty likeable guy himself. And makes the bar at your local tavern a warmer, nicer place to be.

May is National Tavern Month. A perfect time for you to stop by and get to know the M. V. P. behind your bar. Join us in a toast to this remarkable man. We think you'll find he's in a league by himself.

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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
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Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

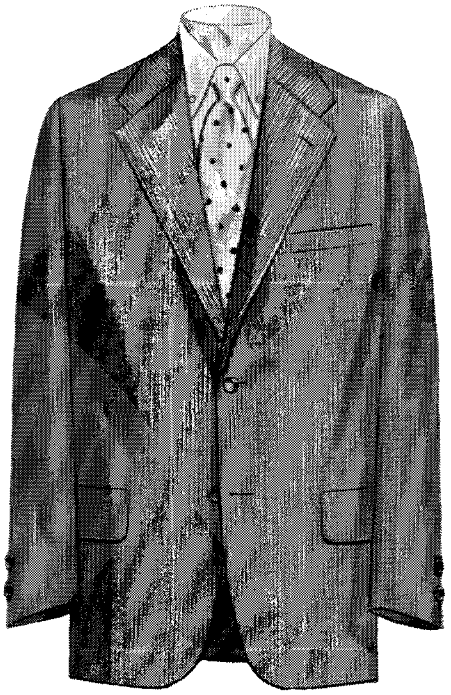
comes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Trafalgar Square should be next door, so neat is the optical illusion (not to mention the gustatorial illusion) that this is a London hotel room on its best behavior. George Feyer presides over his poetic piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Dan Edwards, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays; from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **GERALDINE'S,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): Take a tried-and-true musical ("The Boys from Syracuse," at the moment), sandpaper it down to dining-room size, invest it with a lively young cast, and serve dinner and supper around it, one flight up, in a comfortable old brownstone—this is the venture here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, plus an eleven-thirty reprise Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): A duplex specializing entirely in New York supper-club life as it used to be—a spot wherein people gather to hear someone they know and claim as their own. This time, it is Mary McCarty, whose reprises, commencing about ten-thirty, are done for that sort of loyal audience. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

YAACOV AGAM—Sculptures and paintings by a well-known Israeli Op artist who works in



THE NEW "346" KNIT SUITS
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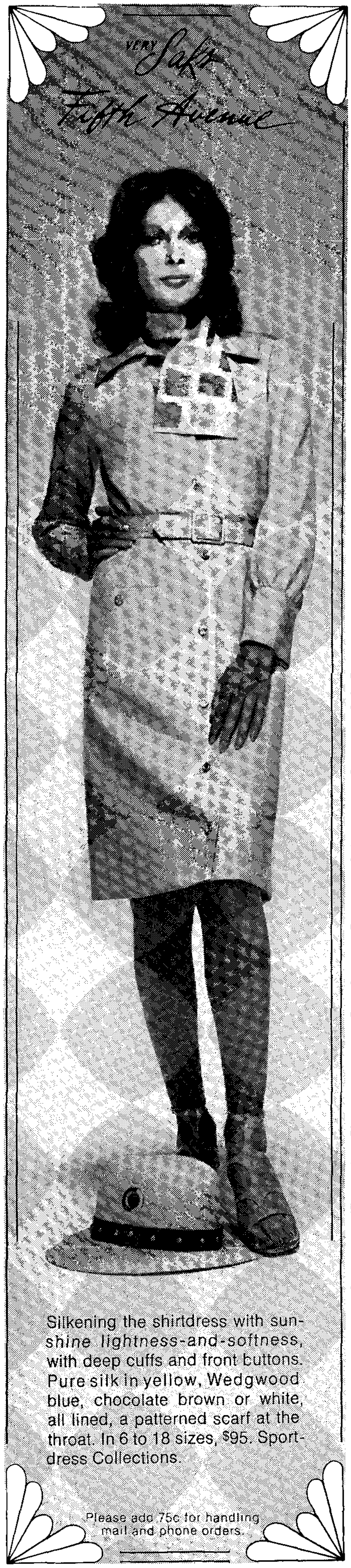

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Paris; through May 31. (Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Peter Bardazzi—The artist's first one-man show in New York of abstract canvases incorporating acrylics and charcoal; through June 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ariane R. Berman—Figurative paintings; through May 29. (Lesnick-Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Small drawings and watercolors; through Thursday, May 13. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Check Boterf—Seven shaped canvases; through May 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Brainard and Yvonne Jacquette—Cutouts of fields by the former and paintings of skies by the latter; through May 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Braun—Paintings that speculate about characters depicted by Velázquez, Manet, Cézanne, and Picasso; through May 29. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Budd—Monochromatic seascapes; through Thursday, May 13. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pol Bury—Recent works by a prominent European kinetic sculptor in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through Saturday, May 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Chamberlain—Metal-coated Plexiglas cubes twisted to resemble dented automobile parts by a sculptor who used to specialize in fenders from wrecked cars; through Saturday, May 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Ivan Chermayeff—Paintings and drawings by a well-known designer; through Saturday, May 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Thomas Couture—Drawings by a mid-nineteenth-century artist who taught many Americans; starting Tuesday, May 11. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Ralston Crawford—Drawings, watercolors, and lithographs of scenes in many parts of the world; through Saturday, May 15. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Vieira da Silva—Paintings by this prize-winning post-Cubist who works in Paris; through June 5. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Jan Dibbets—The first one-man show in New York of photographic reports by a Dutch conceptualist widely known in Europe; through Saturday, May 15. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Dufresne (1876-1936)—Paintings by a contemporary of Matisse and Picasso; through May 21. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas—Long, narrow, horizontal paintings by a follower of the color-field movement; through May 25. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Augustin Filipovic—Highly polished bronzes of humanoid forms by a Yugoslav artist now living in Canada; through Saturday, May 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alice Forman—Figure paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Boxes containing pictures and objects related to Venice; through May 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Gibbs—Soft horizontal and vertical stripes; starting Saturday, May 8. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Huge abstractions; through Saturday, May 15. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Juan Gomez-Quiroz—Abstract urban landscapes by a Chilean painter; through Saturday, May 8. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Graves—A retrospective exhibit of drawings by this West Coast veteran; through May 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Harvey—Groups of figures reminiscent of the twenties and thirties, against geometric backgrounds; starting Tuesday, May 11. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Milton Hebald—Figurative bronze sculptures and low reliefs; starting Saturday, May 8. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Heliker—Semi-abstract landscapes, seascapes, still-lifes, and figures in interiors; through Saturday, May 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel and cast-bronze and cast-aluminum abstract sculptures, plus related drawings and graphics in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through June 7. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Ingres (1780-1867)—A benefit showing of a hundred and fifty drawings done by Ingres in Rome; through May 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Robert Irwin—Columns; through May 29. (101 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Kanovitz—More of this artist's lifelike cutouts of people; through Saturday, May 8. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St.)

Louis le Brocquy—Paintings of heads and hands by an Irish artist; through Saturday, May 15. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Abstractly conceived figurative paintings; through Saturday, May 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Six-foot-square paintings divided into rectangles by ruled lines in pencil or paint; through May 25. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

James McGarrell—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs centering on an allegorical theme; starting Friday, May 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Frank Modell—Drawings and constructions; through May 31. (Zingale, 1057 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—Watercolors, pastels, and two oils by an American Expressionist; through Saturday, May 15. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Welded painted aluminum sculptures, also graphics; starting Saturday, May 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso, Braque, and Gris—Works presented in connection with "The Cubist Epoch" exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum and the coinciding Cubist exhibit at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through June 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Plunkett—Fanciful watercolors and collages looking back to an earlier part of the twentieth century; through Saturday, May 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Gio Pomodoro—Sculptures by a leading Milanese contemporary; starting Saturday, May 8. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Rickey—Constructions by a leading kinetic sculptor; through May 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gordon Russell—Paintings of imaginative situations involving familiar objects; through Saturday, May 8. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Maynard Sandol—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through May 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Miriam Schapiro—Paintings completed with the aid of a computer, by a former Abstract Expressionist and hard-edge painter; through May 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster-cast figures doing ordinary things in realistic settings; through Saturday, May 15. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

William Sellers—Sculptures based on simple geometrical forms; through May 22. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucy Steig—Landscapes, figures, and fantasies in oil; starting Tuesday, May 11. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

William Talbot—Abstract sculptures in concrete with electronically activated lights; through

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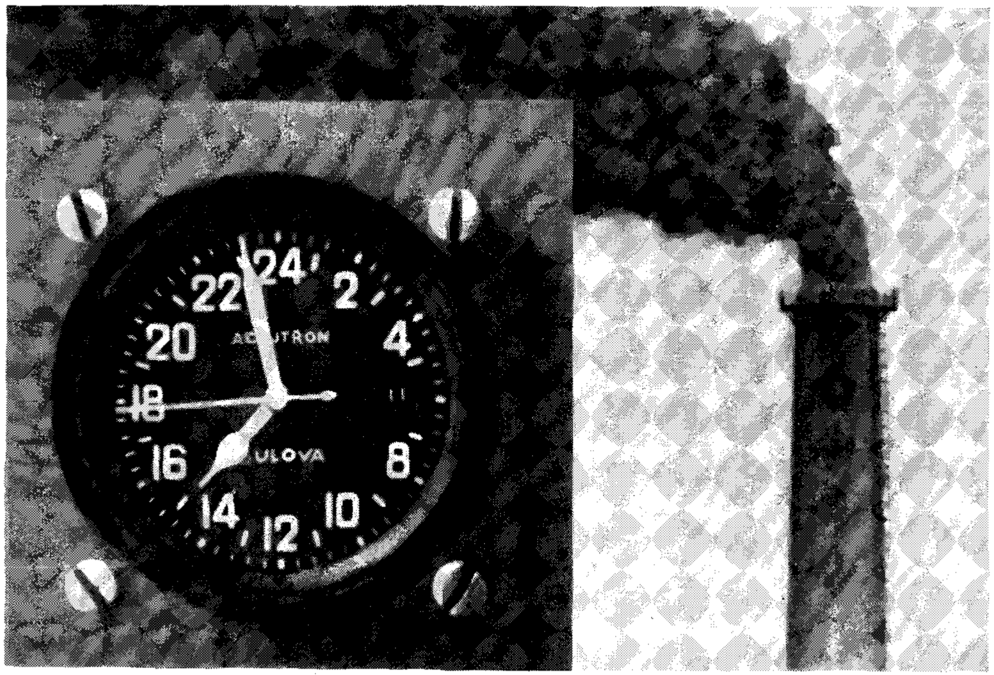

By Paul Rubenstein

I'm a photographer and I've lived in New Jersey most of my life.

It's been a good place to live except for one thing.

Sometimes polluted air would come down from the big industrial plants and you'd think you were going to die.

My blood would boil. But I'd ask myself, "What can one guy do about it?"

One day I decided it was time to find out. I began building a camera to trap air polluters.

In New Jersey you trap an air polluter by proving that he has released pollutants into the air for longer than three consecutive minutes.

To do that I gave my camera two lenses that worked simultaneously. One to take a picture of the place. One to take a picture of the time, on a built-in clock.

I used an Accutron tuning fork movement to impress the judge.

I thought I'd better have the right time if I wanted my pictures to hold up in court. So I used an Accutron clock. Like every Accutron watch, it had a tuning fork movement that was guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

I figured that had to impress even a judge.

And it did.

For the past five years, my pictures have been accepted as legal evidence.

Through rain, sleet, 112° in the shade, my camera has kept going to trap air polluters. (Or to defend non-air-polluters.)

And through all that, the built-in Accutron clock has kept accurate time. Never giving me a moment's trouble.

As a matter of fact, it's on the job right now.

But just where, I'm not at liberty to say.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, May 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Marie Taylor and Toko Shinoda—Stone sculptures of animals by the first and sumi ink drawings by the second; through May 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joyce Treiman—Oil paintings of figures in interiors; starting Saturday, May 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Pastels, gouaches, and watercolors done between 1909 and 1917 by this American Cubist; through Saturday, May 15. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Weinrib—Abstract wall reliefs in glass painted on the reverse side; through June 5. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Ingratiating still-lifes; through May 22. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isaac Witkin—Sculptures, including three large works in raw steel for outdoors; through June 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Woodward—Paintings of rural subjects; through May 22. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Yrisarry and Paul von Ringelheim—Geometric paintings and drawings by the former and abstract monumental sculptures by the latter; starting Saturday, May 8. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACTS OF ART**, 15 Charles St.: Works by forty black artists who have rejected invitations to the current Whitney exhibition or have withdrawn from it; through Saturday, May 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; starting Tuesday, May 11.... **COOPER UNION FOUNDATION BUILDING**, Third Ave. at 7th St.: Forty-four paintings and drawings by members of the Cooper Union faculty, among whom are Will Barnet, Leland Bell, Carone, De Niro, Wolf Kahn, Marsicano, Pfriem, and Tworkov; through Saturday, May 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 10.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American watercolors and drawings; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **MARLBOROUGH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by about sixty-five major artists of the twentieth century, including Picasso, Lipchitz, Modigliani, Arp, and Kokoschka; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by gallery artists, among them Bishop, Cadmus, Mayhew, Thon, and Vickrey; starting Tuesday, May 11. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; through May 22. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than three hundred works covering the Cubist period (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; through June 8. Complements to this show are the exhibits of Cubist painters at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.... ¶ A major exhibition presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five-hundred outstanding items from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1.... ¶ Three hundred objects—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through June 1.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7.... ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. A complement to this showing is his exhibition at the Dorsky Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** Starting Friday, May 14, the Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., will be open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty pieces done between 1953 and 1969 by Pol Bury, an inventive kinetic sculptor who features slow motion; through June 6. A complement to this showing is his exhibit at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St.... ¶ Thirty-six Cubist paintings from the Museum's permanent collection; through June 6. Complements to this show are "The Cubist Epoch" show at the Metropolitan Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by over fifty black artists from different parts of the United States, among them, if they don't drop out, Jacob Lawrence, Romare Bearden, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills; through May 16.... ¶ A large exhibit of Brillo boxes, flower images, and paintings of soup-can labels and film stars by Andy Warhol; through June 13.... ¶ Twenty-five paintings and drawings by Romaine Brooks (1874-1970), an expatriate American known for her portraits; through Sunday, May 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ On Tuesday, May 11, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of works by Iannis Xenakis, with the composer discussing his music and answering questions. The performers will include the Composers String Quartet; Jocy de Oliveira, piano; and Michael Rudiakov, cello. Tickets will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, May 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Caricatures, landscapes, and figure studies in oil and watercolor by David Levine, and portraits, including White House studies, and figures in oil, charcoal, and pastel by Aaron Shikler; through May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Chinese gold, silver, and white porcelain figures, animals, inlaid boxes, jewelry, bowls, and vases done between the fourth century B.C. and 1600 A.D.; through June 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan exhibition of tapestries in silk and metal thread dating back to the seventh century; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through Sunday, May 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas

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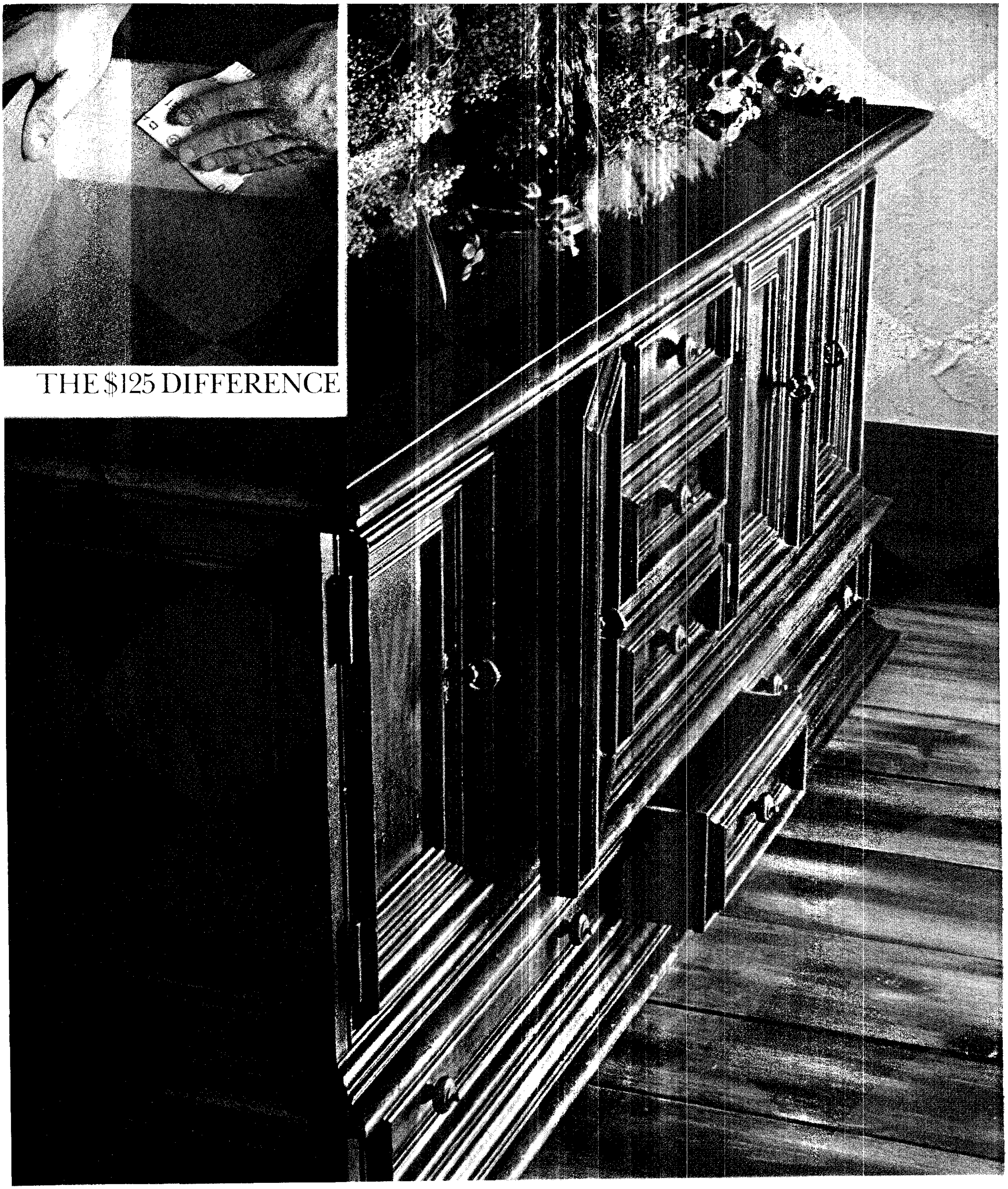

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and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing the "Swiss avant-garde;" through Sunday, May 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through June 27. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—One large collage presenting symbols of the situation of blacks and of America, also sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Benny Andrews; through June 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, May 6, at 8:30; Friday, May 7, at 2; and Saturday, May 8, at 8:30 (all with Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano, and the Schola Cantorum of New York); and Thursday, May 13, at 8:30; Friday, May 14, at 2; and Saturday, May 15, at 8:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet).

Baltimore Symphony—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Evelyne Crochet, piano, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Viorica Cortez, mezzo-soprano; William Cochran, tenor; Boris Carmeli, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 12, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Luciano Berio conducting a program that includes two of his own works, with Francis Pierre, harp, and Cathy Berberian, soprano. The final concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Sundy, May 9, at 2:30, and Tuesday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Harvard University and Princeton University Concert Bands—A joint concert, with Frank L. Battisti and David Uber conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Janus Chorale of New York—Robert Hickok directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

London Bach Society—Paul Steinitz directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Julian Patrick, baritone; and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Hunter College Orchestra and Choir—Ralph Hunter directing a performance of Orazio Benevoli's mass, the Benevoli Festmesse, with soloists and two other choirs. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Chorale—Richard L. Zorn directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (St. James' Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. Tuesday, May 11, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 972-1880.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Mannes Orchestra—A joint concert, directed by Daniel Paget and Carl Bamberger. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 13, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of the Northern Renaissance. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Christina Ortiz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Abba Bogin—Conducting an orchestra and acting as piano soloist in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 8, at midnight.)

Claude Frank—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, May 9, at 2:15.)

Benefit Chamber-Music Program—Judith Raskin, soprano; Isidore Cohen, violin; Harriet Wingreen, piano; and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, May 10, at 8:30.)

M.I.T. Chamber Music Group—Antonia Lavanne, soprano; the M.I.T. Chamber Singers; Robert Freeman and John Buttrick, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 15, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Itzhak Perlman and Joseph Kalichstein—Violin and piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jethro Tull and Cowboy—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, May 5, at 8 and 11:30.

Dakota Staton—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, May 7, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Poco, Linda Ronstadt, and Manhattan Transfer—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8 and 11:30.

Roberta Flack—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.

Chico Hamilton's Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.

Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers—With Betty Carter and her trio and the Gene Ammons quartet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Nina Simone—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 7:30.

The Incredible String Band—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 8.

The Chambers Brothers, Pacific Gas & Electric, Dreams, and Edgar Winter's White Trash—A benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday, May 10, at 7:30.)

Don Ellis—Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 10, at 8:30.

Don Shirley—With two cellos and a bass, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8:30.)

Cecil Taylor—With an orchestra, in a program of his own compositions. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, May 13, at 8:40.)

Bill Evans Trio—Jazz Center. Friday, May 14, at noon.

The Carpenters and Mark Lindsay—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 14, at 7 and 11.

Free, Mott the Hoople, and Mandrill—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

The James Gang—With Plum Nelly. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, May 5, at 8:05, and Thursday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 6, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 7, at 8:05; Saturday, May 8, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 9, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Monday and Tuesday, May 10-11, at 8:05, and Wednesday, May 12, at 2:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, May 14, at 8, and Saturday, May 15, at 2.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 8.)

Horse Show—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 7-9.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 8.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Withers, Saturday, May 8; the Youthful, Wednesday, May 12; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 15. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, May 31. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 15.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, May 8, at 1.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie the Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, May 8, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, May 9, and Saturday, May 15, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "On Behalf of the Laugh." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, May 8, at 2:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "On the Shoulders of Giants." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, rabbits, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: A child's world, where everything is built to size and where the small visitors may pet the rabbits, lambs, and other friendly animals. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 11, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Conroy, 329 E. 65th St.; the Martha Graham School of Contemporary Dance, 316 E. 63rd St.; Mr.

Luther Greene, 446 E. 58th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas T. Warner, 2 Sutton Place, South; and Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Mont, Mr. Sanford Starkman, and Mr. Sidmore Parnes, 419 E. 57th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—*The residue of countless spring cleanings.* (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 5, at 8: Impressionist and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the property of Norton Simon. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 2: Works of art, including Chinese porcelain, Italian majolica, Italian Renaissance and French furniture, old-master paintings, and Gothic and eighteenth-century tapestries; from the collection of Norton Simon. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 10:15: Ethnographical and pre-Columbian art, from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 11, at 10:15: American and English books, together with a selection of Indian miniatures; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 11, at 2, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 10:15 and 2: Prints by such artists as Whistler, Rembrandt, Dürer, and Toulouse-Lautrec; from a number of collections.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 5 at 2: "The Art of Vision" (1961-65), directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ May 8 at 11:30: "The Golem" (1920), a German film, directed by Paul Wegener, with Albert Steinrueck. . . . ¶ May 10 at 6, and May 11 at 2: "The Penalty" (1920), directed by Wallace Worsley, with Lon Chaney. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2: "Riff '65" (1965), a short by Eric Camiel: and "Zéro de Conduite" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo. . . . ¶ May 13 at 5:30: "The Green Heart" (1966), in French, directed by Edouard Luntz. . . . ¶ May 13 at 8: "Bronco Bullfrog" (1970), directed by Barney Platts-Mills. . . . ¶ Eight programs in a series of films by Shirley Clarke. May 6 at 2 and 5:30: Eight shorts films done between 1953 and 1960. . . . May 6 at 8: "The Cool World" (1964), with Hampton Clanton. . . . May 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Portrait of Jason" (1967), with Jason Holliday. . . . May 8 at 3 and 5:30: "The Connection" (1961), with Warren Finnerty. . . . May 9 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cool World" (1964). . . . May 10 at 12:30: Eight short films done between 1953 and 1960. . . . May 11 at 5:30: "The Connection" (1961), with Warren Finnerty. . . . May 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Portrait of Jason" (1967), with Jason Holliday. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Through May 6: "Passion" (1919), a German film, with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings. . . . May 7-8: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), with Florence Vidor and Monte Blue. . . . May 9 and 12: "The Love Parade" (1929), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . May 13-14: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'étre of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

NOTE—On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; most shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

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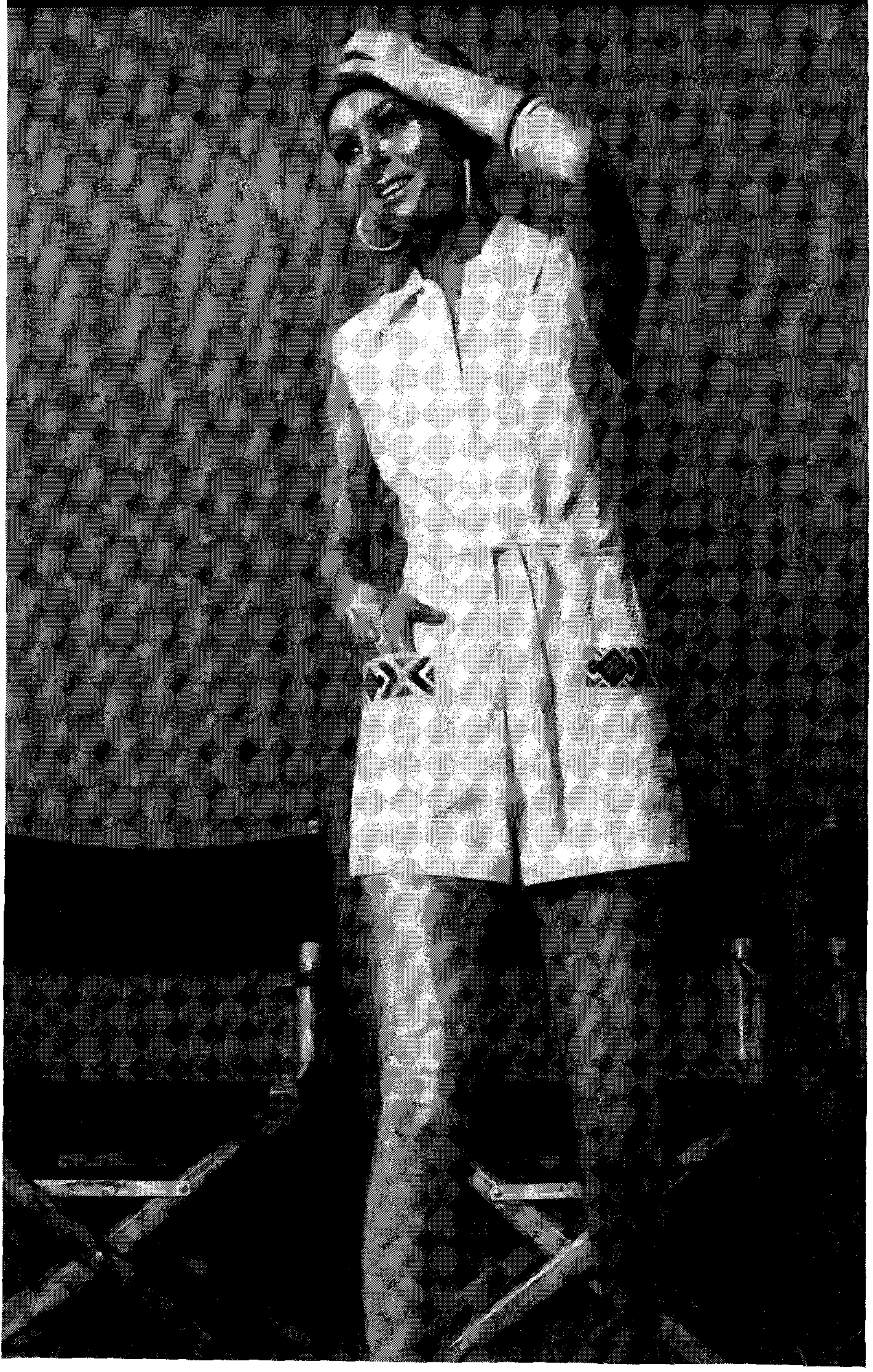

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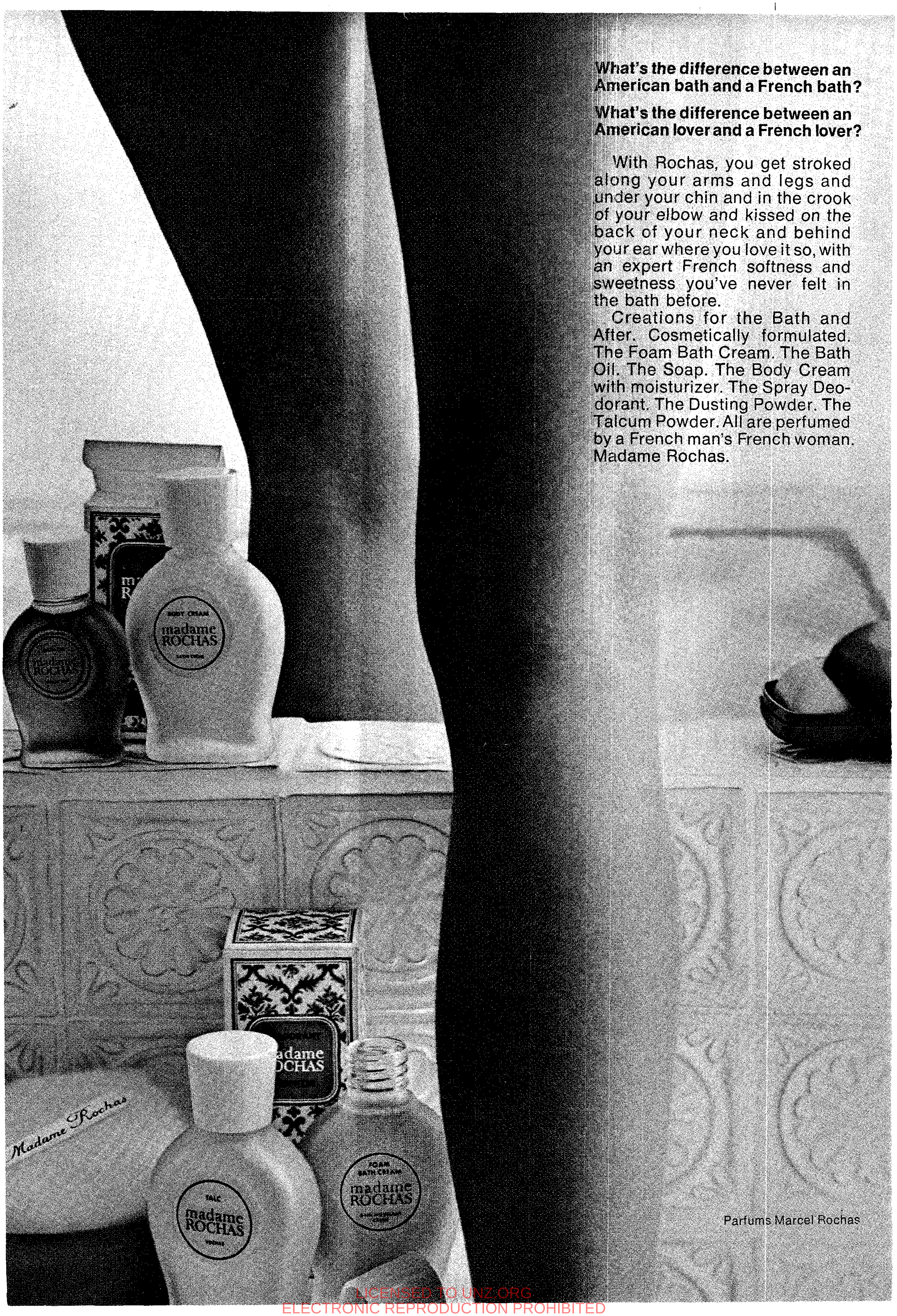

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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9	10	11	12	13		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 11: "Trash."
From May 12: To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 11: "Trash" and "Putney Swope."
From May 12: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 11: "Joe" and "Move."
From May 12: "Airport."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 11: "Citizen Kane."
From May 12: "Jules and Jim" and "Black Orpheus."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Derby."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Mad Dogs and Englishmen."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (355-1663)
Through May 11: "Saturday Morning."
From May 12: "10 Rillington Place."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The House That Dripped Blood."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 11: "Trash."
From May 12: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 11: "Little Murders."
From May 12: "Red Sky at Morning."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"La Collectionneuse."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Making It."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"My Secret Life."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Nana."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 11: "Pretty Maids All in a Row."
From May 12: "Mrs. Pollifax–Spy."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
"Johnny Minotaur."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Bed and Board" and "Stolen Kisses."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Battle of Algiers" and "This Man Must Die."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 11: "Skezag."
From May 12: "Z" and "Putney Swope."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 5: "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man."
May 6-9: "Million Dollar Legs" and "It's a Gift."
May 10-12: "My Little Chickadee" and "Tillie and Gus."
From May 13: "The Bank Dick" and "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 11: "Tender Scoundrel" and "The Lion in Winter."
From May 12: "The House That Dripped Blood."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through May 6: "Samurai, Musashi and Kojiro."
From May 7: "Onibaba." (No performances on Sunday, May 9.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Lawrence of Arabia." (On Monday, May 10, the theatre will be turned over to the closed-circuit telecast of the boxing matches between George Foreman and Gregorio Peralta, Jimmy Ellis and George Chuvalo, and Ernie Terrell and Luis Pires.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through May 12: "A New Leaf."
From May 13: "Plaza Suite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 11: "Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father."
From May 12: "Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Derby."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 11: "Citizen Kane."
From May 12: "Jules and Jim" and "Black Orpheus."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Bed and Board."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 11: "The Confession."
From May 12: "Red Sky at Morning."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 11: "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."
From May 12: "Mrs. Pollifax–Spy."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 11: "Trash" and "More."
From May 12: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Bed and Board."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 5: "Vladimir and Rosa" and "China Is Near."
From May 6: A program of four short films—"Nixon's Checkers Speech," "Pull My Daisy," "Lenny Bruce on TV," and "Report from China."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 11: "The Lion in Winter" and "Tender Scoundrel."
From May 12: "The Revolutionary" and "Fellini Satyricon."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 6: "Waltz of the Toreadors" and "The Ghost Goes West."
May 7-10: "Never on Sunday" and "Topkapi."
May 11-13: "That Man from Rio" and "The Thief of Paris."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Airport (1970)—The publicity aura of the film makes you think that it might be a good dopey film-to-read-on-a-plane, so to speak, but it's dull stuff. (Gramercy; starting May 12.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is not unlike the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but it isn't a very pleasurable kind of suspense; the movie lacks humor. (Cinema I.)

Bananas—Directed by, written by, and starring Woody Allen. It peters out, but there are some terribly funny things for the first hour. (Coronet.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Elgin; starting May 13.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud.) Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." (In French at the Waverly and Lincoln Art. . . . ¶ In English at the Embassy 72nd St.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 12.)

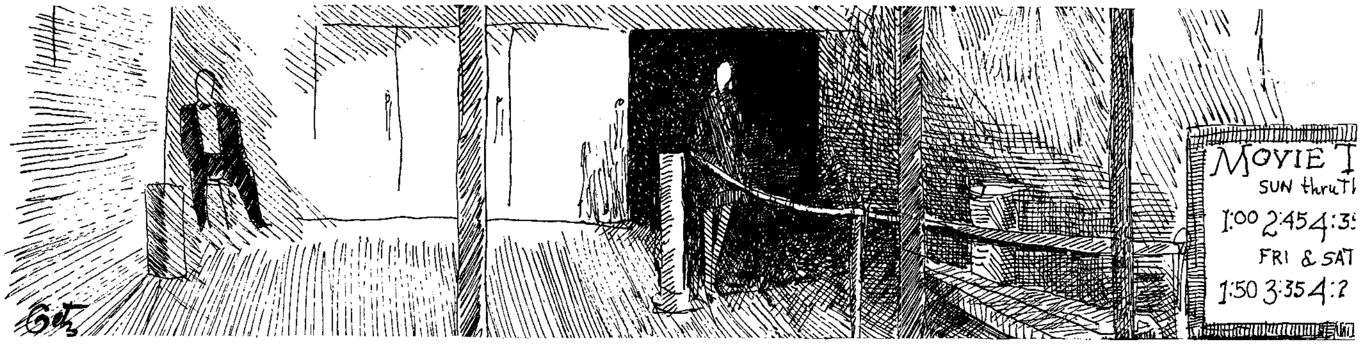
Blue Water, White Death—Peter Gimbel's film about sharks. (Festival; starting May 12.)

China Is Near (1968)—A prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his pompous Socialist brother's chances for political office. Marco Bellocchio's highly original political comedy, in which the people are so awful they're funny, is structured like a classic comic opera. In Italian. (New Yorker; May 5.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant satire of the American as imperialist. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through May 11.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one is full of summer, dazed with sun, bored: a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Paramount; through May 11.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Derby—"Derby" in this case means Roller Derby. A documentary, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Murray Hill and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie. In Italian. (Symphony; starting May 12.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Festival; through May 11.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-aged couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Thalia; through May 6.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

The House That Dripped Blood—Five stories of the supernatural that take place in the dripping house. All directed by Peter Duffel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 12.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Festival; through May 11.)

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Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. (Guild.)

It's a Gift (1934)—In which W. C. Fields is harassed by a blind man and has a finely irritable scene in a grocery store on the subject of kumquats. (Elgin; May 6-9.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Gramercy; through May 11.)

Johnny Minotaur—Directed by Charles Henri Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Kips Bay and Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 12.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli. No performances on Monday, May 10.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; through May 11.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman; through May 11.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburgers on a jet. (Trans-Lux East.)

Making It—John Erman's film about a lad making heavy weather of being an Odysseus on a seventeen-year-old's sexual quest. The film comes from a novel called "What Can You Do?;" what you can do is not go. (U.A. East.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—From their titles, it's hard to tell the W. C. Fields movies apart; as John Mosher observed, "Fields is Fields, a rose is a rose." For the record, in this one Fields is Ambrose Wolfinger, and he and his daughter (Mary Brian) are the defenseless victims of his new wife (Kathleen Howard) and her sponging relatives (the worst is Grady Sutton). (Elgin; May 5.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti, singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed. (Elgin; May 6-9.)

Mrs. Pollifax–Spy—A comedy with Rosalind Russell and Darren McGavin. Directed by Leslie Martinson. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; starting May 12.)

More (1969)—Love and drugs and death in glamorous places. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Regency; through May 11.)

Move—With Elliott Gould; a ghastly comedy about a man who—married to *Paula Prentiss*—can't make love to his wife because he is so worried about moving from a brownstone to an apartment house: the moving men won't come, and other big anxieties. (Gramercy; through May 11.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 11.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West respectively muttering and wambling in a most unusual Western. (Elgin; May 10-12.)

My Secret Life—Based on the Victorian erotic autobiography of the same name. With Jack Woods and Leon Jervis, directed by Leland R. Thomas. (Orpheum.)

Nana—A Swedish film, dubbed into English, with Anna Gael, directed by Mac Ahlberg. (Loew's Ciné.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his, er, best as a kindly uncle. (Elgin; starting May 13.)

Never on Sunday (1960)—Melina Mercouri as the happy whore who goes to bed only with men she likes in Jules Dassin's clumsy fable about the joys of amorality and the stupidity of virtue. Pinheaded Shavian ironies and an exhaustingly robust heroine. Made in Greece, with bouzouki music by Manos Hadjidakis. In English and Greek. (Thalia; May 7-10.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Music Hall; through May 12.)

Onibaba (1963)—With Nobuko Otowa, directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting May 7. No performances on Sunday, May 9.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly

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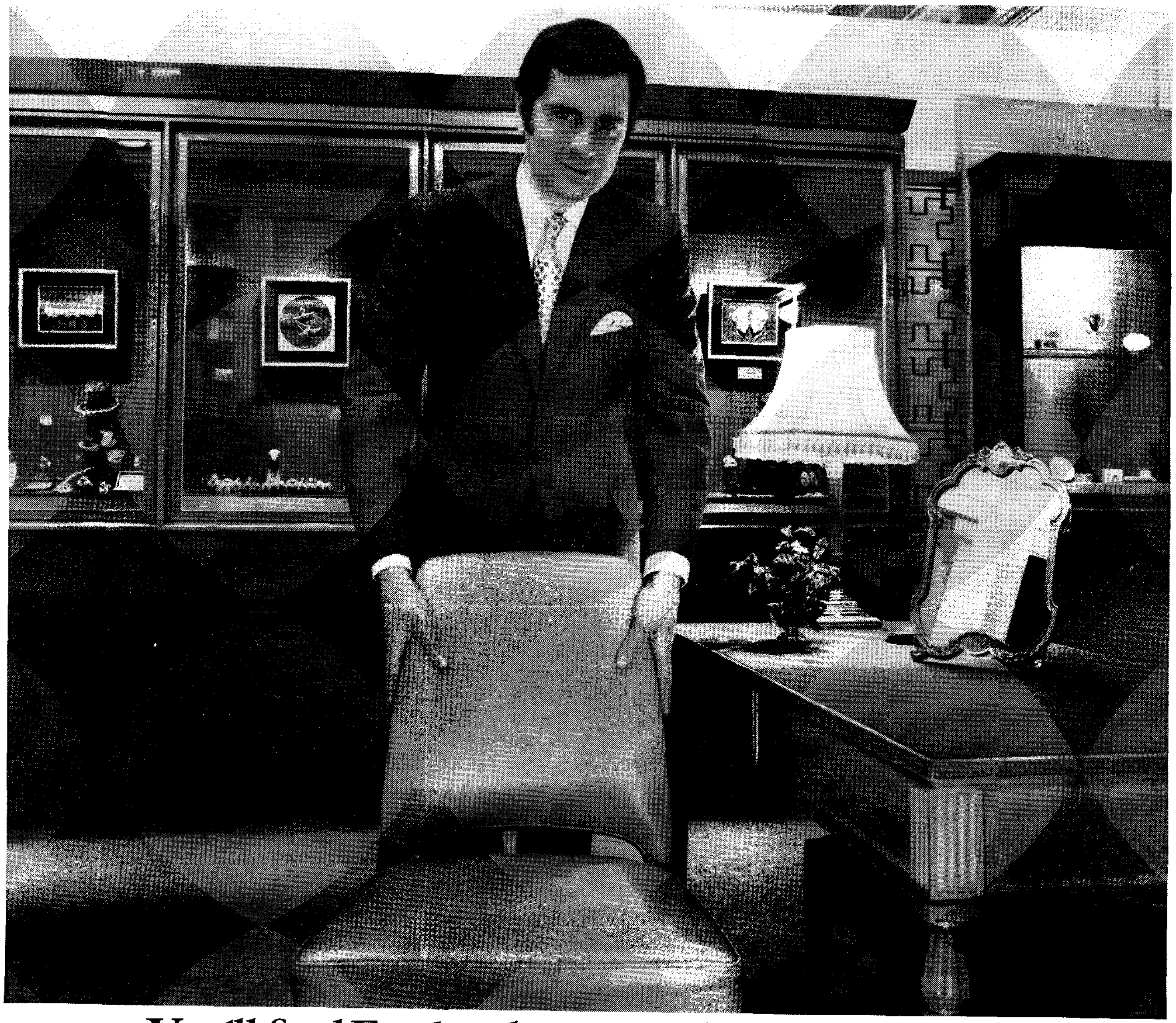

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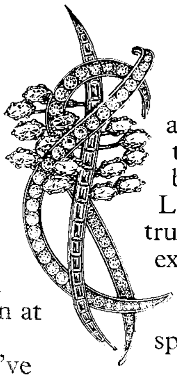

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charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Charles; starting May 12.)

Plaza Suite—Based on Neil Simon's three plays. With Walter Matthau, Maureen Stapleton, Barbara Harris, and Lee Grant, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Music Hall; starting May 13.)

Pretty Maids All in a Row—Roger Vadim, working with Rock Hudson as a football coach and Angie Dickinson as a teacher in a school improbably crammed with beauties and sexpots. Bad, silly film. Vadim is flippant about everything, including himself. (86th St. East; through May 11.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's obstreperous film about a black who gets heaved into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Charles; through May 11. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 12.)

Red Sky at Morning—With Richard Thomas and Catherine Burns, directed by James Goldstone. (Beekman and Paramount; starting May 12.)

The Revolutionary—Jon Voight, rather expressionless, in a film directed by Paul Williams about the changing course of a young radical from a bookish, well-heeled leftist into an activist. (Symphony; starting May 12.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Samurai, Musashi and Kojiro (1956)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. Part III of the Samurai trilogy. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through May 6.)

Saturday Morning—A bunch of late-high-school kids sit around in the California fresh air and suffocate themselves with analysts' cant in a marathon therapy session. Boys and girls keep bursting into tears about not knowing who the real me is. Maybe they weep for the agonizing boredom they are putting themselves through. *Cinéma vérité* with a vengeance. (Baronet; through May 11.)

Skezag—A documentary film, directed by Joel L. Freedman and Philip F. Messina. (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 11.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly.)

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Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly fatuous, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. (Art.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding both sides in the generation war old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

Tender Scoundrel (1967)—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Robert Morley, directed by Jean Becker. In French. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; through May 11.)

10 Rillington Place—A re-creation of the Christie-Evans case, with Richard Attenborough and John Hurt, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Baronet; starting May 12.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure film. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Thalia; May 11-13.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; May 11-13.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields and his great mate Alison Skipworth as con artists who outsmart a skinflint crook. A genial comedy. With Baby Le Roy. (Elgin; May 10-12.)

Topkapi (1964)—Comic grand larceny in Eric *Ambler terrain—Istanbul. The gang in this* Jules Dassin thriller includes Peter Ustinov, Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff, and they all work too hard at being merry, lovable scoundrels. Music by Manos Hadjidakis. (Thalia; May 7-10.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. *(Cinema Village, Charles, Ciné Malibu, and* Regency; through May 11.)

Tristana—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. (Guild.)

Vladimir and Rosa—Jean-Luc Godard's latest revolutionary film, made by his Dziga-Vertov group. Not all the cant and didactically systematized style in the world can fend off the poetry and gaiety of this piercingly talented man. (New Yorker; May 5.)

Waltz of the Toreadors (1962)—John Guillermin's film of Anouilh's tender, ribald play about a portly Army officer (Peter Sellers) who lunges after the kitchen maids and remains at war with an obstinately invalided wife whom he rails at for what she symbolizes about his own aging. Margaret Leighton is very fine. (Thalia; through May 6.)

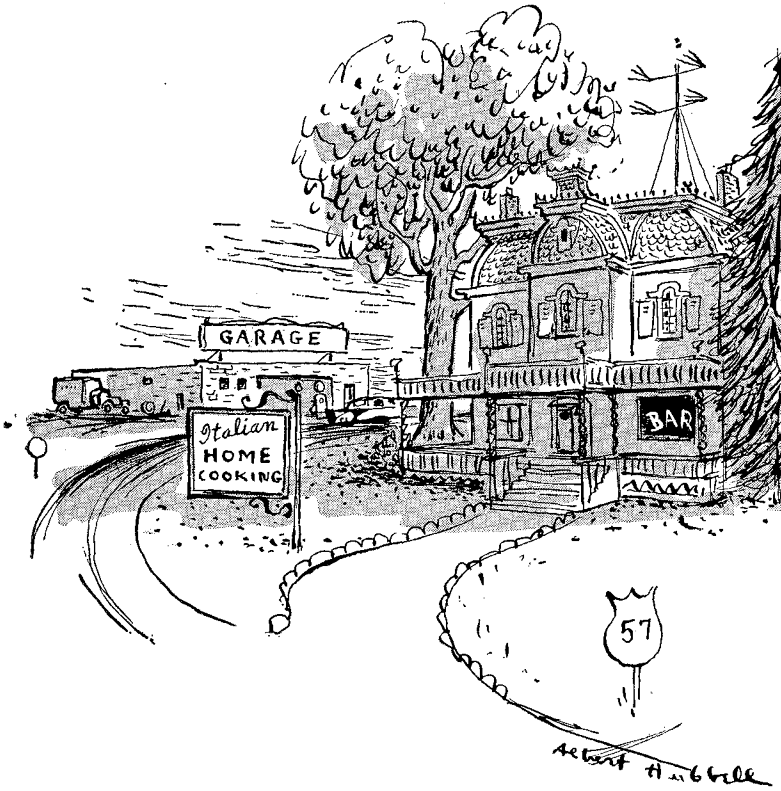
Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion.)

The Wild Child—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Charles; starting May 12.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild-Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if *you read the book first. (34th St. East. . . .* ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 11.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. The boozing burbler at his best. (Elgin; May 5.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 12.)



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A box that could show pictures from 3,000 miles away? Absurd.

But everyone really cracked up when we came out with the Volkswagen.

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It even looked like a joke.

But time marched on.

The television clicked.

The Volkswagen accelerated.

People liked the idea of a car that didn't drink gas like water. Or oil like water.

Or, for that matter, didn't even drink water.

Some strange people even liked the idea that it was strange looking.

In fact, Detroit car makers now like the idea of the VW so much that they have decided to make their own.

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This is the first year for all of the others.

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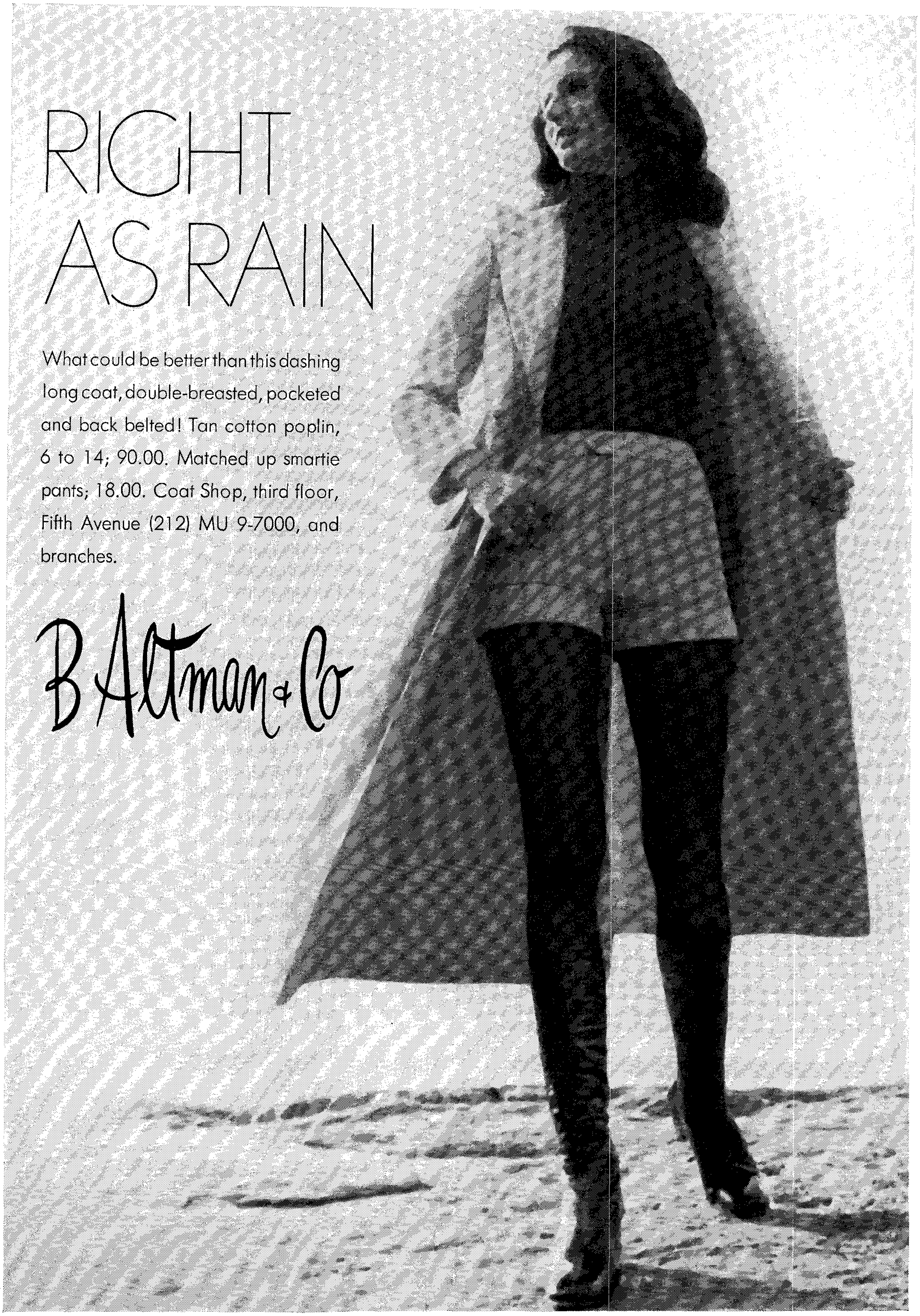

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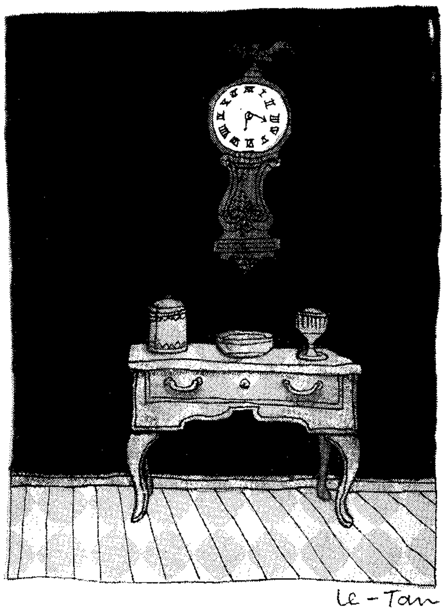
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ARE you apprehensive? Jumpy? Think you're being followed or spied upon? Of course you are. There is a bulgy F.B.I. file on you. But don't worry—no matter how indiscreet your past, or how radical, or how felonious, they'll never get you. Try to think of it this way. How many criminals or subversives have ever been *caught* by the F.B.I.? Must have been quite a few, you think, with all those files, all those electronic gizmos, all those agents, all that crime. Well, can you think of just *one* bad apple they have removed from the barrel? John Dillinger, the bank robber? O.K., but that was in 1934, and a business associate ratted on him. Al Capone, bootleg king, mobster? He was bagged by Treasury Department agents in 1931, on a tax rap. The notorious Louis Lepke, chairman of the board of Murder, Inc.? In 1939, the F.B.I. took him into custody as part of a deal arranged by Walter Winchell, the gossip columnist, who was on friendly terms with both J. Edgar Hoover and the killer. James Earl Ray, who killed Martin Luther King? Well, they got him in the end, but they let him skip the country first, and most of the heavy work was done by British and Canadian police. Now, then, how about subversives? They said there were thousands in the government, and there must have been *some*. Did the F.B.I. ever ferret out any real, live ones? *Maybe* two or three. Mostly, what it did was talk about the problem, and ask Congress for some more money. And it took the F.B.I. forever to run down Father Daniel Berrigan. Sam Spade would have had him in no time. In an exclusive transatlantic interview with *The New Yorker's* ace crime reporter, E. A. (Ted) Poe VI, Agatha Christie said at press time, "Actually, the constable could have apprehended the curate in a week at the utmost. Scotland Yard, of course, would have been speedier." Thomas Wainwright, formerly of the Rhinebeck, New York, Police Department and at present an electronics executive, feels that any cop worthy of being issued a whistle could have blown it on Father Berrigan in ten days at the outside. It took the F.B.I. *four months*, for God's sake. Here was an unworldly parish priest wandering around the country leaving clues all over everywhere, giving interviews to all and sundry, writing and publishing articles, addressing meetings, answering his mail, talking on tapped telephones in bugged rooms, and all the while supposedly plotting to kidnap Henry Kissinger, without whom we would have no foreign policy, and blow up the heating systems in our nation's capital, and it took the Feds four months to move in on him. The F.B.I. is just plain incompetent, that's what it is. Big Brother is watching, but Big Brother is a dope. He can't do anything right. Long may he live. We'll really be in trouble if Nixon yields to the rabble and replaces him with a smart.

STRANGELY, after so many decades of trying to assess the weight of a public event by counting the number of people who attend it, nobody has figured a way of accurately gauging the size of a crowd. During the afternoon of the demonstration against the war which took place on April 24th in Washington, commentators were giving wildly fluctuating estimates of the number of demonstrators, ranging from a hundred and fifty thousand to three quarters of a million. But the truth is that no one knows how many people were demonstrating in Washington on April 24th. This country can photograph a piece of paper from an orbiting satellite, listen to conversations through walls, see enemy soldiers in the dark with infrared devices, and monitor the phone conversations of thousands of suspicious characters all over the country, but it can't figure out how many people attended a planned demonstration on a sunny spring day in the national capital. Presumably, it was an ascertainable fact, but this time the fact was not ascertained.



We went to Washington, too, and tried to put together a picture of the crowd's size in our own way. We also failed completely. First, we tried walking from the back of the crowd to the front. We walked for about an hour in the middle of a steady flood of people heading down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the speakers' stand, but the crowd jammed up before we could get within earshot; in fact, most of the people who went to Washington that day never got within earshot of the speakers. Then we escaped sidewise; took a long cab ride around its vague edges, which extended into the side streets of Washington; got off somewhere near the front of the crowd; and tried to walk to the back. After an hour or so, we gave up in exhaustion. And it was just as well we did, because we learned later that the crowd was backed up in buses and cars almost all the way to Baltimore. If most of the people who went to Washington didn't get near the speakers' stand, there were, for all anybody knows, as many again who never got as far as Washington. One friend of ours set off at four in the morning in a chartered bus from New York City, and the bus got stuck forty miles outside Washington at eleven o'clock and had to head back to New York at four in the afternoon, after the would-be demonstrators had had a picnic on the highway. The words "crowd" and "demonstration" only begin to suggest the mass of people that moved in on Washington on April 24th. It was more as though a new city had been superimposed on the city that was already there. The new city was made up of entire separate neighborhoods, each with a different mood. It underwent no common experience—not the experience of hearing the speakers, and not even the experience of being in Washington, since so many people never made it in. There was no point from which the whole gathering could be seen at one time. There was no single moment when its elements were all gathered together. To a participant, it was inapprehensibly huge. There was no way to grasp its size. Humanly speaking, it was measureless.

As for the composition of the crowd, most of the press said that it was the usual crowd of "kids" augmented by a small proportion of "older" people. What struck us was that the people who make up a crowd of "kids" today are a lot older than the people who used to make up a crowd of kids. It looked to us as though there were at least as many people in their late twenties and early thirties as people of college age. Our guess is that many of the people we saw were literally the same people who have been marching since 1965, and who are now six years older. Meanwhile, a whole new generation of demonstrators has grown up underneath them. We got the feeling that if the war were to go on for another ten years, and if these people were to continue coming to Washington to demonstrate, the press might still be referring to them as "the kids" when they were in their forties. Watching these veteran demonstrators—many of them accompanied by children who were born in the sixth or seventh or eighth year of the war—we felt once again that the war was sitting like a roadblock in the life of the country. The years roll by, but we Americans are not permitted to change. The repetition of horror deadens our spirit. Our hearts ache to move on to new things, but the war holds us in the roles it has cast us in. We grow old holding placards in demonstrations, denouncing over and over a grotesque war that we must now recognize as the most enduring institution to have emerged from the rapid flux of American life at mid-century.

Looking Back

Orval E. Faubus, who retired from politics in 1966, after serving six consecutive terms as governor of Arkansas, was never more famous—or infamous—during his years in office than he was in the fall of 1957, when he used soldiers to prevent nine black children (later known nationally as the Little Rock Nine) from entering and integrating Central High School, in Little Rock. Ernest Green, one of those nine children, now lives in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn with his wife, Judy (whom he met and married while studying for a master's degree in sociology at Michigan State University); their seven-year-old son, Adam; and their two-year-old daughter, Jessica. We called on him recently and found him to be a genial young man of twenty-nine who tends to relieve, or avoid, the pressure of unpleasant memories by relating them lightly. His face is framed by a full beard that joins an Afro of more than moderate height. He dresses Mod, and listens to a lot of jazz and soul music—especially Roland Kirk, John Coltrane, B. B. King, Aretha Franklin, and Roberta Flack.

Mr. Green is now the national director of a program that recruits and trains young blacks and Puerto Ricans to break into the once totally white, and still predominantly white, building-trades unions—the bastion, one might say, of the hardhats. His project, called the Joint Apprenticeship Program, is financed by the Department of Labor and the Ford and Taconic Foundations, and is sponsored by the Workers Defense League and the A. Philip Randolph Educational Fund. From his headquarters, at 162 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Green directs a staff of a hundred and twenty in twenty-two field offices across the United States, and administers an annual budget of one million six hundred thousand dollars.

The conversation turned to Mr. Green's recollections of his school days in Little Rock, and we asked him why he wanted to go to Central High in the first place.

"Well, it was simply the best high school in the state," he said. "It had the finest equipment and the highest academic standards, and it sent the most kids to college every year. Also, if the courts ordered Central High to desegregate, you *had* to have some black bodies there to do the desegregating."

We asked him to tell us what happened when the Little Rock Nine arrived at the school.

"Central High wasn't closed, though Faubus had threatened, over television the night before, that it would be, but there were soldiers with fixed bayonets—three or four hundred of them—in front of the school," he said. "We slipped through a side door and went into the school—Daisy Bates, of the state N.A.A.C.P., who was in charge of us, had fixed it up with someone at the school to let us come through a side door. There was no trouble when we got in. Most of the teachers seemed resigned. Some of them even seemed glad to see us. About an hour later, though, we were called into the principal's office and told that the mob had got wind that we were inside and was storming the barricades in front of the school. The teachers said that we should go back home for our own safety, because they couldn't protect us. We slipped out through the same side door, and I spent the rest of the day checking out the whole scene on TV."

"It must have been frightening," we said.

"Not really," Mr. Green replied. "I wasn't really scared. In fact, it was a lot of fun. The black people in Little Rock were acting as if we were carrying all their hopes, and that sort of made us feel important. Then there was all that publicity. After the teachers sent us home that day, we were out of school for almost a month while Faubus dickered backward and forward with Eisenhower. We spent most of that time getting interviewed. One day you would be sitting down with some reporter from Toronto, another day with some guy from London, and another day with someone from Singapore. It was great. We felt like celebrities. Some of the kids who had been selected to go to Central with us had got cold feet and dropped out, but they wanted to come back in when they saw all the publicity we were getting. It's kind of strange for me to say this, knowing the history of lynching and so forth in the South, but we didn't feel we would be killed or seriously hurt. It was still the fifties, and people weren't as violent then as they became in the sixties."

"How did it all work out?" we asked.

"Well, of course, the 101st Airborne came in," he said. "Next morning, all nine of us gathered at Daisy Bates' house and got into an Army station wagon. We had a jeep in front of us with a machine-gun mount, a jeep in

NEW
The Sensuous Thing by "I"
The Sensuous Thing by I

back of us with a machine-gun mount, and soldiers all around. You could look at it this way: you could say that we were travelling real first class. When we got to the school, it was surrounded by banks of television cameras and people yelling and screaming. It was like they had come out to see a Hollywood opening or a hanging. The soldiers formed a circle around us and escorted us into the school, and Central High was integrated."

"How did all this end up in New York?" we asked, and Mr. Green said, "I graduated in 1958 and got a scholarship at Michigan State. I stayed there until 1964, when I left with a graduate degree in sociology. A friend of mine at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in Washington had heard that the Workers Defense League was setting up a construction-apprenticeship project in New York City. He talked to them about me, and they hired me sight unseen. See, there were hardly any blacks in the construction unions. When you asked why, they said because they couldn't get any black apprentices. When you asked why they couldn't get black apprentices, they said young blacks didn't believe they could get in the unions, so they didn't bother to apply, and those who did apply weren't smart enough to pass the apprenticeship entrance examinations. So what we did was go out and find young blacks and Puerto Ricans, convince them that they could get in the unions, and teach them how to take and pass the exams. It was heartbreaking for a while. We couldn't get anybody in. Finally, as we improved our teaching techniques, we got a few in. The first big breakthrough we had was in 1965, when several of our boys scored among the top ten per cent of candidates for sheet-metal apprenticeship openings. The local union threw out the results. They said it was impossible for underprivileged blacks and Puerto Ricans to do so well. We had to take the union to court, and the court ordered them to abide by the results. Since then, our program has become so successful that it has expanded throughout the country, and most manpower agencies now regard us as the experts in apprenticeship recruiting and training."

"What became of the rest of the Little Rock Nine?" we asked just before we got up to leave.

"Minnie Jean Brown is in Toronto," Mr. Green said, counting down his fingers. "I hear she is married and raising a family. Thelma Mothershed, who went to Southern Illinois with Minnie Jean, is teaching school in East St. Louis. Carlotta Walls followed me later to Michigan State. She dropped out soon after. I understand she is now living in Denver, working for the Y.W.C.A. Melba Pattillo is living in Los Angeles. I don't know what she is doing. Jefferson Thomas graduated from Los Angeles City College as an accountant. I don't know where he is now. Gloria Ray attended the Illinois Institute of Technology. She married a Swede, and is now living in Sweden. Elizabeth Eckford went into the Wacs after graduating from Central State in Ohio. Terrence Roberts is a social worker in Los Angeles."

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OBSERVED in the Dallas telephone book, listed under ARMY DEPT OF:

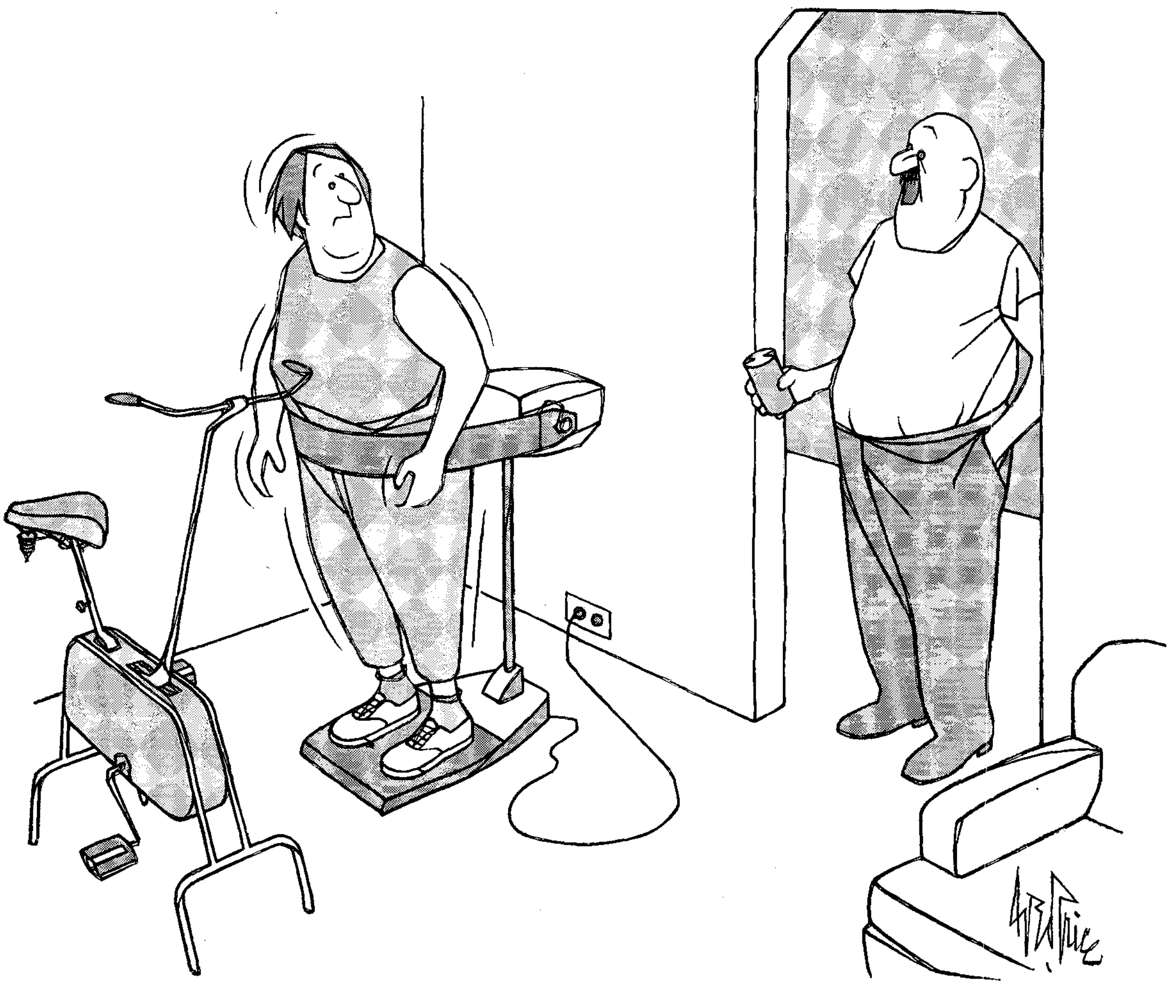
Military Police AWOL
Apprehensive Section

Boon

HARD lines for left-handers, even in these supposedly enlightened times. There is no such thing as a left-handed field-hockey stick. You cannot find a left-handed scythe, sickle, pencil sharpener, paper trimmer, salad fork, or wall can opener. In an orchestra, a left-handed violinist would look odd in a forest of right-handers. Slot machines in Nevada are designed for right-handed plungers. Many polo clubs do not fancy a left-handed mallet swinger on the team, because of the traffic problem that develops with opposing right-handers' ponies. Microfilm viewers find the machine's crank on the right side.

In the fields of religion, custom, and superstition, left-handers fare badly. The Devil is pictured by most artists as being left-handed. The Romans thought it was unlucky if you sneezed to your left, whereas sneezing to your right was an augury of good fortune. It is considered in some societies bad luck to pass wine left-handed. The British police believe that Jack the Ripper was left-handed. Philologically, a left-handed compliment is one you should be suspicious of. The issue of a left-handed (morganatic) marriage was not allowed to inherit the father's property. A left-handed oath is one you needn't bother to keep. "*Gauche*" means "awkward," while "*droit*" means "straight," "lawful," or "correct." Nearly every language takes a slap at left-handedness. The Italian "*mancino*" means "deceitful." A Russian doing something "*na levo*" is in trouble. The evil eye, by universal convention, is the left eye.

We picked up these nuggets of left-handed lore, and others, during a talk we had with Miss June Gittleson, an animated, pretty, blond woman who runs The Left Hand, a small store at 145 East Twenty-seventh Street. Despite her cheerful appearance, Miss Gittleson, herself sinistral, is militant in the cause of left-handedness, and her store is aglitter with items for left-handers. Most department-store planners hold that the average customer heads for the right on entering, and therefore the most salesworthy merchandise should be displayed on the right. If one goes to the right in Miss Gittleson's store, one is apt to run into a wall—smack up against large posters featuring some of the famous left-handers of history. Merchandise is ahead and to the left. When we paid the store a visit, the other afternoon, the people on the posters included Leonardo da Vinci, Charlemagne, Judy Garland, Ringo Starr, and Babe Ruth. "I like to confuse right-handers,"

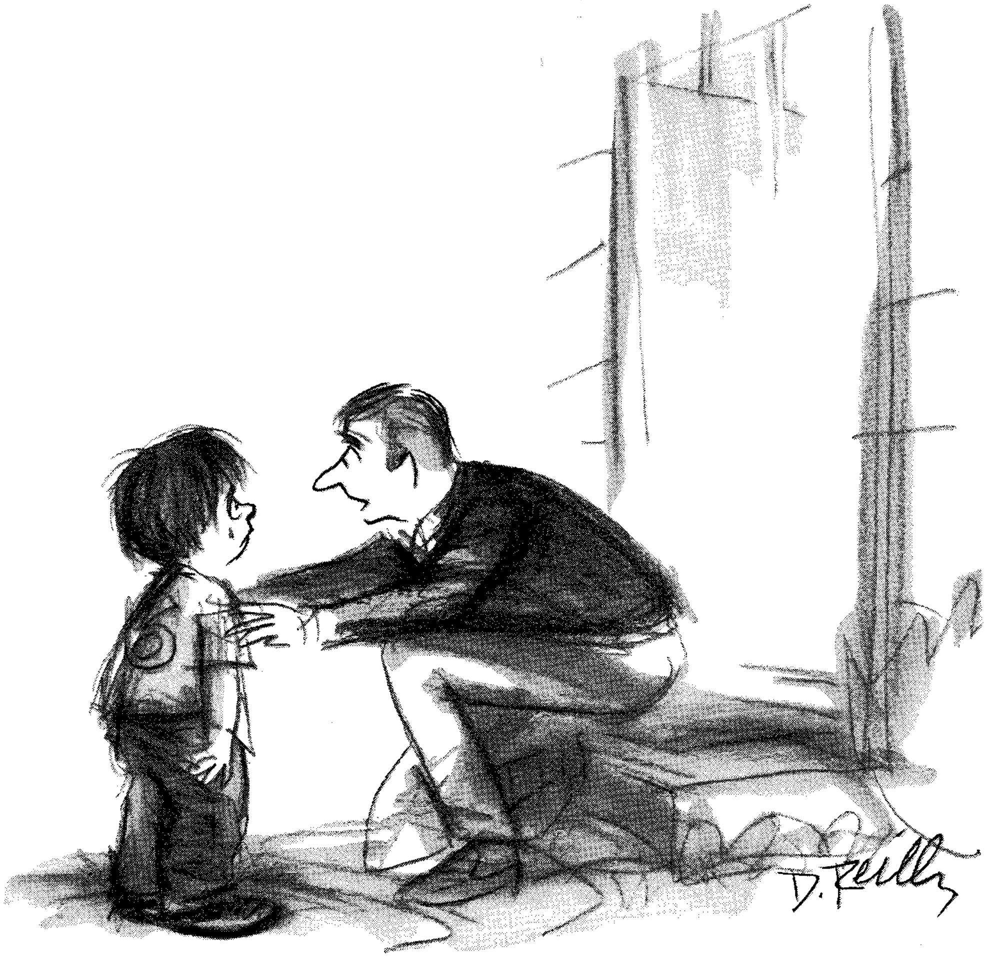


"You needn't go to all this trouble to put the magic back into our marriage on my *account."*

said Miss Gittleson with a smile, and then she took us on a whirlwind tour, counterclockwise, of the shop. "I'm also left-eyed, left-footed, and left-eared," she told us. "My dog isn't here, but I've trained him to shake hands left-handed."

Scattered about on tables, shelves, and counters and hanging on walls were such products to delight sinistral people as a left-handed dust mitt with a cotton-wool fringe ("Makes you want to dust," Miss Gittleson said), a boomerang for southpaws, a lady's apron with a large pocket on the left side, a left-handed mustache cup, an iron with the cord on the left side, wristwatches with the stem on the left, fishing reels for left-handed sportsmen, left-handed guitars, bows for left-handed archers, a left-handed bowling ball, address books indexed for the left thumb, the world's only left-handed camera (shutter button on the left), a left-handed soup ladle, and a book called "Left-Handed Golf." Also on display were red buttons bearing the message "Kiss Me, I'm Left-Handed!" and a teapot with a double spout. "For ambidexters," she said. "A lot of my ceramic objects are made by my Aunt Pearl, in Woodbury, Long Island, who is a lefty."

Miss Gittleson, who was born in New York, founded the store a little over a year ago, shortly after returning from a trip to London. There she had heard of a shop called Anything Left-Handed. "I thought there was a crying need for one in this country, so I launched one," she said. "It has been a boon for left-handers, because many of them are embarrassed to ask for a left-handed item from a right-handed clerk." In her youth, we learned, she ran into small disasters because of her left-handedness. "I was afraid to go to the blackboard in class, because in writing from left to right I erased everything as I went along," she said. "I had a terrible time learning to tie my shoelaces, because my parents, who taught me, were right-handed. When I took piano lessons, my teacher despaired, because in going up the scale I had so much trouble moving from F sharp to G with my right hand." At Rollins College, in Winter Park, Florida, where she received her A.B., she played tennis sinistrally, confusing right-handers, and then did a lot of travelling. The left-handed minority has a great many problems in today's right-hand-oriented society, she told us. "You are supposed to put a token in the right-hand slot of a turnstile with your right hand. You open a phone-booth door with your right hand. It's more convenient to dial numbers with your right hand. Toll booths are good, however."



"You see, son, I'm afraid the real world out there isn't much like 'Sesame Street.'"

A man with a beard entered the shop and said he wanted to buy a record of Prokofieff's Concerto No. 4 for the Left Hand.

Miss Gittleson said she didn't have it. "How about Ravel's Concerto in D Major for the Left Hand?" she suggested.

"I've already got it," he said, and he started browsing around the store.

"Those two composers are among my heroes," Miss Gittleson said. "Did you know that Presidents Garfield and Truman were left-handed? That King George VI played tennis left-handed? That Casey Stengel was a left-handed dentist before he turned to baseball? That Tiny Tim plays the banjo lefty but the guitar righty?"

The bearded man came by to pay for a red button. Miss Gittleson seemed delighted.

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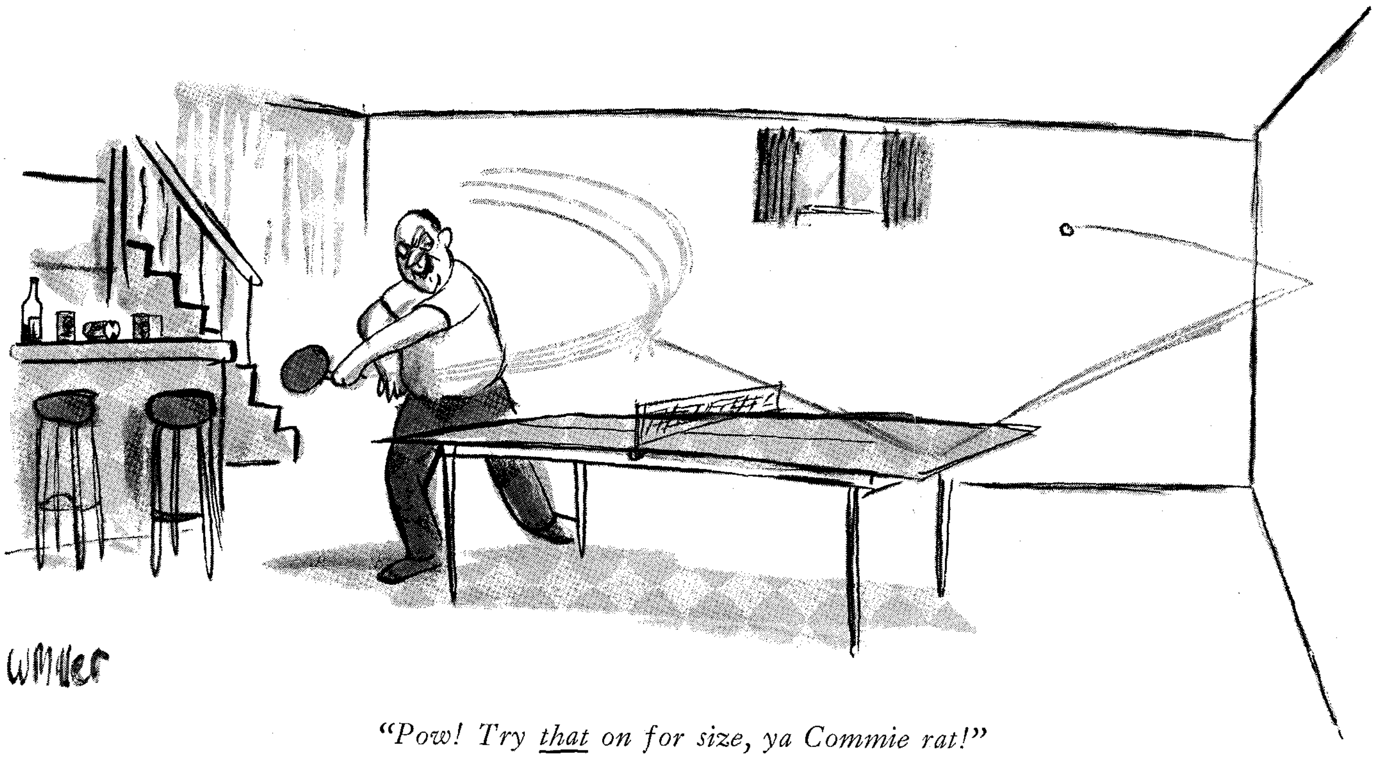
OVERHEARD on the Long Island Railroad the other morning, a woman's voice from two or three seats back: "I know, I know. But I do wish he would do something about his hair. It always looks as if he had slept in it."

The Happy Mayor

WE had heard a great deal about Luciano Bausi, the Mayor of Florence, and his "ecological bicycle," and when he came to town last week we called on him at the apartment of the Italian consul-general, Mr. Vieri Traxler. We arrived just as the Mayor was pinning the cross of a Cavaliere dell'Ordine della Stella della Solidarietà Italiana on the chest of Mrs. Cass Canfield, Jr., a very handsome young lady slightly taller than Mr. Bausi. After he had discharged his official duty and read to her from a parchment document to the effect that she was being awarded the cross for special services rendered to her native city after the flood of 1966, we asked the Mayor to tell us how he had invented the ecological bicycle and how it functioned.

Mayor Bausi answered us in rather halting but clear English, which was rendered particularly charming by his



"Pow! Try that on for size, ya Commie rat!"

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habit—typically Tuscan—of pronouncing hard "c" as "h" (a habit, we should add, that dates back to the Etruscans and was the subject of a satire by Horace). "I couldn't be more surprised to hear my modest means of conveyance called an ecological bicycle," Mayor Bausi said. "It's just a common bicycle, like any other, and it's ecological only in that, of course, it causes less pollution than a car. I started riding it when I was still a candidate for mayor and went around making speeches at political conventions—I just couldn't arrive in a car and then criticize the automotive industry for creating pollution. As soon as I became mayor, everybody said to me, 'You can't ride a bicycle; a car is more in keeping with your political position.' So I complied, but I never felt comfortable riding in a car to the office, so now, every time there is a municipal crisis, I ride my bicycle to work so that the people can see it outside the door of our Town Hall and know that I am there."

We asked how much truth there was to the New York *Times*' report that the Mediterranean was dying.

"More than I like to admit," Mayor Bausi said. "I have done what I could: I decreed a ban on the use of all detergents in Florence. I'm told it is against the law to take such drastic action without consulting my councilmen, but by the time the stench from the sea kills us—as it has already killed our most famous coastal forests—the question of law isn't going to matter. Already, business interests have been strong enough to impose a very, *very* long moratorium on the application of my decree, out of regard for the existing stocks of unsold detergents. You might ask how about a regard for existing humanity? And for their own existing country? Are these business people not living there, too, with their own children? This allows me to tell you why I am happy I came here."

"And why is that?" we asked.

"A two-week tour of the United States is, of course, very short," Mayor Bausi said. "However, in a sense it has been sufficient to enlighten me. In Italy, we never hear about American civic-mindedness. The Americans we see and hear too much are salesmen, or people who come to Italy to train Italian salesmen. They have neither the time nor the inclination to become interested in our cultural heritage or in our present political and ecological anarchy. The result is that in Italy America is no longer synonymous with scientific progress, moral progress, or sociological progress—only with commercial and industrial progress, which means more of the very things we fear. But now that I have come to America I see that a very large sector of the population is acutely aware of the problems connected with pollution. The industrialists, too, are speaking openly in favor of self-restraint. You may call it hypocritical on their part, but it is a beginning. Theirs is not an easy lot—people reared in the delusion that the world's resources are endless and that nature is to be conquered rather than understood and obeyed have to undo their whole education. It is, of course, easier for the young, who have been born in an age of doubt anyway. Here in America, I see just as much hope as despair. The environmentalists have a voice in Congress; human prestige and the prestige of nature win victories over the stale argument of national prestige. Can you imagine such things being tolerated in Russia? Now I feel I can answer those critics at home who claim that America is divided. Being divided means being alive. America is not like a flat image on a TV screen; America has a living body, and a face with a very active occipital part behind it that does the hard, painful thinking, while the face only announces the results. It is really wonderful and very encouraging. I so wish that we in Italy had the support of a spontaneous public opinion based on this completely new science. This new science is an American invention—there can be no doubt about that. An entirely new message, which no prophet—no scientist, even—would have deemed possible, because there existed no clue to its coming. So you can understand now why I can say that two weeks are sufficient. America, I have discovered, shows us the way. Physically, the difference in degree of pollution between here and the Old World is hardly worth bickering about, but what my tired lungs found here is the purest moral oxygen, such as I never expected to encounter in my whole life."

We were stunned by the Mayor's enthusiasm. He noticed this, and added, "From now on, I won't say 'logically speaking'—I'll say, 'ecologically speaking.' How can I help it?"

THE OLD HALVORSON PLACE

A FAMILY of fourteen had lived in the house before the Neumillers. Their name was Russell. Mr. Russell, who was the sexton of St. Mary Margaret's Catholic Church and the janitor of the parochial school, had seven sons and five daughters, ranging in age from eleven to thirty-six. Two of the sons were ordained into the priesthood and three of the daughters became nuns. One of the daughters was said to be an accomplished musician and another had literary leanings. They composed the music and the words of the school song that is sung to this day in Hyatt, North Dakota.

Martin Neumiller, the principal of the high school, had been annoyed for years by the stilted words of the old song (sung to the tune of "On, Wisconsin!") and he persuaded the Russell girls to write the new one. Their composition begins

We'll raise a lofty, mighty cheer for you,
Straight from the hearts of students fond and true . . .

And its concluding lines are

Deep as the ocean, our love and devotion
For the Hy—! Hy—! Hyatt High School!

The parish owned the Russell house, and everyone in the parish had expected the Russells to live out their lives in it, a monument to the faith. But one day old Mr. Russell went to Father Schimmelpfenning and said that he was giving up both jobs and moving out of town.

What?

He was grateful for all the parish had done for him, but he felt there were better opportunities in South Dakota for him and those of his children who remained at home.

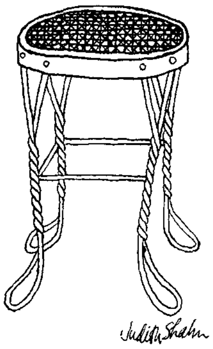
Father Schimmelpfenning offered him the house rent free.

Mr. Russell said he couldn't accept charity. Hyatt wasn't growing and would never grow, he felt, and he wanted to take advantage of the boom down at Rapid City, maybe even go into business for himself, and he wanted his children to attend bigger schools.

Two months later the Russells were gone. They were a cloistered, close-knit family and, other than the song, they left little trace of themselves behind when they moved. Father Schimmelpfenning let their house stand vacant for a year, as if he found it impossible to admit their absence, and then the Neumillers needed a place. Martin Neumiller, who was devoted to his home life, ambitious for his family but without guile, nearly Biblical in his purity of motive and strength of character, was Father Schimmelpfenning's friend and confidant, and Martin Neumiller had three bright, promising young sons.

The Neumillers had lived in several other houses in Hyatt before this, none of them satisfactory. One they rented from a widow, who continued to live on in a separate wing, and who promised to make herself "so scarce you won't know I'm here" but didn't. In another, the furnace never worked properly, and a smell that seemed to originate in one of the kitchen walls was amazing. Rather than break into the wall of a house that didn't belong to them, they kept wondering, What could it be?

In the final house, the basement flooded to the floor joists in the spring (bringing up buried salamanders, which went floating out into the yard), and the foundation eroded so badly the walls began to part from the ceiling. And all of these places contained a noisy population of mice and rats, driven indoors by the bitter, drawn-out winters, and none of the houses were large enough. At this time, the Neumillers' three sons—Jerome, Charles, and Timothy—were still sharing the same room for sleep and play; and although Jerome, the oldest, was only five, Alpha Neumiller was pregnant again.



There were ten rooms in the old Russell house—three bedrooms upstairs, plus a large attic, and three more bedrooms downstairs. There was a living room, with a big bay window, and a dining room; a kitchen; a pantry as large as the kitchen; a full basement with vegetable bins and rows of shelves for canned food; an indoor bathroom (a rarity in Hyatt—there was no running water in the village and only the drains were plumbed in) with all of the fixtures; a front porch, with turned posts and gingerbread trim; an enclosed porch on the south side; and, attached to the rear of the house, a lean-to porch which had once been used to stable a pony and was now a coal shed. The rent was twenty-five dollars a month.

Alpha Neumiller was ecstatic. She pirouetted through the rooms of the empty house, saying, "The space, the space, the space!" And a few months later, on Charles's fifth birthday, she leaned against a wall with her arms folded, smiling and laughing as she watched a dozen birthday guests play Red Rover—*Red Rover!*—in her living room. The room was so enormous that her upright piano, which had always been in the way, seemed to have shrunk three sizes. Her piano! She sat down and began to play "Clair de Lune," and all the children stopped their game and stared at her as she played.

Martin could appreciate the depth of her happiness; there were articles close to her heart, family heirlooms and wedding presents, that hadn't been unpacked since they were married, and some of their furniture—a dining-room set with inlays of bird's-eye maple, a handmade gateleg table—had never been used. But around town and at the Friday-night pinochle games at Father Schimmelpfenning's, Martin was heard to say, "Sometimes I can't understand that woman. She loves the place, sure, how could she help it? But it's always been like this. The happiest times of her life are when we move."

MARTIN'S father, who'd lived in Illinois for several years, happened to be in North Dakota visiting relatives and friends, and he drove up to Hyatt to help them move. Somehow he got stuck with the job of bringing in the basement things, and toward the end of the day he turned to Alpha with a solemn face and said, "I've carried nine hundred and ninety-nine empty fruit jars down these stairs." He was a building contractor. He made minor repairs around the house, and persuaded Martin to pour a concrete slab that began at the outside wall of the lean-to, went in a curve around the corner of the house, went past the enclosed porch, and abutted against the bay window. It took a full day's work from five men, excluding Martin and his father, and when the slab was finally poured, and Martin's father had finished trowelling it by the light of a floor lamp Martin held above him, he said to Martin, "There. Now the boys have a place to ride their tricycles."

While they were still getting settled into the house, Martin took Jerome and Charles upstairs and led them into a room overlooking the street corner. In the empty room, against one wall, stood an enormous rolltop desk of oak. "Look!" Martin said, and turned to them as though offering a rare and desirable gift. The boys looked at one another with questioning frowns, and Jerome shrugged. "Well, don't you see what's happened here?" Martin asked.

They didn't see.

"First of all, you can tell by looking that it never could've come up by the stairs. They're too narrow. The door to this room is even narrower than the stairway, and the windows are narrower yet."

He squatted at the desk and rapped on it with a knuckle. "That's solid oak, you hear? The corners have been dovetailed and then trimmed over. You can feel the dovetailing here in the back. Right here. Now, nobody could take this apart, once it was built, without damaging the wood somewhere—especially where it's dovetailed—and they certainly would have left a mark on the finish. But the finish is practically perfect—the original, I'd guess. It's hand-rubbed. Isn't it beautiful?"

They nodded eagerly, impatient to get their hands on the desk and touch that strange, featherlike surface.

"There's only one conclusion," Martin said, and smiled at them with triumph. "When this place was built, an elderly cabinetmaker came to the house, carried his hand tools and materials up to this room, and piece by piece built this desk on the spot where we're standing right now. But why? Why would anybody want to build a desk way up here?"

Mysteries, for Martin, were a source of delight; there was nothing unnatural about them at all. They were a major ingredient of life, meant to be explored and marvelled at, but never feared, and seldom explained. Where others saw no mystery, he could find it, and this kept him in a constant state of childlike wonder, exuberance, and joy.

ALPHA was surprised that the interior of the house wasn't more beat up. From the outside it appeared that it would be; paint was flaking from the second story, the roof of the lean-to was beginning to sag, and the hedge that bordered the yard on three sides had been allowed to grow up to a height of seven feet. But Martin's father said that the entire house was structurally sound, surprisingly so, and the interior was in excellent condition, even though fourteen people had lived in the house for more than a decade.

The hardwood floors didn't need refinishing. The baseboards at toe level were battered, but otherwise the old oak woodwork, the sliding oak doors to the master bedroom, the turned posts beneath the oak bannister leading upstairs, the bookshelves around the bottom of the bay window, also of oak, hardly had a scratch on them. And there were no ink stains or adolescent carvings on the rolltop desk upstairs.

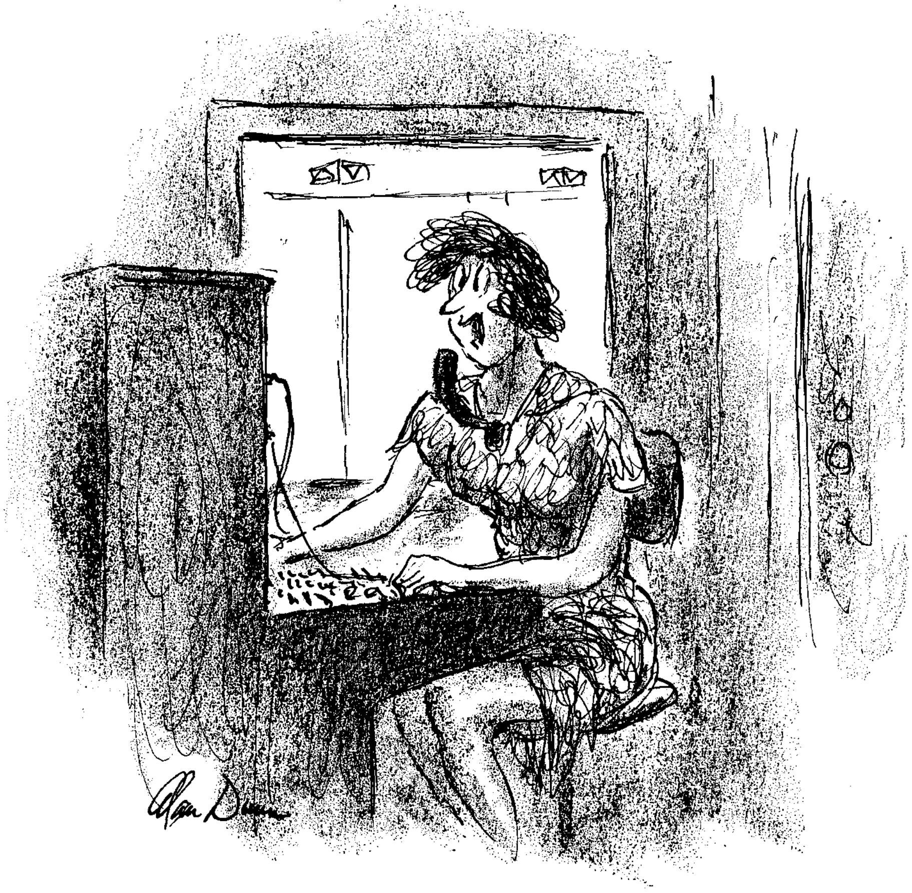
The Russells had even left a new-looking chair at the desk. The Neumillers couldn't understand why, unless it had been standing in place when the Russells moved in, because the Russells left nothing else behind, no clue to the life they'd lived in the house—no old receipts, letters, or notes, not a single stray sock in the bottom of a closet, not even a drawing or a set of initials anywhere on the walls, or, as Alpha put it, "not a speck of themselves or their dirt."

The attic, however, was crammed with valuables. None of them belonged to the Russells. And they were all so layered with dust it looked as though the Russells had never touched them. They belonged to the family that had built the house and lived there originally—the Halvorsons. Their name was everywhere in the attic, on the backs of daguerreotypes and photographs, in the flyleaf of books, underneath chair seats; even written, along with a set of measurements, across the bosom of an old dress form.

In a large, decaying leather-bound volume, "A Century End History and Biography of North Dakota," Martin found an engraving of a daguerreotype of Mr. Halvorson, a twin to another picture of him in the attic, along with this information:

> ALVARD J. HALVORSON. This gentleman, of whom a portrait will be found on the opposite page, occupies a prominent position as a real-estate dealer in Hyatt, Leeds County. To his influence is due much of the solid prosperity of Leeds and Ecklund Counties.
>
> Our subject was born in Hamlin Township, Michigan, Aug. 1, 1839, and was the only son of William and Dora (Waldorf) Halvorson, the former of Scandinavian and the latter of German descent. Mr. Halvorson was raised on his father's farm and attended country schools and at the age of nineteen went to Indianapolis, Indiana, in company with his father and later was engaged in business and also in farming with his father in Indiana for about twenty years.
>
> Our subject moved to Valley City, North Dakota, in the fall of 1879 and became interested in Leeds County lands in 1881, since which time A. J. HALVORSON CO. has added as much as perhaps any other firm in the development of the possibilities of the agricultural and stock-raising interests of North Dakota, and he now conducts an extensive real-estate business in Hyatt, where the family located in 1895, two years after the founding of Hyatt.
>
> Our subject was married at Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1865, to Miss Catherine Maxwell, who is of Scottish descent. Mr. and Mrs. Halvorson are the parents of three children who bear the following names: Olivia C., Alice N., and Lydia. The two older children were born in Indiana and the last named in North Dakota. Politically, Mr. Halvorson is a Republican and has taken a highly active part in affairs pertaining to local government.

Nobody living in Hyatt at the present time could remember the Halvorsons, much less say why they'd moved and left so much behind. This fascinated Martin. He went to the library in the county seat, McCallister, and did re-



"This is Smith, McCracken, Follansbee, Carmichael, Tinklenburg & Gropper, and who the hell are you?"

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search in the old record books there. He didn't find any important allusions to Mr. Halvorson, but he discovered how it was possible for the Halvorson family to be forgotten; the village had changed that much.

It was plotted by Richard Hyatt, an English lord, and began as a settlement of wealthy and cultivated Englishmen and Scots (one of whom constructed an artificial lake and a nine-hole golf course at the edge of town), and then it turned into a busy trading center for the German and Scandinavian and Irish immigrants who homesteaded in the area, and for a while was the county seat. And finally, after suffering the effects of the Crash and the Great Depression, after being missed by the main line of the railroad, it became what it was now—a poor village, largely German and Roman Catholic, with only the lake remaining as a reminder of its past. Its present population was two hundred and thirty-two. This figure Martin knew before he began his research; he'd taken the census in 1940.

Although several other families must have lived in the Neumillers' house since the time of the Halvorsons, it appeared that no one had touched the Halvorsons' effects in the attic, as though to tamper with them or to remove them were to tamper with the heart of the house. Or perhaps their possessions had been so numerous (wasn't the desk theirs?) that people had merely taken what they wanted without much diminishing the large, original store. Martin, for instance, as he walked around the attic, said that when they left, if they ever did, he was going to take those candlesticks, that teapot, the horse collar there, and a wheelbarrowful of these books.

Alpha said that just to stand in the place made her temperature drop ten degrees, and she'd rather he left everything the way it was.

"But what about these?" he said, and held up a set of copper bowls with silver medallions on their handles. "These are collector's items."

"I have more bowls than I know what to do with already."

"What about a book? Wouldn't you like to read some of these books?"

"I would if I'd bought them." She picked up Timmy, who was putting fluffs of dust into a china commode, and started out the door.

"Let's have an auction," Jerome said. "Let's sell all this stuff and make a bunch of money." He and Charles were sorting through a stack of dusty phonograph records.

"Leave those alone," Alpha Neumiller said. "They're not yours. I don't want you two playing in this attic—ever, you understand? I'm going to keep the hook at the top of this door latched. I bet that's what Mrs. Russell did. You don't belong in here."

The boys turned to their father, who was rummaging through a round-topped trunk bound with leather straps, and Jerome asked if they could move this—he rapped on an ancient Victrola with his knuckles—and the records into their playroom. The door was plenty big, Jerome said. Martin looked up, his eyes bright and abstracted, and, unaware that Alpha had spoken, said:

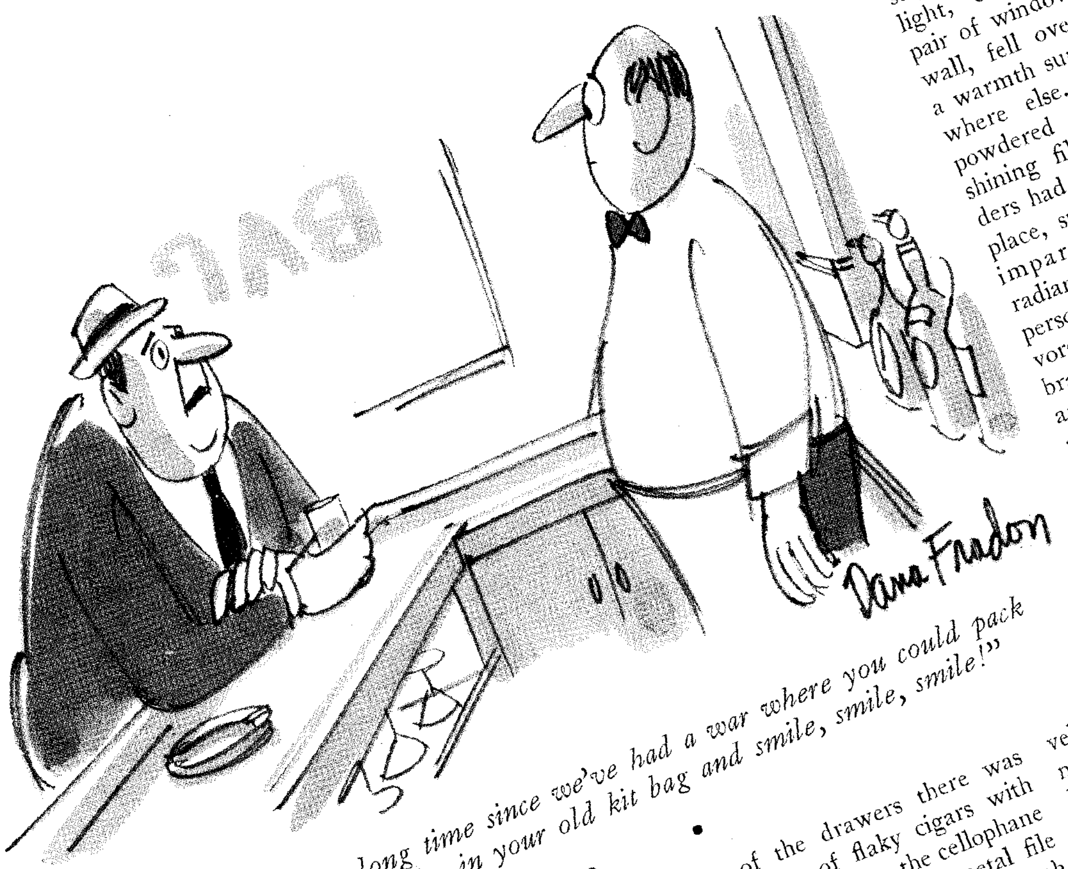
"Sure. Why not? Let's get it in there and see if it works."

THE Victrola sat in a corner of the second-floor room designated as the boys' playroom, near the door that led to the attic. It was such a tall machine they had to stand on a stool to place records on the turntable. On the underside of its cover, bevelled like a coffin lid, "Lydia" had been scratched into the wood with something sharp, and the name, foreign to them, seemed strangely appropriate there. No needles had survived with the machine, so their father fashioned one from the end of a safety pin. Among the old records from the attic, they found only one they really liked; the rest, thick Edison records with hymns on them, they sailed out a second-story window.

That one record they played over and over, in spite of the scratches on its surface—years of them, layers of them—that made the metallic tenor sound as though it came out of the center of a gale, and they never tired of hearing the man tell about Sal, his maiden fair, singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day, with her curly eyes and her laughing hair . . .

They stood on the stool and worked the crank, staring at the name scratched on the lid. "Fare thee well! Fare thee well!" the tenor sang. "Fare thee well, my fairy fay!" And no matter how many times it rose up, tinny and frail from the ancient grooves, the image of a grasshopper sitting on a railroad track (singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day) always made them get down, laughing, and roll around and slap the floor in hysterics.

They had their own library in the playroom; they had clay, blocks, marbles and mallets, dominoes, Lincoln Logs, an electric train, and a handmade alphabet with wooden characters five inches high which they kept in dull-green ammunition boxes an uncle



"It's been a long time since we've had a war where you could pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile!"

• •

had brought back from the war. But none of these possessions held their interest like the Victrola, and when they weren't playing it, they spent a good many of their afternoons at the rolltop desk.

Their father had appropriated the desk. Here, he said, was where he intended to sit when he wrote his book—a project he talked about often, especially after any unusual or moving experience, or after he'd related an incident from his past. He referred to the book simply as "the book of my life." Whenever he'd been up to the room for the evening, Jerome and Charles would go to the desk the next day, slide its slatted cover up, and search through the drawers and cubbyholes for evidence of the book, in which they hoped to be included.

There was always a neat pile of white paper in the center of a green blotter, with a pen and a bottle of ink and a bottle of eradicator standing ready. Next to the blotter was the large, leather-bound volume their father had found in the attic. Searching through the pigeonholes of the desk, they found old letters, scripts of dramatic and patriotic readings their father had performed in high school and college, a rubber stamp that reproduced his high, tilted signature, a watch fob braided from his mother's hair, a broken pocket watch, some rocks from the Badlands, and a plastic tube they could look into and see a monument of stone and the inscription "Geographical Center of North America, Rugby, North Dakota."

In one of the drawers there was a half-filled box of flaky cigars with "It's a Boy!" printed on the cellophane wrappers, and in another a metal file that contained insurance policies, birth certificates (their own and their parents', too, which was unsettling), government savings bonds in their names (money!), and their father's baby book. In the center drawer there were pens and pencils and a ream of that same white paper, which never seemed to diminish.

Once, they discovered this on the top sheet:

Chapter I
My father's influence on my Life
(Mom's too)
Chapter II
The Depression Years
Chapter III
I meet Alpha, my wife to be
Chapter IV
?

Other than some notes to himself and a Christmas-card list, they never found anything else their father had written.

THEY could not resist the temptation of the attic, though they knew this upset their mother. She disliked the attic, disliked even more the idea of anybody's being in it (she never entered it herself), and was so adamant and humorless in her dislike that their father teased her by calling North Dakota "the cold-storage box way up at the top, the *attic* of the United States!"

They would put the record on the Victrola, move a stool over to the attic door, unlatch the hook, ease the door open, and step quietly inside. The sunlight, coming through a pair of windows in the far wall, fell over them with a warmth sunlight had nowhere else. Old cobwebs powdered with dust, and shining filaments that spiders had recently strung in place, sparkled in its light, imparting a permanent radiance to the air. The personal effects of the Halvorsons—the dress form, a brass bedstead, the boxes and trunks of memorabilia, a wooden wardrobe with a dress sword and sash hanging from its top, chairs, books, an oval mirror that held their reflections—stood around them in solid eloquence.

Charles tiptoed over to a settee, upholstered in red velvet badly damaged by moths and nesting mice, and sat down. He bounced his weight on its springs. Who had sat here? What had they talked about? Had anybody ever cried on it, as he had on their couch? Or done a flip on it? He looked up at Jerome, who hadn't moved since he'd stepped into the attic.

The objects around them were as real and as awesome as a roomful of strangers, and more compelling; they belonged to a world removed not only by time—by half a century, as their father said—but by convention and law: the world of adults. Here they could handle and examine that world in every detail (and only through touch would it give up its mystery), without interference or protest, as they could not examine the world of their parents.

Since this unfettered sort of examination was forbidden, they held back, hesitant, but all of the objects seemed to strain toward them, asking to give up their secrets. And Jerome and Charles were not the only ones who sensed this.

Only a few moments after they'd unhooked the door, they would hear "Are you two into that attic again?"—coming from the foot of the stairs.

"No!" they cried out at the same time, a dead giveaway.

"You stay out of there when your father's not around! You hear?"

"We're not in here," Charles said.

"Don't lie to your mother!"

They looked at one another, and then Jerome went over and began to examine an object that had caught his attention, and Charles picked up a wooden doll with most of its limbs missing. The dented and tattered dress form—made of varnished strips of paper that were lifting up in crisp, yellow translucent curls—stood above them, unmoving and silent. It was like having a second mother in the house.

Jerome studied a wooden box with wires and disclike electrodes dangling from it. Its lid swung open like a little door, and from what he could understand of the instructions, which were pasted on the inside of the lid, it was a device for giving shocks to the head and feet.

"Look at this," Charles said. He took a lace dress out of a trunk and held it in front of his body. "This is what they wore then. What would you think if you saw somebody wearing it? What would you think if I was a girl?" He wrinkled up his nose and giggled like one.

"Quit it," Jerome said. "Put it back." He was more reserved and cautious than Charles, more like his mother; the dress was too personal to be disturbed.

He picked up a candlestick and could feel the dining room in a different setting, at night, deep in shadow, with candle flames lighting the faces around a table, a sound of silver scraping on plates, the rustle of skirts, and then a man's voice, deep and lonesome, gentle as the candlelight, rising from the shadows: "I have decided—"

"Hey, look at this," Charles said. He'd slipped on the rusty jacket of an old suit of tails that was many sizes too large for him.

"Take it off," Jerome said. "Put it back."

"All right. But I'm going to take this." It was a book, "Children of the Garden," that personified the common species of flowers, giving them human features and appendages, and names such as Betsy Bluebell. "We'll keep it in the playroom."

"Oh, all right. But don't leave it where Mom'll see it."

Jerome went to a box that contained daguerreotypes and old, fading, tea-colored photographs. There were pictures of rural families lined up in front of their farmhouses: the farmer, bearded or with long side-whiskers, usually sitting in a kitchen chair; standing beside him, his wife, her hair pulled back severely, wearing a long-sleeved black dress, seemingly old enough to be the children's grandmother; and all of the children, even the babies, were big-headed and looked mature.

There were pictures of houses they recognized, of Main Street as it had looked at one time, with a horse and carriage parked in front of Reiland's Tavern, and several views of their own home. Jerome motioned Charles over, and with an air of solemnity pointed to a rear view of their house, moving his fingertip to the attic window.

There were pictures of the Halvorsons, with the person's name, the year the portrait was taken, and the person's age at the time written in an artistic hand across the back of each.

"Look at this," Jerome said, and wiped his forearm across one picture. A plump man in muttonchop whiskers stared up at them with the direct, sparkling eyes of an old roué. Jerome frowned. "It's Mr. Halvorson. Do you like the way he looks?"

"I don't know."

"I don't. I thought he looked different." Jerome shuffled through all the pictures of Mr. Halvorson and his wife, who was broad and square-jawed and looked enough like her husband to be his brother. Two of the daughters looked exactly like her. In a portrait of the third girl, however, Jerome saw what he wanted to see in the rest of the family. She was reclining at one end of the settee, an open book in her lap, a finger placed along her cheek, her lower lip pushed out and glistening. Her light-colored hair fell to her waist, and her large, moist eyes were staring at a scene, apparently a heartbreaking one, far off in the distance.

"See," Jerome said, pointing to the lace dress she was wearing. "That was probably hers."

"What about it?"

"You shouldn't be messing around with it like that."

"Why?"

"If it was hers— You just shouldn't, that's all. Look how pretty she is."

"Not any more."

"What do you mean?"

"She's probably old and ugly by now."

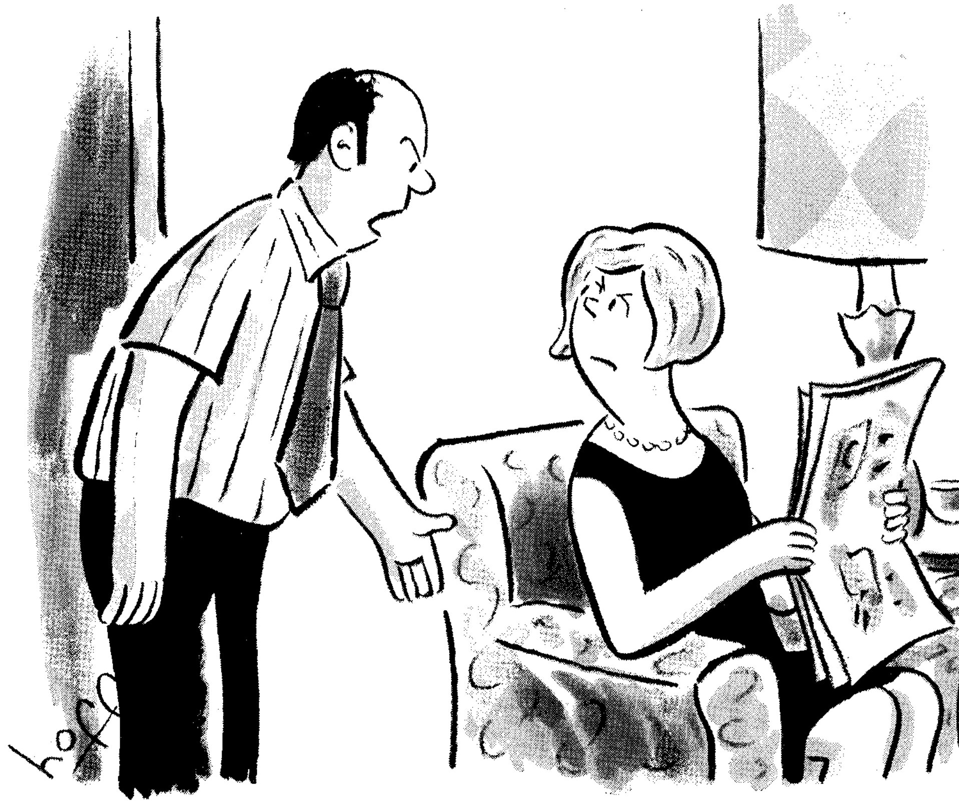
Jerome turned the picture over: "Lydia, at the age of thirteen, in the year of our Lord 1901."

"See," Charles said. "That's even before Dad was born, and look how old he is. If she—"

But Jerome wasn't listening. The girl had him in her possession. He saw her running through the downstairs hall on a day as sunlit as this one, running up the steps, her hair streaming behind, and coming into the playroom to the Victrola. He turned. His mother stood in the doorway. She was flushed and out of breath from climbing the stairs in her condition.

"What did I tell you two? Get out of here! Get out, get out, get out!"

IN August, Alpha Neumiller gave birth to a daughter. She was named Marie, after Martin's mother. Jerome and Charles were envious of all the attention she received, and embarrassed by her. They spent more and more of



"Just because *you* don't understand me doesn't mean I need a head feeler."

ACADEMIC GRAFFITI

St. Thomas Aquinas
Always regarded wine as
A medicinal juice
That helped him to deduce.

***

Johann Sebastian Bach
Was a master of his *Fach:*
Nothing could be more *kluge*
Than his *Kunst der Fuge.*

***

Thomas Lovell Beddoes
Could never walk through meadows
Without getting the glooms
And thinking of tombs.

***

Ludwig van Beethoven
Believed it proven
That, for mortal dust,
What must be, must.

***

Said Robert Bridges
When badly stung by midges,
"They're only doing their duty
As a testament to my beauty."

***

Robert Browning
Immediately stopped frowning
And started to blush
When fawned on by Flush.

***

Lord Byron
Once succumbed to a Siren—
His flesh was weak,
Hers Greek.

***

When Arthur Hugh Clough
Was jilted by a piece of fluff,
He sighed, "*Quel dommage!*"
And wrote *Amours de Voyage.*

***

Charles Dickens
Could find nothing to say to chickens,
But gossiping with rabbits
Became one of his habits.

***

Sir Rider Haggard
Was completely staggered
When his bride-to-be
Announced, "I AM SHE!"

***

Thomas Hardy
Was never tardy
When summoned to fulfill
The Immanent Will.

***

Joseph Haydn
Never read Dryden,
Nor did John Dryden
Ever hear Haydn.

***

Edward Lear
Was haunted by a fear
While travelling in Albania
Of contracting kleptomania.

***

John Milton
Never stayed in a Hilton
Hotel,
Which was just as well.

***

Cardinal Newman
Was being only human
When he dreamed he was panning
The latest Tract by Cardinal Manning.

***

Alexander Pope
Never gave up hope
Of finding a Motto
To affix to his Grotto.

***

Christina Rossetti
Thought it rather petty
When her brother, D.G.,
Put laudanum in her tea.

***

Oscar Wilde
Was greatly beguiled
When into the Café Royal walked Bosie,
Wearing a tea cozy.

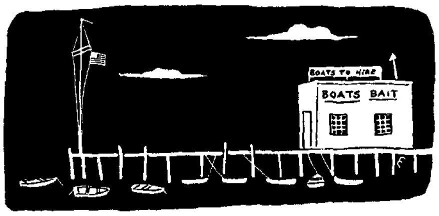
—W. H. AUDEN

• •

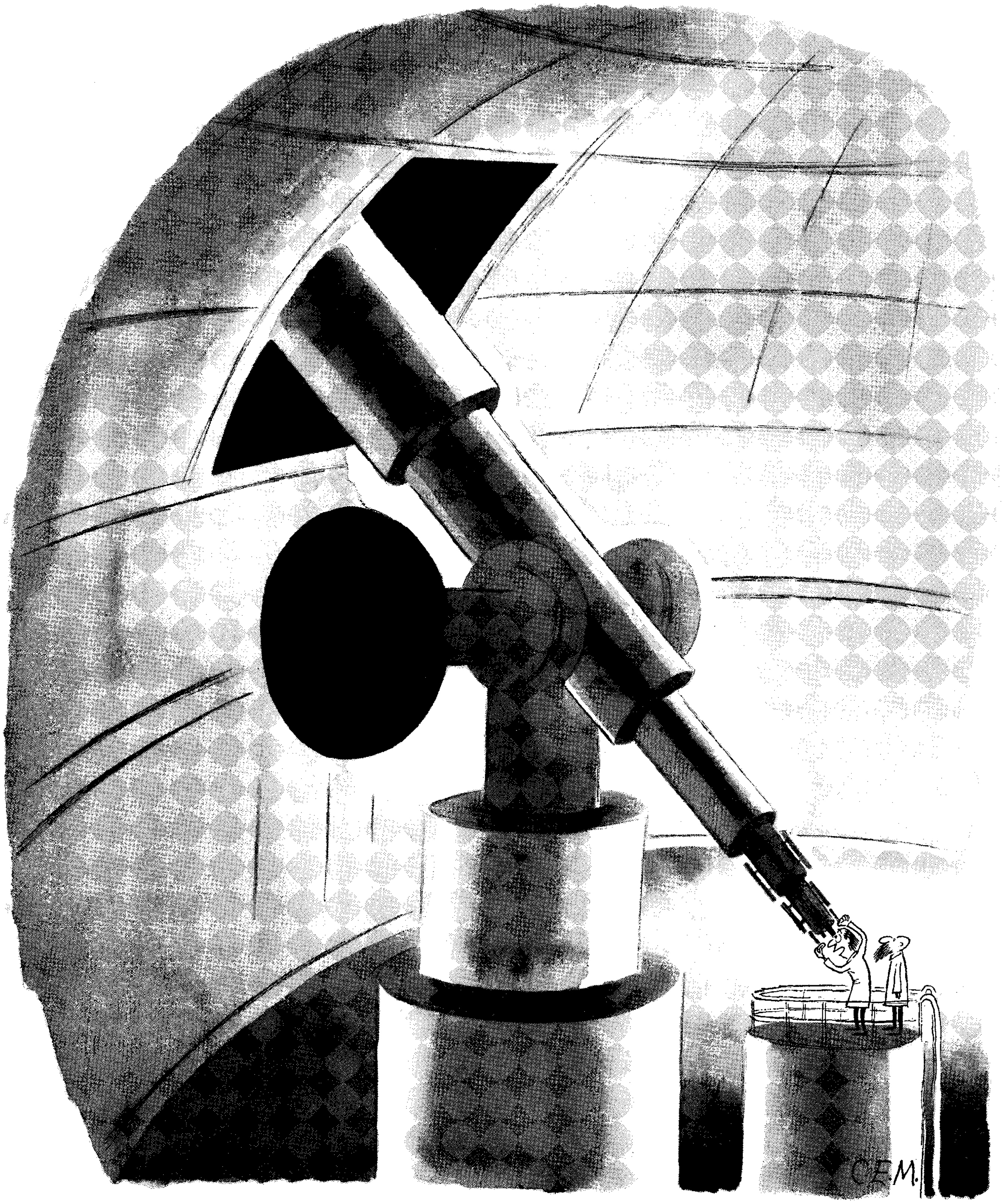
their time outside the house. But Tim, who was constantly being left out of their projects and play, would stand at Marie's bassinet with his hands clasped behind him, up to an hour at a time, if he was allowed, and stare at her as though she were his only hope. Martin was proud of her as only the father of a daughter can be proud, and Alpha, who had always wanted a girl and seemed happier than she'd been in years, associated this stroke of good luck with the move into the house. Before the baby arrived, she'd decorated a downstairs bedroom in pink and frills.

It was becoming Alpha's house. During that first winter, she'd closed off the upstairs to save heat and reduce her work, but now it was open, a major piece of framework in the home she was building within the house, and not just a place where the boys went to get off by themselves and play or make trouble. She'd put a sleeping cot, white organdie curtains, and bookshelves—glassed-in bookshelves she'd bought at an auction and thought she'd never use—in the room occupied by the rolltop desk, and she now referred to the room as Martin's office. Sorting through a battered box of junk, she came across the shell of a painted turtle that Martin had once found, empty, along the railroad tracks and had filled with cement. It was a mislaid, long-forgotten talisman, which he used as a paperweight. She placed it on the pile of paper on his desk.

Upstairs, she had her own room, a sewing room, with an easy chair and a lamp for reading, when she wanted to relax and read, with large closets that accommodated all of their winter clothes, and so much space she was able to keep her curtain stretchers permanently set up.



She painted, with white enamel, all of the cupboards in the pantry and the kitchen, and Martin put down new linoleum in every room. It took him several weeks to do it. Although he got blisters and open sores on both hands from the task, he cut the hedge around the house, all of it, down to four feet. He bought and installed an oil heater in the living room, so they could keep the chill out of the downstairs on cold fall days without starting the furnace in the basement, and when school dismissed for the summer, Martin hired a neighbor, William Runyon, as a helper, and they scraped and wire-brushed and painted the exterior of the house. It was the color



"I seem to be eyeball to eyeball with a Canada goose."

• •

Alpha had always wanted her house to be—a warm yellow, with white trim.

She was completely unpacked and had found the proper place for everything, from the rocker she'd inherited from her grandmother to her everyday soup spoons. All of their furniture was finally being used, and Martin had even bought a bedroom set of solid maple, the kind that for five years she'd dreamed of owning ("$210," she noted in her diary), with two tall dressers and a vanity with a large mirror. And still the house looked underfurnished. Which was perfectly all right with her; nothing or nobody was underfoot.

She had helped Martin lay out a vegetable garden, and as things came into season she canned and preserved them, along with fruits from the market, jellies and jams, berries picked from the countryside during picnics and outings, and some capons Martin bought from a neighbor. The rows of shelves in the basement were beginning to fill up. The potato bin was full. There were parsnips, kohlrabi, turnips, and rutabagas, all dipped in paraffin to preserve them, in the other bins. She brought out the winter clothes and began to mend them.

ONE afternoon in late October, she was sitting in her rocker in the alcove made by the bay window, absorbing the last of the warm sunlight before winter, and knitting a heavy pink cardigan for Marie, when she thought she heard a knock at the front door. She paused in her work and looked up; nobody ever used that door. The knock came again. She put her work in the seat of the chair and went to the boys' bedroom and found all three of them playing quietly there, up to no mischief. She went through the living room, down the long hall to the front door, and opened it. A tall, youthful-looking priest stood on the porch.

“Hello. I'm James Russell. Just call me Father Jim.”

“Oh. Hello.”

“You must be Mrs. Neumiller.”

“Yes.”

“I used to live here.”

“Well, come in. Please.”

He stepped inside, and his bright-green eyes travelled over every area of the entry and stairway, as though following a familiar course, and stopped; her sons, who had trailed after her through the living room, were standing at the end of the hall. “Ah,” he said, “I see you have three fine boys.”

He strode past her, his black cassock smelling of cologne and cigarette smoke, and went up to them and ruffled their hair. “Your father's a fine gentleman,” he said. “He taught two of my brothers and two of my sisters, and they have nothing but praise for him. You can be proud. Have either of you—not you, little fellow—made your First Holy Communion yet?”

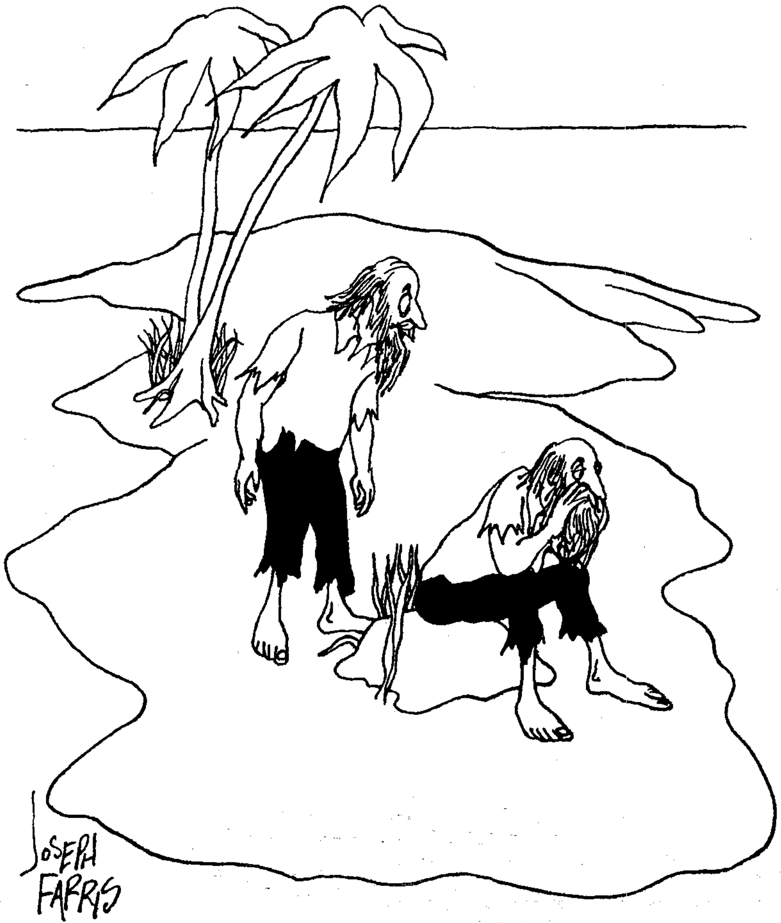
“Me,” Jerome said.

“ ‘What is God's loving care for us called?’ ”

“ ‘God's loving care for us is called Divine Providence.’ ”

“ ‘What do we mean when we say that God is almighty?’ ”

“ ‘When we say that God is almighty we mean that He can do all things.’ ”



“Perk up! Think of all that interest piling up at six per cent per annum from day of deposit, compounded quarterly.”

“ ‘Is God all-wise, all-holy, all-merciful, and all-just?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, God is all-wise, all-holy, all-merciful, and all-just.’ ”

“You've learned your catechism well. Good, good.” He turned to Alpha. “Do you have others?”

“A daughter, two and a half months.”

“Is she asleep?”

“Yes.”

“Ah, that's too bad. I'd like to bless the little tyke. Is your husband here?”

“No.”

“Will he be back soon?”

“Later today. He's gone to McCallister.”

“I'm afraid I won't even have a chance to see him then, I'm so awfully rushed. That's a disappointment. He's meant a lot to us, you know, the younger ones especially. I haven't been in the area since I was transferred to Minneapolis, nearly three years now. I'm with the Jesuits there. I believe it was thought best that I not visit the family. We were all quite close.” He rubbed and wrung his hands as if washing them as he looked around. “But the family, God bless them, is gone from here now. And a conference came up in Bismarck that the Monsignor couldn't attend—one that might be quite important to the laity, by the way; it deals with sacramentals—so the Monsignor delegated me to go, and loaned me his car (I left the engine running; I'm already late), and since I was so close, only twenty-five miles off, I couldn't resist. I had to see the old place. Isn't it a lovely house?”

He began to pace around the living room, displacing the air as Martin never did, his eyes moving with such speed and restlessness he kept changing direction, turning to look behind, staring up, to the side, turning again. “You've done very well by the old place. It's decorated with taste and is as neat as I can remember. The outside looks fine also—the new paint job, I mean—and the hedge; I think Father let that go the last years. I can't understand why he felt compelled to leave. The hardware store certainly hasn't worked out as he expected, not in that location, and he just suffered a second stroke. Edward and Jackie have left, of course, but Dennis is still at home to help. Dennis is a good lad. Enid has decided to take her vows—a surprise to us all, she seemed so involved in the arts—and Margaret graduated valedictorian this year. That makes five in the family so far.” He stopped at the bay window.

“Isn't this a beautiful view? I've always liked to stand here and admire it. So did Mother. She would look out and pray the Rosary here at night, when most of us were in bed, and the whole house fell quiet. The lilac bushes there, the garden beyond, that nice oak down the road next to the Runyons'—somehow the arrangement is so pleasing and serene. I hope nobody ever builds on these lots to the corner. It would ruin the view. You can see past the state highway to that far-off Indian mound, or whatever it is. I think it's never been decided for sure, though it certainly couldn't be a hill—not in this territory. Hawk's Nest, it's called. Did you know that it stands nearly in the next county? I used to love to study it and wonder what it could be. Here's where I decided to become a priest.”

He removed a white handkerchief from the sleeve of his cassock, and blew his nose hard. He folded the handkerchief square, still staring out the window, and replaced it in his sleeve. Then he started to pace again, glancing into the dining room, the kitchen, the boys' bedroom, and through a gap in the sliding doors into the master bedroom.

"I'm sorry I'm in such an unneighborly rush. I'd like to sit down and visit, and have dinner with you all—I can tell by your healthy boys that you're a wonderful cook—and I wanted so much to see Martin." He stopped. "I'd love to run up and look at my old bedroom. But I'm afraid that would be imposing."

Alpha started to speak, but he said, "Also, I don't know if I could face it. Too emotional. Patrick and I used to share the room, and we lost him in the war." He crossed himself in a hurried way that looked almost involuntary. "Well, boys, remember always to honor your father and mother, don't forget your morning and evening prayers, and keep yourself pure, for there's nothing more honorable in the eyes of God than purity. Now, come here, kneel down, and I'll give you my blessing."

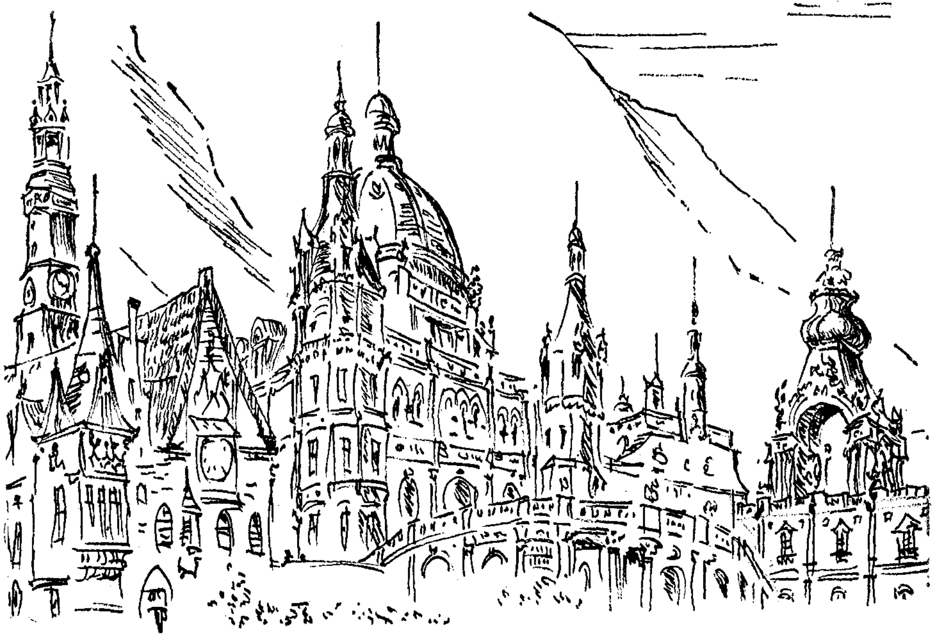
Jerome and Charles knelt in front of him with their hands clasped and their eyes lowered, and Tim, copying them, did the same. Father Jim sketched crosses in the air above their heads and spoke the Latin in a clear voice, three times, without hurrying the familiar words. He thanked Alpha for her patience and hospitality, once again apologized for his rush, reminded her to give Martin his greetings, and then strode to the front door.

Jerome and Charles and Tim stood at the end of the hall and watched while he said goodbye to their mother and, as she inclined her head, quickly gave her his blessing. Then he walked across the porch, across the lawn and out of sight, and they heard the sound of his car engine echo off a building and then grow faint.

Their mother closed the door. She stood with her forehead against it and her hand on the knob, as though examining her thoughts with such intensity she couldn't move, and then turned to them. Her face was pale and she looked thinner and much older than a moment ago, and her expression, distant yet resigned, was an expression they'd never seen. But they knew what she was feeling; now the Russells, as well as the Halvorsons, would always occupy a part of their house. And although their mother might resist it, they knew that it would only be a matter of time before they moved.

—L. Woiwode

OBERFEST



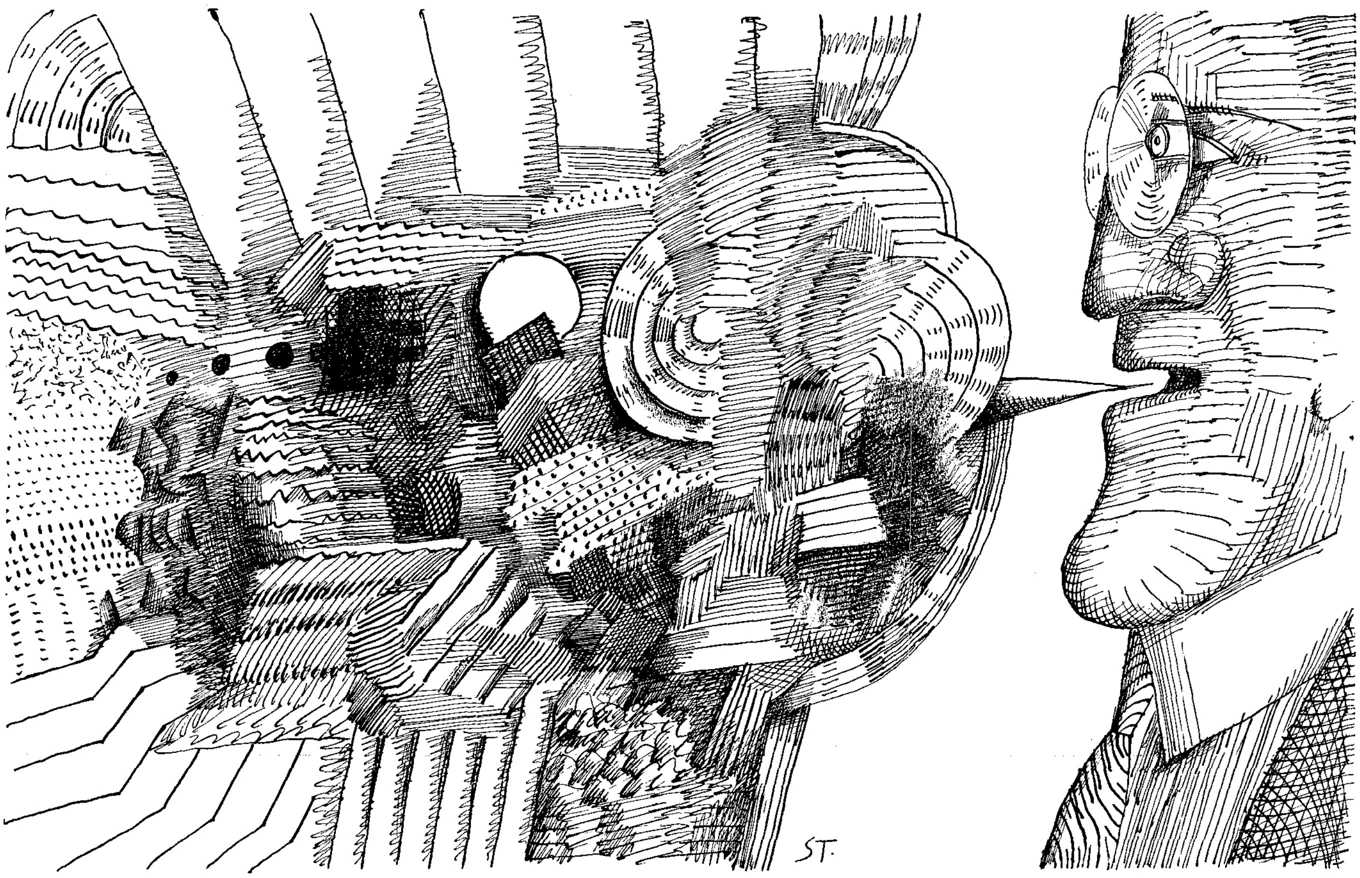
. . . Through scenery of surpassing loveliness, we descend into the tranquil valley, and make our way to the ancient, fortified town of Oberfest. The origin of the old town is veiled in the poetic darkness of tradition. For many centuries, it has ruled itself, and coined its own monies. As one enters the square, the Town Hall is admirably brought before the eye. It is the very embodiment of grandeur and sublimity: a colossal, many-towered, complex structure, aspiring toward heaven, with countless gables and spires, turrets, and gilded cupolas. One is compelled to venerate the simple townsfolk whose stern virtue and zeal have enabled them to oppose the incursions of those who would conquer, yet have made of their town a repository of all that is grand in antiquity, and ceaselessly striven to beautify and adorn, to elevate and refine. . . . Rising above the sunlit pinnacles of the Hall loom mountains of extraordinary steepness, and awesome, savage magnificence. In winter, it is said, fearful avalanches roll down from these heights.—*"A Traveller in Europe," by G. Brown, F.B.S., with Numerous Wood Engravings by the Best Artists, 1871.*

On a morning in early spring, 1873, the people of Oberfest left their houses and took refuge in the town hall. No one knows why, precisely. A number of rumors had raced through the town during recent weeks, and there was a profound uneasiness among the people. Idle talk and gossip were passed on and converted to news; predictions became certainties. On this particular morning, fear turned into terror, and people rushed through the narrow streets, carrying their most precious possessions, pulling their children, and dashed into the great hall. The first to arrive occupied the largest rooms; the others found space in smaller rooms, in hallways, on stairs, in the towers. The doors were nailed shut, and men took turns watching out the windows. Two days passed. Order was maintained. The unruly, the sick, and the unstable were consigned to the cellars; the cellar stairs were guarded. When no disaster came, the fear grew worse, because the people began to suspect that the danger was already within the hall, locked inside. No one spoke to anybody else; people watched each other, looking for signs. It was the children who rang the great bell in the first bell tower—a small band of bored children, unable to bear the silence and having run through all the halls, slid down all the bannisters, climbed all the turrets. They found the bell rope and swung on it—set the bell clanging. This was the traditional signal of alarm, and in a moment the elders were dashing in panic to all the other bell towers and ringing the bells. For nearly an hour, the valley reverberated with the wild clangor—and then, a thousand feet above, the snow began to crack, and the avalanche began; a massive cataract of ice and snow thundered down and buried the town, silencing the bells. There is no trace of Oberfest today, not even a spire, because the snow is so deep; and, in the shadow of the mountains, it is very cold.

—James Stevenson

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

JOHN IS EASY TO PLEASE



LINGUISTS are stirring up quite a lot of intellectual dust just now with a theory of language known as transformational, or generative, grammar, which was first enunciated, in 1957, by Noam Chomsky, the leader of the linguistic vanguard, and which was recently denounced by Charles F. Hockett, a stalwart of the linguistic rearguard, as "a theory spawned by a generation of vipers." The two factions are polarized not only by rhetorical excess—Chomsky is a master of polemics in his own right—but also by actual issues, which are constantly being debated in the literature on the subject. Although Chomsky's two most influential books are "Syntactic Structures," which his disciples call the Old Testament, and "Aspects of the Theory of Syntax," which they call the New Testament, the clearest statement of the theory for someone unschooled in the technical jargon of transformational grammar is to be found in "Language and Mind," an expanded version of three lectures that Chomsky, a professor of linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, gave in 1967 at the University of California at Berkeley. In the book, Chomsky took specific examples of grammatical rules relating to English phonology and syntax, and tried to demonstrate that their application was subject to certain universal conditions. These conditions, he argued, were the principles of "universal grammar" and provided "a highly restrictive schema to which any human language must conform." He wrote, "The study of universal grammar, so understood, is a study of the nature of human intellectual capacities. It tries to formulate the necessary and sufficient conditions that a system must meet to qualify as a potential human language, conditions that are not accidentally true of the existing human languages, but that are rather rooted in the human 'language capacity,' and thus constitute the innate organization that determines what counts as linguistic experience and what knowledge of language arises on the basis of this experience." He claimed that the human mind was equipped at birth with a mental representation of the universal grammar, and that this grammar, by means of formal operations he called "transformations," enabled a speaker of any language to generate an indefinite series of sentences. Indeed, he argued, the human mind was uniquely equipped to learn "natural" languages, and a child would fail to learn, as a first language, either the language of another planet or an artificial language that did not meet the universal conditions. Unlike earlier students of language, who had been content merely to describe usage, Chomsky hoped to discover and catalogue the conditions that he believed underlay not just usage but the acquisition of language. Venturing into philosophy, he revived the classic rationalist notion—first stated by Descartes in the seventeenth century—that certain ideas were implanted in the mind as innate equipment. In fact, for the purposes of his argument, he adopted the Cartesian distinction between mind, the essence of which was understanding and will, and body, the essence of which was extension and motion, and contended that the central problem on which Cartesianism foundered (If mind and body were separate substances, how did they interact in man?) could be solved through the study of language, for the creative use of language, the ability to produce and understand sentences, was what most obviously distinguished man from animal.

Chomsky alarmed many eminent philosophers by presenting his philosophical notions as basic to his theory of language. Two of these philosophers—Hilary Putnam and Nelson Goodman, both professors of philosophy at Harvard—tangled with Chomsky at a meeting impressively designated as the

Innate Ideas Symposium of the American Philosophical Association and the Boston Colloquium for the Philosophy of Science, held in Boston in December, 1966. "What I would like to suggest is that contemporary research supports a theory of psychological *a priori* principles that bears a striking resemblance to the classical doctrine of innate ideas," Chomsky said at the Symposium. (Its proceedings were later published as a book, "Boston Studies in the Philosophy of Science," by the Humanities Press.) "We observe . . . that the tremendous intellectual accomplishment of language acquisition is carried out at a period of life when the child is capable of little else, and that this task is entirely beyond the capacities of an otherwise intelligent ape." Chomsky went on to describe the way he thought a child learned his first language: "Once a hypothesis—a particular grammar—is selected, the learner knows the language defined by this grammar; in particular, he is capable of pairing semantic and phonetic interpretations over an indefinite range of sentences to which he has never been exposed." Then Chomsky attacked the rationalists' historical adversaries—the empiricists and their modern successors, the behaviorists—who thought that the infant's mind was a clean slate and the infant's knowledge of language arose inductively from experience:

> We have a certain amount of evidence about the grammars that must be the output of an acquisition model. This evidence shows clearly that knowledge of language cannot arise by application of step-by-step inductive operations (. . . association, conditioning, and so on) of any sort that have been developed or discussed within linguistics, psychology, or philosophy. Further empiricist speculations contribute nothing that even faintly suggests a way of overcoming the intrinsic limitations of the methods that have so far been proposed and elaborated. Furthermore [he laid his cards on the table], there are no other grounds for pursuing these empiricist speculations, and avoiding what would be the normal assumption, unprejudiced by doctrine, that one would formulate if confronted with empirical evidence of the sort sketched above. There is, in particular, nothing known in psychology or physiology that suggests that the empiricist approach is well-motivated, or that gives any grounds for skepticism concerning the rationalist alternative sketched above.

Putnam, rebuking Chomsky for littering his paper with fuzzy concepts, acknowledged some connection between grammar and linguistic behavior but pointed out that this connection was as little cause for recourse to innate ideas as was the connection between, say, a calculus textbook and mathematical intuition, or a drivers' manual and driving behavior. "How could something with *no* innate intellectual equipment *learn* anything?" he asked. (The italics here, as elsewhere, are from the sources.) "*To be sure*, human 'innate intellectual equipment' is relevant to language learning, if this means that such parameters as memory span and memory capacity play a crucial role. But what rank behaviorist is supposed to have ever denied *this*?" Putnam went on to contest the significance of certain features of Chomsky's "linguistic universals"—the bases of universal grammar. He observed that it was not remarkable that all languages should have nouns, for instance, since these were the most convenient way of specifying an object. Once the existence of nouns was granted, he believed, the existence of verbs followed of necessity. The existence of adjectives and adverbs—in fact, the existence of all parts of speech—was no more remarkable, and required no more special explanation, than the universal existence of numerals. Finally, Putnam attacked the foundation of Chomsky's theory of language—the notion that the human mind was "programmed" at birth to learn natural language, and was unable to learn bad or artificial language:

> Suppose that language-using human beings evolved *independently* in two or more places. Then, if Chomsky were *right*, there should be two or more *types* of human beings descended from the two or more original populations, and normal children of each type should fail to learn the languages spoken by the other types. Since we do not observe this . . . we have to conclude (if the I.H. [Innateness Hypothesis] is true) that language-using is an evolutionary "leap" that occurred only *once*. But in that case, it is overwhelmingly likely that all human languages are descended from a single original language, and that the existence today of what are called "unrelated" languages is accounted for by the great lapse of time and by countless historical changes. . . . But just this *consequence* of the I.H. is, in fact, enough to account for "linguistic universals"! For, if all human languages are descended from a common parent, then just such highly useful features of the common parent as the presence of some kind of quantifiers, proper names, nouns, and verbs, etc., would be expected to survive.

Putnam, who faulted Chomsky's theory point by point, at least did not make fun of it. But Goodman noted at the outset of his paper that Chomsky's

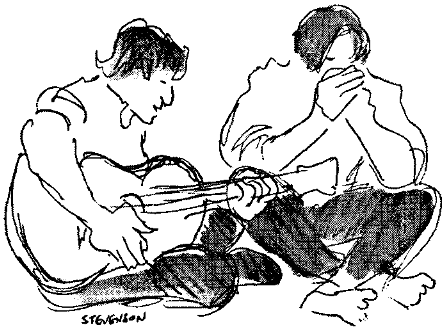
"Phased out? Gee, I was never even phased in."

was "a theory that only my respect for its advocates enables me to take at all seriously," and he went on to deliver his criticisms in the form of a Socratic dialogue between Jason (Chomsky), who had just returned from "Outer Cantabridgia," and Anticus (Goodman), who suspected that Jason had brought back a theory that was "more fleece than golden." Like Putnam, Goodman aimed his heaviest blows at Chomsky's notion that the human mind was uniquely equipped to learn natural language:

> A [Anticus]: Can they [the linguists] really take an infant at birth, isolate it from all the influences of our language-bound culture, and attempt to inculcate it with one of the "bad" artificial languages?
>
> J [Jason]: No. They readily admit this cannot be done. They regard their claim as a hypothesis not subject to such direct experimental test, but supported by ancillary considerations and evidence. . . .
>
> A: Don't you think, Jason, that before anyone acquires a language, he has had an abundance of practice in developing and using rudimentary prelinguistic symbolic systems in which gestures and sensory and perceptual occurrences of all sorts function as signs? . . . When initial-language acquisition is seen as secondary-symbolic-system acquisition, the claim that there are rigid limitations upon initial-language acquisition is deprived of plausibility by the fact that there are no such limitations upon secondary-language acquisition. . . .
>
> J: Does not all this just move the question back from the nature of languages that can be initially acquired to the nature of symbolic systems that can be so acquired? . . .
>
> A: We'd certainly have an even harder time doing it. . . . Since the prelinguistic systems are likely to be fragmentary as well as rudimentary, we'd have trouble deciding when a system is acquired. And experimentation under all these difficulties would have to begin with symbol-using from the moment of birth. But I hardly have to refute your suspicions. Rather than facts crying for a theory, the theory is crying for the facts. . . . Inability to explain a fact does not condemn me to accept an intrinsically repugnant and incomprehensible theory. . . .
>
> J: What is innate are not concepts, images, formulae, or pictures, but rather "inclinations, dispositions, habits, or natural potentialities.". . .
>
> A: If all that is claimed is that the mind has certain inclinations and capacities, how can you justify calling these ideas? . . .
>
> J: Again I am afraid I have not been careful enough. Rather than identify the innate ideas with capacities, etc., I probably should have said that these ideas exist as or are "*innate as*" such capacities.
>
> A: A few minutes ago you accused me of sophistry; but I bow before the subtlety of that last statement. Go again, Jason, and bring back to me all the mysteries of ideas being innate as capacities. Then, if you like, we can talk again about unsubstantiated conjectures that cry for explanation by implausible and untestable hypotheses that hypostatize ideas that are innate in the mind as non-ideas.

A year and a half after the Innate Ideas Symposium, Chomsky did indeed return from a second voyage with "all the mysteries of ideas being innate as capacities," and the debate was resumed, this time at the ninth annual New York University Institute of Philosophy, the proceedings of which were later published as a book, "Language and Philosophy," by the New York University Press. The speakers at this conference included—in addition to Chomsky and Goodman—Reuben Abel, Raziel Abelson, Arthur Danto, Gilbert Harman, Sidney Hook, Paul Kurtz, Thomas Nagel, W. V. Quine, Leo Rauch, Robert Schwartz, Kenneth Stern, Rulon Wells, and Marvin Zimmerman. At the gathering, Chomsky tried to dispel some of the increasing suspicions of his critics. He dismissed Goodman's attack at the Innate Ideas Symposium with such scoffing remarks as "Given the dialogue form . . . it is difficult to be certain that one is not misrepresenting his [Goodman's] position" and "I do not see how to avoid the conclusion that when Goodman speaks of 'the unimpressive evidence adduced with respect to languages,' he simply speaks out of ignorance." For the most part, Chomsky merely answered his critics in terms of the very concepts they had criticized, and reasserted his ideas doggedly, as if his detractors had only misunderstood them.

Chomsky was knocked down repeatedly at conferences (the Innate Ideas Symposium and the New York University Institute of Philosophy were just two among many), and always seemed to return to the fray with greater confidence, his audience growing in the United States, in Europe, and beyond. In Britain, for instance, Chomsky matched wits with Stuart Hampshire, one of the best-known of the Oxford philosophers, on the B.B.C.'s Third Programme. Hampshire, like so many other modern philosophers, tried to make Chomsky see what it was that the philosophers regarded as obvious ambiguities in the doctrine of innate ideas.



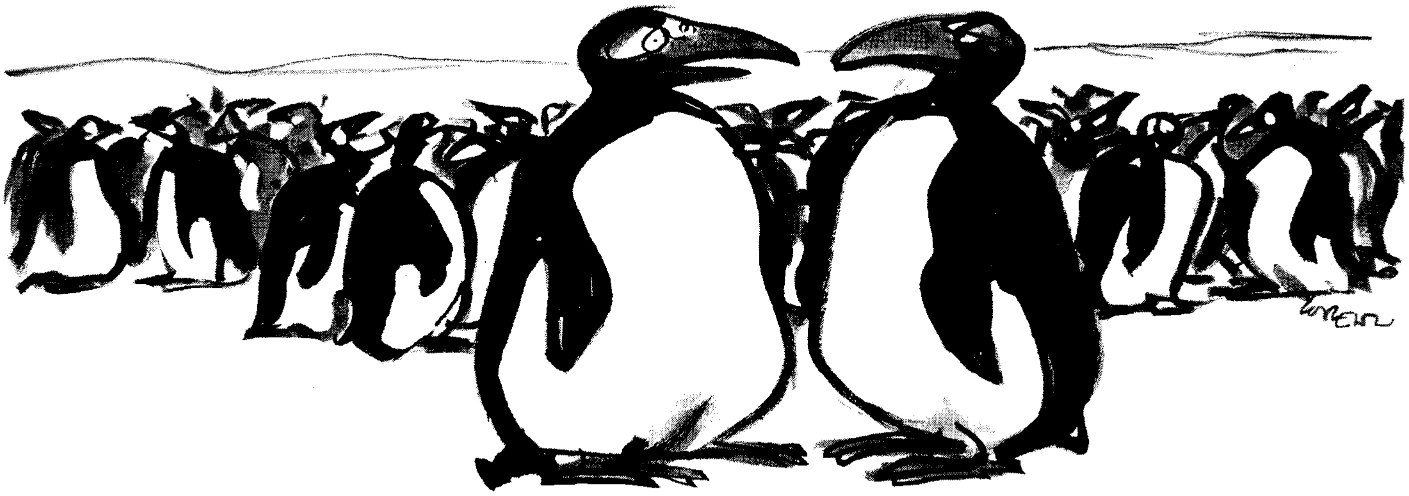
"I think a certain amount hinges, if one is to speak of innate ideas, on how abstract the transformations are," he remarked at one point, and he went on to say that if the transformations were not very abstract, they might simply be ordinary grammatical operations of a specific language, and if the transformations were very abstract, they might be so abstract that they could scarcely be said to constitute a universal grammar. He continued:

> We have a traditional philosophical claim—the claim of empiricist philosophy . . . from the eighteenth century onwards—that language is learnt by association of ideas and by reinforcing responses, that concepts are formed in this way by abstraction, and that our grammar is a cultural phenomenon which varies with different cultures, with no common underlying structure and no necessity to prefer one structure to another; and then one has a contrary philosophical tradition [the rationalist one], that there are predispositions to form certain ideas and to organize concepts in a certain order, and even more strongly, that these ideas can be stated in a propositional form. The suggestion now is that a set of experiments, together with adequate statistical theory, show that one of these philosophical traditions [the empiricist one] was misguided and that the other—although we don't yet know how specific these abstract transformational principles are and whether they be anything like the traditional innate ideas—was correct. Is the conclusion you have reached one which is subject to controversy among others working in this field?

Chomsky replied that his conclusion was highly controversial, and Hampshire said:

> The empiricist tradition . . . has always denied that there was anything that could be called innate ideas, meaning by this substantial propositions, beliefs as opposed to predispositions to behave in certain ways. Supposing one found that there were preferences for certain sound orders or word orders that really were very general, this might seem a feature of human behavior which in no way upsets the empiricist's picture—any more than it would if there was a predisposition to represent a scene on a piece of paper, given a pen, in a certain way. . . . I suppose that the contrast here, which empiricists would insist on, would be between knowledge in the sense of propositional knowledge, which is said to be innate, and features of behavior, such as the tendency to represent on paper a solid body in a certain way, which may greatly vary culturally. Nonetheless, given all the possibilities there are of representation as something built-in, I don't see why empiricists should be upset by this feature of behavior, though they should be distressed if these predispositions amounted to something that could be called propositional knowledge or even to restricted categories of thought.

But Chomsky, instead of narrowing the scope of his theory under Hamp-



"Just between us, before those nature guys showed up and put bands on everybody, I couldn't tell one damned penguin from another."

• •

shire's gently applied pressure, broadened it, saying:

> Ability to acquire a language is not our only mental faculty, and I have no doubt that these other mental faculties also have their limitations. That there are such limitations would seem to me to follow from the fact that we are a biological organism. We can tell what a frog's limitations are, and some more complicated organism than us might be able to tell what our limitations are. I don't see that there's any contradiction in the idea that we could discover what our own limitations are in some fashion, but at the moment of course we can't get anywhere near that, except possibly in the case of certain artificially isolated components of the mind like the language faculty.

Hampshire bore down on the question of faculties:

> You're . . . making rather strong contrasts between the faculty that is exercised, say, in pure mathematics and the faculty that's exercised in recognizing and constructing new sentences. From the historical point of view, there's a certain paradox here if these two are separated too absolutely, because one would suppose that the logical structure and the linguistic argumentative structure have to be kept somehow under a single faculty.

Chomsky, seeing the philosophical trap, admitted that some of his claims were premature and required further study:

> I think it would be dogmatic at the moment to take any position on this issue. All we can say is that we have evidence that the language faculty has such-and-such properties. We know for a fact that these properties are not a general limitation of human intelligence. . . . All right, so that just tells us that there are faculties beyond the language faculty. What the nature of those faculties [is], how they are interrelated to the language faculty—these are questions that have yet to be discovered by the study of other cognitive systems, by a study which may be analogous to the study of language.

ONE morning, I go to call on Chomsky at his office at M.I.T. It is in a run-down, sooty temporary structure put up during the Second World War. The office itself is a small, cramped room furnished with a couple of tables, a typewriter, and a few dilapidated chairs, and cluttered with papers and books. It could be an office in a factory. Chomsky sits in a chair of imitation leather (which is torn), typing furiously. He stands up to greet me, and smiles tentatively. He looks younger than his age, which is forty-two; indeed, he could easily pass for a graduate student. He is tall, with a long, thin nose in a long, thin face, and he has brown hair and brown eyes. He wears eyeglasses whose rims are dark at the top and clear at the bottom, and he is dressed in an old sweater and slacks. He clears some papers off a chair for me, and after we have settled down, I ask him how he happened to become interested in linguistics.

"I had a certain informal acquaintance with philology through my father, who is a scholar of Hebrew," he says. "He used to teach at Gratz College, a Hebrew teachers' college in Philadelphia; he now teaches at Dropsie College, a kind of graduate school of Semitic studies there. In fact, all his life he has been involved in Jewish education and Jewish culture. His main work is an important edition of the grammar of David Kimchi, which I read in proofs when I was eleven or twelve. But I began working on linguistics as an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania in the late forties for other reasons. I was thinking of dropping out of college, because I wanted to go to the Middle East to live on a kibbutz and work for Arab-Jewish coöperation—I was caught up in bi-nationalist alternatives to Zionism. I came under the influence of Zellig Harris, who was the star of the Linguistics Department at Penn. He had close ties to Israel from his childhood—his parents were Russian Jews, and he spent his early years in Palestine—and his academic background was in Semitic studies and linguistics. He shared my ideas on Zionism. Both of us were also involved in radical politics—I had passed through the various stages of Trotskyism and gone on to Marxist-Anarchist ideas. In any case, I started taking his courses, and got interested in linguistics."

When Chomsky is talking, he seems faintly surprised that anyone should like him. Although he hardly ever writes without touching off sparks, his manner in person is disarmingly modest, and although he has an air of youthful confidence, he is unassuming and friendly.

"As a teacher, Harris was unique," he continues. "He fitted all his teaching into one day a week, and he held many of his classes in the balcony of a Horn & Hardart's in Philadelphia, or at his apartment—in those days he lived first in New York and then in Princeton. Nowadays, he divides his time between Philadelphia and Israel, where his wife and child live on a kibbutz. I think he has a monthly commuter ticket on T.W.A." Chomsky breaks into a soft, shy smile. "In class, he always talked about the latest thing on his mind. He didn't pay any attention to what anybody else was doing in linguistics or in anything else, and I think his work suffered from that."

Chomsky has a slight cold, and keeps

a box of Kleenex by his elbow. He takes a tissue and blows his nose.

"What is Harris's work like?" I ask.

"For as long as I have known Harris, he has been trying to work out formal analytic techniques that, in principle, could be applied by a computer to a corpus of linguistic data. While I was at Penn, he was trying to extend to longer discourses the techniques that he had developed with individual sentences. He wanted to be able to apply certain mechanical procedures to a text and find out the lines of argument, the reasoning and assumptions, behind the text—what was being said and what left unsaid. In order to apply his techniques to a text, he had to recast the sentences in parallel form and normalize them."

"What, exactly, do you mean by 'normalize'?" I ask.

"Say you had a text with the sentence 'England declared war,' and then, three lines down, the sentence 'War was declared by the Prime Minister,'" he says. "Well, Harris could do nothing with those two sentences, because they weren't parallel. But if you changed 'War was declared by the Prime Minister' to the active voice—that is, normalized it—then you got 'The Prime Minister declared war,' in which case 'England' and 'the Prime Minister' were in the same substitution class, the same theoretical frame: 'Blank declared war.' Then Harris could argue that with respect to this particular text 'England' and 'the Prime Minister' functioned in a similar fashion, although, of course, they didn't necessarily in the whole language. Reduced to its essentials, this was Harris's idea of normalization. Of course, his whole approach seems a little funny to me now, but as an undergraduate I was completely taken with it."

I ask him what kind of work he did in linguistics as an undergraduate.

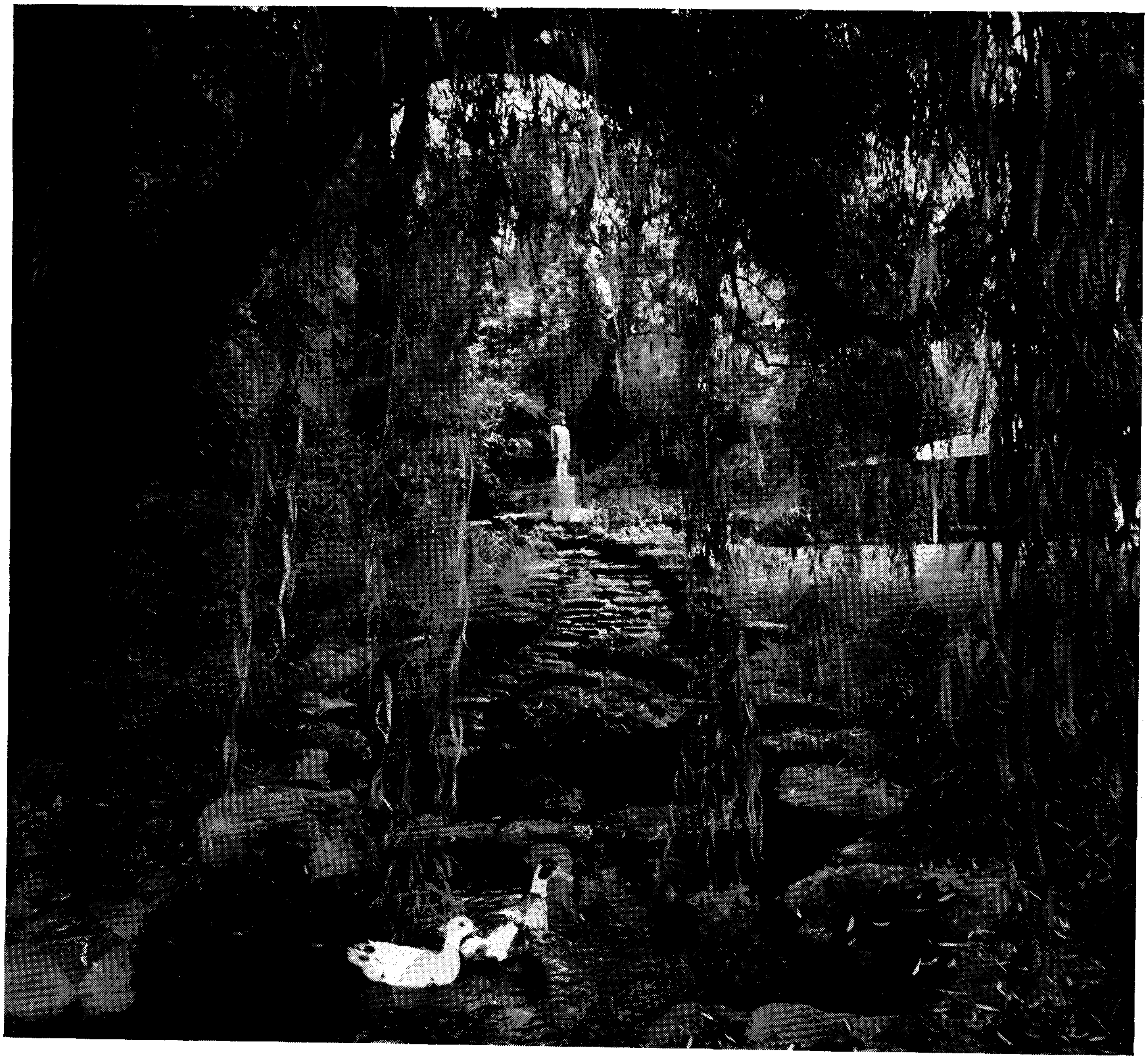
"Next to Harris, I was most influenced by Nelson Goodman, who was at Penn then, and who was my philosophy teacher." He blows his nose again. "Though I don't think Harris and Goodman knew each other, they shared an intellectual attitude that I found exciting. What Goodman was trying to do in 'Structure of Appearance,' his great philosophical work, didn't seem so very different from what Harris was trying to do in linguistics. The most serious work I did as an undergraduate was to work out a grammar of modern Hebrew—my thesis. It turned out that by setting up very abstract models and looking for general principles I was able to get good theoretical explanations for many of the phenomena that modern linguistics, which in those days was mainly historical in approach, could only describe. The thesis contained the germs of my theory of transformational grammar."

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It's not supposed to do anything. It's just a study in abstract form."

I ask him when he made his break with Harris and went on to develop his own ideas.

"Goodman nominated me to the Society of Fellows at Harvard, and I became a Junior Fellow in 1951. At Harvard, I continued to work on Harris's kind of linguistics and on my transformational grammar as well. Eventually, I showed some of my work on transformational grammar to Morris Halle, who was an instructor here at M.I.T. then. He was very much excited by it, and told me to concentrate on it to the exclusion of everything else. I did, but the work was so unorthodox that at the end of my three-year term as a Junior Fellow no one would hire me as a linguist. The only job I could find was teaching Hebrew at Brandeis for twelve hours a week, at thirty-five hundred dollars a year. That was the last thing I wanted, so I stayed on at Harvard as a Junior Fellow for another year, and then Halle arranged for me to get an appointment to M.I.T. I had to do things like teaching elementary French and German to graduate students, because there was no Linguistics Department as such here at the time. In fact, until recently there were hardly



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any departments of linguistics in the country. Linguists were usually attached to anthropology, English, or foreign-language departments. The first large influx of money into linguistics came with the Second World War, when the Army set up language programs that were run by linguists. After the war, the field began exploding all over the place, and M.I.T., which began granting degrees in linguistics in 1961, has been at the forefront of linguistic progress. We've written papers on all kinds of topics." In one recent year, I later discover, the M.I.T. Linguistics Department produced such papers as "Some Languages That Are Not Context-Free," "Formal Justification of Variables in Phonemic Cross-Classifying Systems," "Theoretical Implications of Bloomfield's 'Menomini Morphophonemics,' " "Classes of Languages and Linear-Bounded Automata," "Vowel Harmony in Classical (Literary) Mongolian," "The Shift of 'S' to 'X' in Old Church Slavonic Verb Forms," and "Reduction of Long 'I' in Russian Imperative, Infinitive and Two Singular Morphemes."

"After you came to M.I.T., how were your ideas received in the academic world at large?" I ask.

"In the early years, I had a lot of trouble getting my work published. Eventually, Mouton, in The Hague, put out my books, but my ideas have always been too radical for the guild structure of the academic profession."

I ask him if his polemical bent had anything to do with the reception of his work.

"My ideas on both linguistics and politics are controversial, because they go to the root of the problem and give radical answers. Even before I came to M.I.T., I was told that my work would arouse much less antagonism if I didn't always couple my presentation of transformational grammar with a sweeping attack on empiricists and behaviorists and on other linguists. A lot of kind older people who were well disposed toward me told me I should stick to my own work and leave other people alone. But that struck me as an anti-intellectual counsel. I believe that anything interesting involves a lot of guesswork and speculation, and anyone who is doing serious work in any field is going to be wrong an awful lot of the time. If he isn't, he's just a tragic bore. I know I've been wrong some of the time. In fact, I expect that my own theory will be incorporated one day in a new, perhaps richer theory, or be completely superseded."

I ask him who he thinks are the other major innovators in linguistics today.

"I don't know about other innovators, but there are a lot of transformationalists who I think are going to make good contributions in the future," he says. "Here at M.I.T., there is Morris Halle, who collaborated with me on 'The Sound Pattern of English,' and my former student John Ross."

I press my question. "Who would you say are the leading figures in the field as a whole, anywhere in the world?"

"There aren't any," he says, with a dismissive wave of the hand. "Most of the interesting work in linguistics is now being done here in the United States, and most of it is being done by transformationalists."

Although Chomsky is a student of language, his literary style is at once loose and pedantic. His sentences abound in awkward phrases ("Still more clearly to the point, I think") and are often ill-formed or weighted down with academic jargon ("No one took up Peirce's challenge to develop a theory of abduction, to determine those principles that limit the admissible hypotheses or present them in a certain order. Even today, this remains a task for the future. It is a task that need not be undertaken if empiricist psychological doctrine can be substantiated; therefore, it is of great importance to subject this doctrine to rational analysis, as has been done, in part, in the study of language"). He tends to lump people and concepts together indiscriminately ("Bloomfield, Bertrand Russell, positivistic linguists, psychologists, and philosophers in general"). Chomsky's style is characteristic of his school, and I ask him why it is that students of language have so little interest in style and so little sense of ordinary grammar.

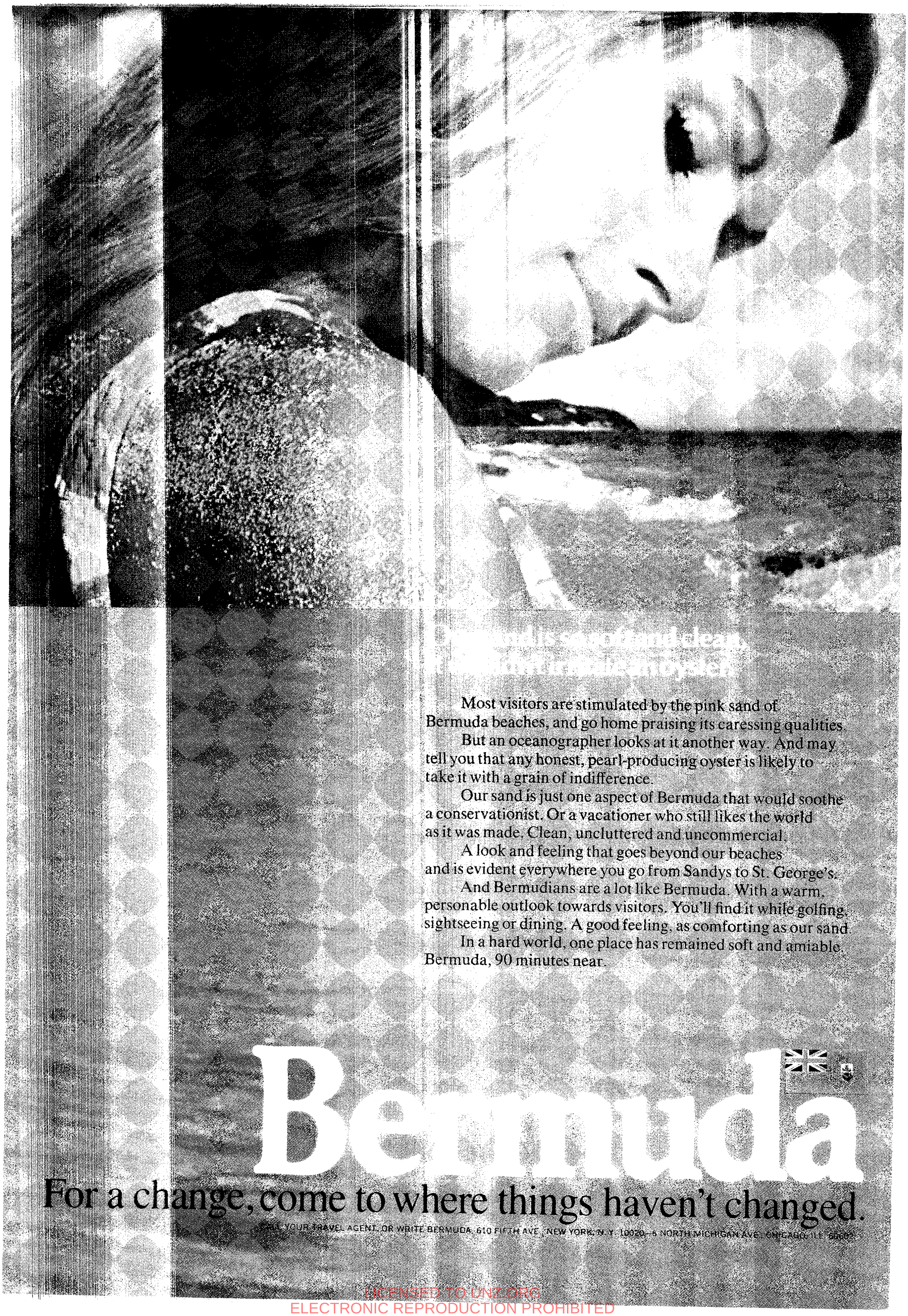
"I assume that the writing in linguistics is no worse than the writing in any other academic field," he says. "The ability to use language well is very different from the ability to study it. Once, the Slavic Department at Harvard was thinking of offering Vladimir Nabokov an appointment. Roman Jakobson, the linguist, who was in the department then, said that he didn't have anything against elephants but he wouldn't appoint one a professor of zoology." Chomsky laughs.

I turn to Chomsky's politics. He has made a career of political radicalism, and yet in his books he often thanks agencies of the Defense Department for their financial support. For instance, the acknowledgments in "Syntactic Structures" read, "This work was supported in part by the U.S.A. Army (Signal Corps), the Air Force (Office of Scientific Research, Air Research and Development Command), and the Navy (Office of Naval Research); and in part by the National Science Foundation and the Eastman Kodak Corporation." I ask him why the Defense Department has supported his research.

"Ever since the Second World War, the Defense Department has been a main channel for the support of the universities, because Congress and society as a whole have been unwilling to provide adequate public funds," he says. "Luckily, Congress doesn't look too closely at the Defense Department budget, and the Defense Department, which is a vast and complex organization, doesn't look too closely at the projects it supports—its right hand doesn't know what its left hand is doing. Until 1969, more than half the M.I.T. budget came from the Defense Department, but this funding at M.I.T. was a bookkeeping trick. Although I'm a full-time teacher, M.I.T. paid only thirty to fifty per cent of my salary. The rest came from other sources—most of it from the Defense Department. But I got the money through M.I.T."

I mention the protests in the spring of 1969 in which M.I.T. students demonstrated against certain aspects of the university's connection with the Defense Department.

"As a matter of fact, the trouble here then almost kept me from giving the John Locke Lectures at Oxford," he says. "The day before I was to leave for Oxford, I got a frantic telephone call from Robert Bishop, the Dean of Humanities and Social Science here. He asked me to call off the lectures and join the committee that had been appointed in response to the student protest against M.I.T.'s connection with the Defense Department. The Dean thought that my presence on the committee was essential to satisfy the radicals. I didn't want to call off the lectures, and the university wanted me to attend the weekly committee meetings, so they



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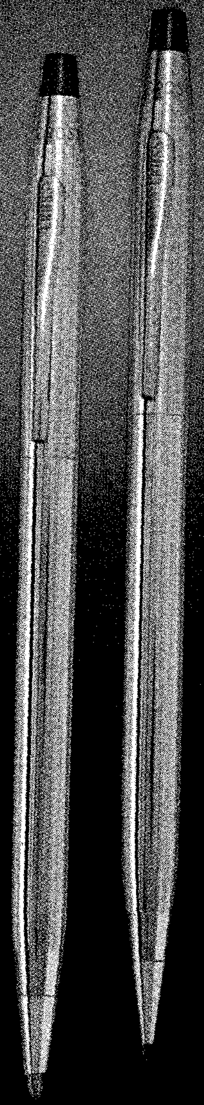

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arranged to fly me back from England each week."

THE entry under "labyrinth" in Webster's New International Dictionary (Second Edition) reads, in part:

(lăb′ĭ·rĭnth), n. [L. *labyrinthus*, fr. Gr. *labyrinthos*, fr. *labrys* double ax, prob. of Carian origin. cf. LABRYS.] 1. an edifice or place full of intricate passageways which render it difficult to find the way from the interior to the entrance, or from the entrance to the central compartment; a maze; specif., in Greek myth, the labyrinth constructed by Daedalus for Minos, king of Crete, in which the Minotaur was confined.

The mythical labyrinth was, according to one authority, "so artfully contrived that whoever was enclosed in it could by no means find his way out unassisted," and another has written, "Once inside one would go endlessly along its twisting paths without ever finding the exit. . . . In whatever direction they ran they [the victims] might be running straight to the monster; if they stood still he might at any moment emerge from the maze." As every schoolboy knows, these victims were Athenian youths and maidens sent as tribute to Crete, where they were fed to the Minotaur, who was half man and half bull. When the great Athenian hero Theseus was sent to Crete as part of the tribute, Minos's daughter Ariadne fell in love with him and furnished him with a ball of thread to enable him to escape from the labyrinth. Theseus fastened one end of the thread to the inside of the door to the labyrinth and unwound the ball as he went along the twisted passages, until he came upon the Minotaur. He killed the Minotaur, and escaped from the labyrinth by following the thread back to the door.

After spending some time with Chomsky's works on linguistics, I discover that he has all the ingenuity of a Daedalus, so I take a big ball of thread with me when I go to meet him for the second time. I step through the door of his office and boldly ask him to explain transformational grammar.

"The traditional multi-volume grammars that you find on the shelves of libraries present and classify precisely the examples that appear in them, and nothing else," he says. "But we transformationalists try to answer the mysterious and, I think, rather profound question: What qualities of intelligence does a human being possess that make it possible for him to use language creatively, to generate from the limited set of examples that he hears an infinite set of sentences? But perhaps the clearest way to explain the theory of transformational grammar is to show how transformations operate in sentences. Sentences consist of phrases of various types—noun phrases, verb phrases, adverbial phrases, and so on. O.K.? For purposes of analysis, every sentence can be enclosed within brackets, and its parts enclosed within smaller brackets and marked, and the parts of the parts enclosed within still smaller brackets and marked, and so on. O.K.? You end up with a sentence that's properly bracketed, or parenthesized, in the technical sense that every left parenthesis is associated with a right parenthesis and the entire structure is exhausted at every stage of the analysis. Take the sentence 'John kept the car that was in the garage.'" From my reading, I recognize the sentence as a variation of one of Chomsky's stock examples, "John kept the car in the garage." "It consists of the noun phrase—in this case, really a noun—'John;' the verb 'kept;' and the noun phrase 'the car that was in the garage.' O.K.? The noun phrase 'the car that was in the garage' consists, in turn, of the noun 'car' and the sentence 'that was in the garage;' the shorter sentence 'that was in the garage' consists, in turn, of other phrases; and so on. O.K.? The whole sentence can be bracketed and labelled with abbreviations—sentence, noun phrase, noun, verb phrase, verb, article, and so on."

He diagrams the sentence on a sheet of paper:

$$[_{S}\ [_{N}\ \text{John}\ ]_{N}\ \ [_{VP}\ [_{V}\ \text{kept}\ ]_{V}$$

$$[_{NP}\ [_{NP}\ [_{Art}\ \text{the}\ ]_{Art}\ [_{N}\ \text{car}\ ]_{N}\ ]_{NP}$$

$$[_{S}\ [_{NP}\ [_{N}\ \text{that}\ ]_{N}\ ]_{NP}\ [_{VP}\ [_{V}\ \text{was}\ ]_{V}$$

$$[_{PP}\ [_{P}\ \text{in}\ ]_{P}\ [_{NP}\ [_{Art}\ \text{the}\ ]_{Art}$$

$$[_{N}\ \text{garage}\ ]_{N}\ ]_{NP}\ ]_{PP}\ ]_{VP}\ ]_{S}\ ]_{NP}\ ]_{VP}\ ]_{S}$$

"Now, the fundamental idea of transformational grammar is that the bracketed and labelled representation of a sentence is its surface structure, and associated with each sentence is a long sequence of more and more abstract representations of the sentence—we transformationalists call them phrase markers—of which surface structure is only the first," he continues. "For example, underlying the surface structure of 'John kept the car that was in the garage,' which might be represented by the phrase marker P_1, there would be, embedded and unspoken, a somewhat more abstract phrase marker, P_2, which would be converted into P_1 by what we call a transformation, transformation being our term for the operation by which less abstract phrase markers are generated from more abstract ones. And underlying P_2 would be a still more abstract phrase marker, P_3, which would be converted into P_2 by another transformation, and so on, back farther and farther, until you reach the most abstract phrase marker of all, which we call the deep structure of the sentence. Whereas the surface structure in general is not closely related to the meaning of the sentence, the deep structure appears to be closely related to meaning. O.K.?"

As Chomsky talks, he radiates feverish intensity. His cheeks become flushed, and his hands fly back and forth to underscore his points.

"Is it really the case that the meaning of the sentence is hidden in this complicated way?" I ask.

"Keep the old sentence, 'John kept the car that was in the garage,' in the back of your mind for now and let me give you the simpler sentence 'John kept the car in the garage' as an example of what I mean. O.K.? Notice that 'John kept the car in the garage' is ambiguous—is open to two interpretations. Call them I_1 and I_2. I_1 would be exactly the same as 'John kept the car that was in the garage;' you could paraphrase this interpretation as 'It was the car in the garage that John kept.' I_2 would be 'The car was kept in the garage by John;' you could paraphrase this interpretation as 'It was in the garage that John kept the car.' Although you can't tell by the sound of the sentence which of the two interpretations is meant, the surface structure of the sentence is different for each interpretation. When we follow interpretation I_1, 'It was the car in the garage that John kept,' we assume that the phrase 'the car in the garage' is a unit, bracketed as a noun phrase."

He diagrams the phrase on the sheet of paper:

$$[_{NP}\ \text{the car in the garage}\ ]_{NP}$$

"But when we follow interpretation I_2, 'It was in the garage that John kept the car,' then we assume that 'the car in the garage' is not a unit, not a noun phrase," he continues. "Instead, 'the car' is a full noun phrase—"

He diagrams:

$$[_{NP}\ \text{the car}\ ]_{NP}$$

"—and 'in the garage' is an adverbial phrase—"

He diagrams:

$$[_{Adv\ P}\ \text{in the garage}\ ]_{Adv\ P}$$

"According to the interpretation I_1, 'John kept the car in the garage' is an elliptical form of the explicit, and more abstract, sentence 'John kept the car that was in the garage,' " he continues. "The surface structure is generated from the more abstract sentence by the transformation that deletes the words 'that was.' Ellipsis, a linguistic term that was in use long before the advent of transformational grammar, is one kind of operation that transforms one phrase marker into another. The abstract phrase marker 'John kept the car that was in the garage' itself derives from a deeper, more explicit sentence—'John kept the car. The car was in the garage.' "

He diagrams:

$$[_S\ [_N\ \text{John}\ ]_N\ [_{VP}\ [_V\ \text{kept}\ ]_V\ [_{NP}\ [_{NP}\ [_{Art}\ \text{the}\ ]_{Art}\ [_N\ \text{car}\ ]_N\ ]_{NP}$$

$$[_S\ [_{NP}\ [_{Art}\ \text{the}\ ]_{Art}\ [_N\ \text{car}\ ]_N\ ]_{NP}\ [_{VP}\ [_V\ \text{was}\ ]_V\ [_{PP}\ [_P\ \text{in}\ ]_P\ [_{NP}\ [_{Art}\ \text{the}\ ]_{Art}$$

$$[_N\ \text{garage}\ ]_N\ ]_{NP}\ ]_{PP}\ ]_{VP}\ ]_S\ ]_{NP}\ ]_{VP}\ ]_S$$

I feel I am being drawn deeper and deeper into the intricacies of Chomsky's theory, but the explanation is so lucid (no doubt Chomsky has delivered it often) that I still have my bearings.

"This sentence brings us almost to the deep structure, which in the case we've been talking about, as it happens, is not very abstract," he goes on. "Now let's take a more complex example, the interrogative sentence 'What did John keep the car in?' We transformationalists would argue that this sentence derives from an underlying, more abstract sentence, 'John kept the car in the garage'—in which 'the car' is the noun phrase and 'in the garage' is an adverbial phrase—not by an operation of ellipsis this time but, rather, by the operations of substitution and prepositioning, which substitute 'what' for 'garage' and move 'what' to the beginning of the sentence. These transformations yield the phrase 'what John kept the car in,' which, in turn, is transformed by further operations into the sentence 'What did John keep the car in?' "

I am beginning to lose my way. I ask him about the universal conditions that are supposed to govern transformations, and he tells me that although the sentence "John kept the car in the garage" is ambiguous, the question "What did John keep the car in?" is not ambiguous, for it is open to only one interpretation—"It was in the garage that John kept the car."

"Why is it that the question is not ambiguous?" he asks rhetorically. "Well, we transformationalists would say that the question 'What did John keep the car in?' is governed by a universal condition—undoubtedly a principle of universal grammar—that asserts that a noun phrase, here 'the garage,' that is part of a larger noun phrase, here 'the car in the garage,' cannot be extracted and moved. Thus, from the sentence 'John kept the car that was in the garage' I cannot form the question 'What did John keep the car that was in?' That would be impossible in any language. O.K.? When we take interpretation I_1 of the sentence 'John kept the car in the garage,' in which 'the car in the garage' is a noun phrase, we cannot extract the phrase 'the garage' and put it in the front and form a question. But, as you noticed, when we take interpretation I_2, in which 'in the garage' is an adverbial phrase, then we can substitute 'what' for 'the garage,' move 'what' to the front of the sentence, and get 'What did John keep the car in?' O.K.? This is an example of a rather non-trivial point—that in order to form questions the speaker of a language, in this case English, applies transformations such as the operations of substitution and pre-positioning to mental representations of declarative sentences. Because these mental representations are a sequence of phrase markers, the speaker has to know, in order to produce and understand sentences, the underlying structures of the sentences to which he is applying the transformations. He has to know, for example, whether the phrase marker to which he applies the transformation treated 'the car in the garage' as a single noun phrase or whether it treated 'the car' as a noun phrase and 'in the garage' as an adverbial phrase."

"I don't quite grasp the distinction between the grammatical rules of transformation that you were speaking about before and these universal conditions," I say.

"An example of a grammatical rule of transformation would be the rule of question formation that I gave you," he says. "Let me clarify it further. Take the declarative sentence 'John read the book.' If I want to form a question about the book, I move the phrase 'the book' to the beginning of the sentence and prefix the questioning element 'what,' and I get 'What book did John read?' "

"Don't you actually get 'What the book did John read?' " I ask.

"That was a bad example, because it brings up complexities in the rule of question formation that I would just as soon not go into now," he says, and he presses on. "This grammatical rule of question formation can be applied to any noun phrase in the sentence. If I want to form a question about John,

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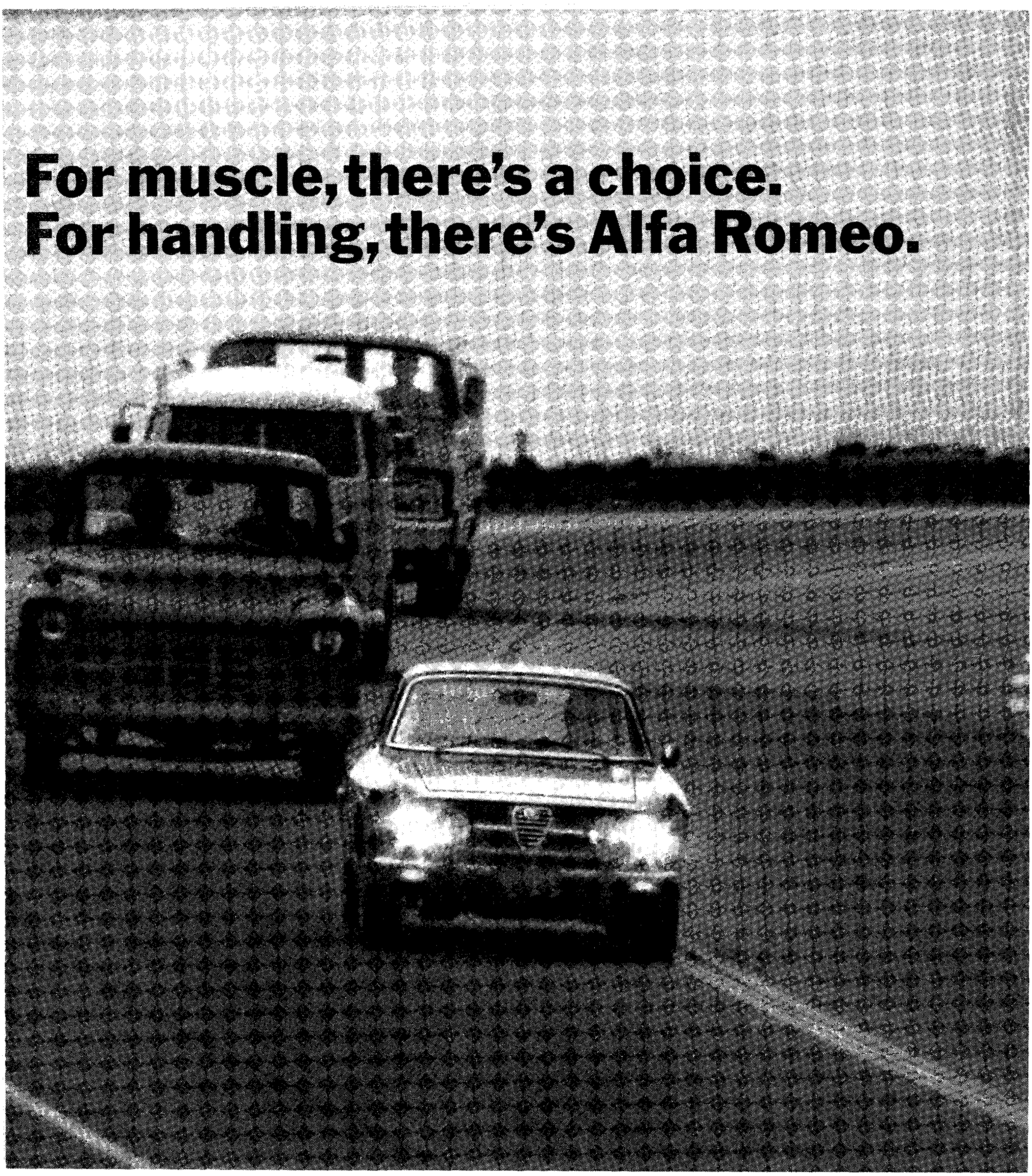

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instead of the book, I say, 'Who read the book?' "

"Actually, 'Who John read the book?' " I ask.

"That was a bad example, too. But, to go on, all grammatical rules of transformation, like the rule of question formation, must meet certain universal conditions. One such universal condition, as you noticed, is that no grammatical rule of transformation can involve extracting a noun phrase from another noun phrase that properly includes it—'the car' from 'the car in the garage.' "

I try to draw him away from examples by asking him how he regards the workings of these rules and conditions. "Surely they are not conscious?" I say.

"In the normal use of the language, we unconsciously and instantaneously make use of abstract representations," he says.

"If these rules and conditions are in fact unconscious, then why think of them in formal terms as structures—as mental representations?" I ask.

"Let me answer your question in this way," he says. "Take two examples somewhat more complex than the sentences we've been talking about: 'John is eager to please' and 'John is easy to please.' O.K.?" I immediately recognize these sentences as the most famous examples of Chomsky's school. "We could assign to these two sentences their respective surface structures—a noun, 'John,' followed by a verb, 'is,' followed by a certain kind of adjective phrase, 'eager to please' in one case, 'easy to please' in the other. But the surface structures don't tell the whole story. If we say 'John is eager to please,' 'John' is the subject of 'please'—John is doing the pleasing. We attribute to John the property of being eager to do something. Now, if we say 'John is easy to please,' 'John' is the direct object of 'please.' We mean that pleasing John is easy and we attribute to the proposition 'please John' the property of being easy. O.K.? Although the two sentences differ considerably in the grammatical relation between their parts—in what is predicated of what—these differences are not represented in their surface structures. In the case of 'John is eager to please,' the surface structure and the deep structure are really identical—that 'John' is the subject of 'please' is already explicit in the surface structure. But in the case of 'John is easy to please' the surface structure, 'John is easy to please,' is quite different from the deep structure, 'To please John is easy' or 'For us to please John is easy,' and it requires a long sequence of operations to transform this deep structure into its surface structure. I won't try to explain all these transformations now, because they're a little too complicated. But in the deep structure of 'John is easy to please' the verb-object relation between 'to please' and 'John' is explicit, whereas in the surface structure the relation is not explicit at all. It is possible, however, to conceive of a surface structure for this particular meaning—the meaning 'To please John is easy'—in which the verb-object relationship between 'John' and 'to please' would be explicit. This would be true for the surface structure 'To please John is easy.' To transform the deep structure 'To please John is easy' into the surface structure 'To please John is easy' involves only the simplest of operations."

"But in another language—say, in French or Latin—wouldn't the difference between what is predicated of what in 'John is eager to please' and in 'John is easy to please' be expressed by the case of the noun, or by the addition of a preposition?" I ask. "If so, then what you speak of as the contrast between the deep structures and the identity of the surface structures of these two sentences might be relevant only to English."

"Yes," he says. "In French or Latin, the surface structures of the two sentences would certainly not be identical, but the two surface structures would still show greater similarity to each other than the two deep structures would. O.K.? In French or Latin, these sentences would retain in their surface structures things like cases, which are a sort of residual deep structure. But in English they don't, so you get an amusing and striking example of sentences whose surface structures are identical but whose deep structures are radically different."

"But does the contrast between 'John is eager to please' and 'John is easy to please' actually matter to someone using English?" I ask.

"The real contrast between the two sentences shows up in the way in which we perform certain syntactic operations on them, like the operation of nominalization," he says. "If we have the sentence 'John is weak,' we can perform the operation of nominalization and produce the noun phrase 'John's weakness.' If we have 'John is eager to please,' by the same operation we can produce the noun phrase 'John's eagerness to please.' But if we perform the same operation on 'John is easy to please,' we produce 'John's easiness to please.' This is not a properly formed noun phrase. You can say 'John's eagerness to please surprised me,' but you can't say 'John's easiness to please surprised me.' If somebody said it, you would know what he meant, but you would also know that he didn't know how to speak English properly. Thus, the contrast between 'John is eager to please' and 'John is easy to please' appears as a difference in grammaticality when we perform the operation of nominalization. This simple example illustrates the fact that when we perform certain operations, we perform them not on actual sentences but on mental representations, on the sequences of abstract structures that underlie sentences. For what we transformationalists are saying is that grammar is really in the mind—that it is a fixed, finite set of internalized rules and conditions which associates the surface structures of sentences with particular sounds and particular meanings and makes it possible for the speaker of a language to generate an infinite number of sentences."

I ask him what he thinks the relationship between sound and meaning is.

"It has to do with the phonological, syntactic, and semantic components of grammar that form the framework of our theory. Transformationalists are divided over the precise boundaries of these components, but my view is that the phonological component assigns, among other things, an intonational structure—a stress and pitch contour—to each surface structure. For example, the phrase 'lighthouse keeper,' meaning the keeper of a lighthouse, would be bracketed one way—"

A diagram:

$$\Big[_{NP}\ \Big[_{N}\ \Big[_{A}\ \text{light}\Big]_{A}\ \Big[_{N}\ \text{house}\Big]_{N}\ \Big]_{N}\ \Big[_{N}\ \text{keeper}\Big]_{N}\ \Big]_{NP}$$

"—and the phrase 'light housekeeper,' meaning a housekeeper who isn't a heavy person, would be bracketed in a different way."

Another diagram:

$$\Big[_{NP}\ \Big[_{A}\ \text{light}\Big]_{A}\ \Big[_{N}\ \Big[_{N}\ \text{house}\Big]_{N}\ \Big[_{N}\ \text{keeper}\Big]_{N}\ \Big]_{N}\ \Big]_{NP}$$

"In the first instance 'lighthouse' is a lexical unit, in the second instance 'housekeeper' is a lexical unit, and when

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we hear these two phrases, which have different stress and pitch contours, we mentally reconstruct their surface structures. In fact, we rely upon an abstract representation to interpret even the simplest words we hear. Take the words 'explain' and 'explanation.' It's obvious that they are almost identical, so there has to be a single underlying representation for them."

"Does that really follow?" I ask, unwinding my skein.

"Yes," he says. "On the more abstract level, it has to be true. But, to go on, the sound pattern of 'explanation' is rather different from the sound pattern of 'explain.' If the same sound pattern appeared in both cases, we would say 'explain' and 'explain-ation.' Instead, we say 'explain' and 'explanation,' because in 'explanation' the vowels and the stress have changed. These changes are determined by phonological rules."

"But when you discuss 'explain' and 'explanation' in terms of an underlying form, aren't you violating your own definition of the phonological component—that it connects only surface structure and sound?" I ask, trying, for the sake of understanding, to think in the jargon of transformational grammar.

" 'Explain' and 'explanation' is actually a bad example, because it brings up certain theoretical notions that I don't want to go into here," he says. "But the phonological component does relate the physical event to the surface structure, and that brings me to the syntactic component. When we know the surface structure of a sentence, the syntactic component comes into operation and assigns to the surface structure a syntactic derivation, a sequence of phrase markers that, as I have described, begins with the surface structure and ends with the deep structure. For example, the sentence 'John is easy to please' would have this surface structure—"

A diagram:

$$\Big[_{S}\ \Big[_{N}\ \text{John}\ \Big]_{N}\ \Big[_{VP}\ \Big[_{V}\ \text{is}\ \Big]_{V}\ \Big[_{AP}\ \Big[_{A}\ \text{easy}\ \Big]_{A}\ \Big[_{VP}\ \text{to please}\ \Big]_{VP}\ \Big]_{AP}\ \Big]_{VP}\ \Big]_{S}$$

"—and certain intermediate structures, which I won't go into, and what is roughly the deep structure, 'To please John is easy.' From this deep structure, our third component—the semantic component—draws the grammatical relations that are relevant to the interpretation of the sentence, and assigns a meaning to the sentence. In the case of 'John is easy to please,' the semantic component interprets the sentence as predicating for pleasing John the property of being easy."

Some of the distinctions have begun to seem blurred and elusive. For instance, is deep structure the meaning, or different from meaning? When Chomsky is discussing syntax, he sometimes seems to treat the two terms as synonyms, but when he is discussing semantics, he seems to contrast them. I tell him about my confusion.

"We transformationalists are at very different stages in our understanding of the three components," he says, with a smile. "I think we are at quite an advanced stage in our understanding of the phonological component; we have fairly substantial insight into the way surface structure is graphed onto sound, and we can formulate and order hundreds of phonological rules. We are still at a rudimentary stage in our understanding of the syntactic component, and we have practically no understanding of the semantic component—no one has even been able to devise a really good terminology for the semantic representation of sentences, let alone the rules that apply to them. At the moment, semantic representation is pretty much a dream."

The whole idea of components seems to me quite remote and arbitrary, and I wonder if they have any basis in experience. "Have you done any experiments with children to learn how they acquire language?" I ask.

"No. I hate experiments."

"Has your distaste for experiments played any part in your thinking about linguistics?"

"I think that even without doing any experiments you can deduce some pretty striking things about what must be happening in the infant's mind. The infant must know the rules and conditions of grammar before he learns a language. After acquiring a rudimentary knowledge of a language, he observes the linguistic data and asks himself, 'Are the linguistic data that I'm presented with consistent with the hypothesis that this is, for example, English?' And then he says to himself, 'Yes, it is English. O.K., then, I know this language.' In time, he is able to use the full range of knowledge that is expressed by the grammar of English. The problem of determining whether what he's presented with is in fact English, rather than, say, Japanese, is a far simpler problem than the problem of creating a knowledge of English from the partial and degenerate lin-

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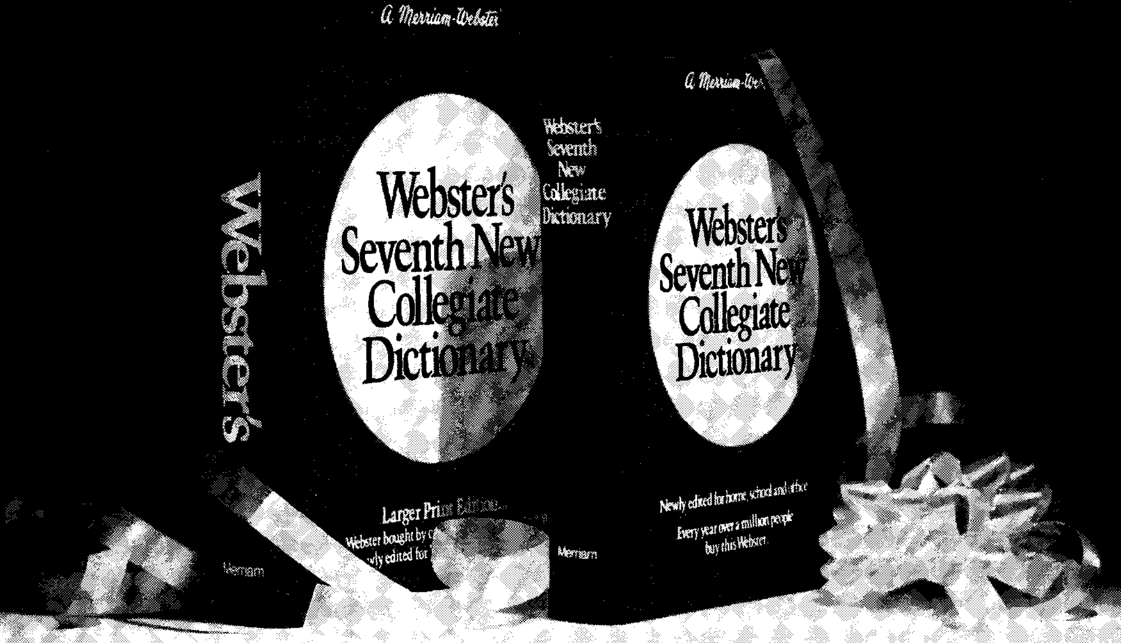
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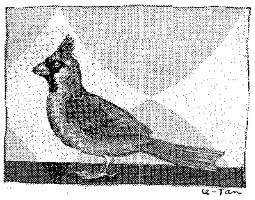
guistic data with which he's presented. Now, I don't mean all this to be taken very literally, but it seems to me that, as a rough first approximation, my idea that the infant acquires a language through the formulation of hypotheses that he checks against the linguistic data is probably a better characterization of learning than the empiricist one or the modern behaviorist one. As for experiments, I think that people can do them later to fill in the details and verify the theory."

"By the way, do you have children of your own?" I ask.

"Yes, Carol and I have three children," he says.

"By one estimate, there are about four thousand languages spoken today, and there must have been many more in the past, some of which have probably left no trace at all," I observe. "How can you verify your universal theory without a knowledge of quite a number of them?"

"It is true that we transformationalists have studied only a handful of languages in a really intensive way, but each new language that we study intensively in the future will support the conclusions that we have already drawn. I'm confident of this, because it seems to me that if we assume that any infant can learn any language—that no infant is genetically a speaker of a specific language—then every attribute we postulate in order to explain an infant's ability to learn one language must be true of any child's learning of any language, and so must be a universal condition of a universal grammar. Thus, on the basis of the evidence that we have from the study of a few languages we can safely assume that for learning languages there must be a schematism in the mind—a physical mechanism in the brain—that is the same in every human being."



At random, I pick one of the many objections that occur to me, and ask him whether, if there is an actual mechanism in the brain, it wouldn't be better if the neurosurgeons located it before the linguists drew conclusions from its existence.

"Neurophysiology is in too primitive a state now to find the mechanism. For them, it's just a dream. We linguists hope to show the neurophysiologists what to look for."

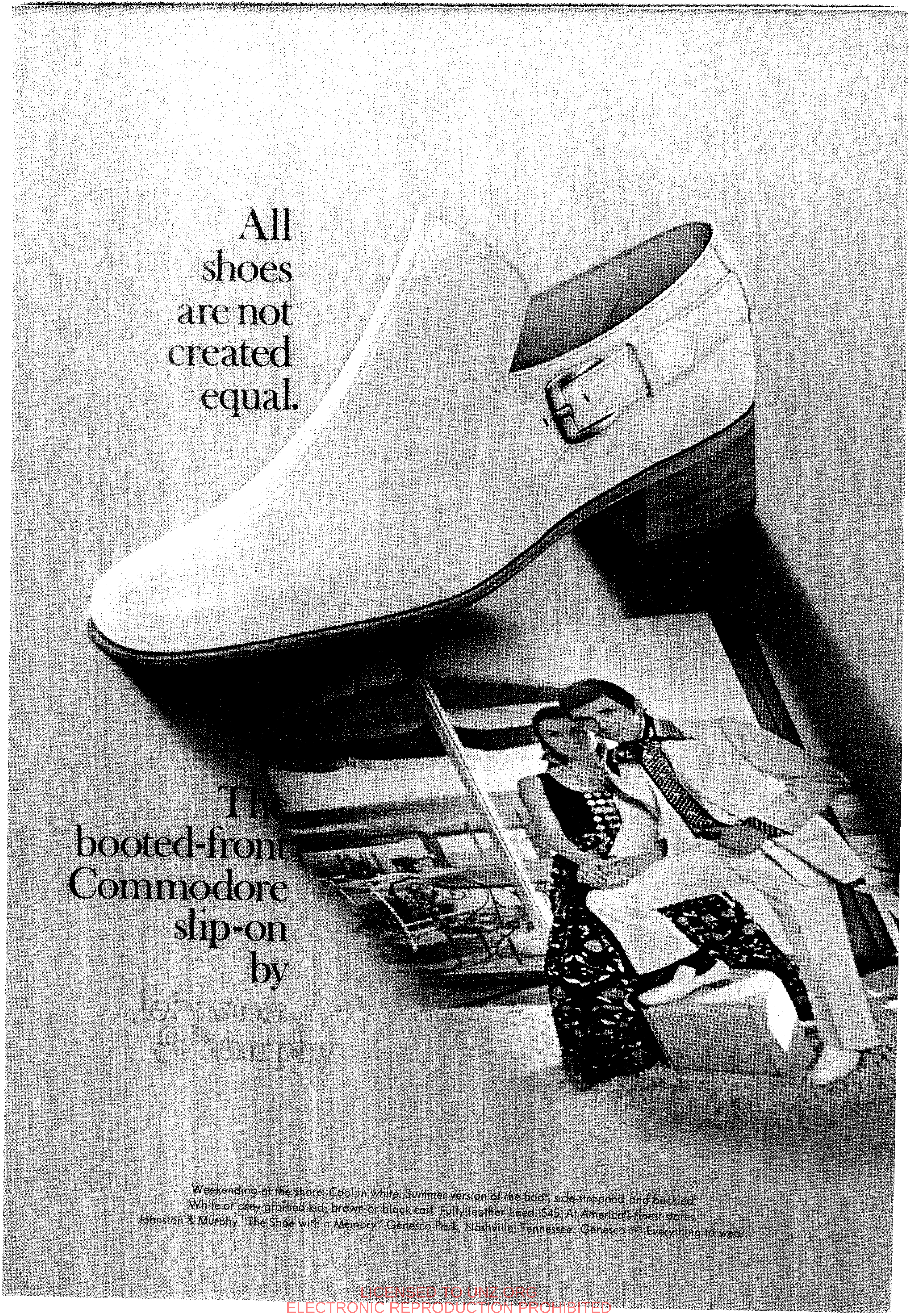
I bring up certain criticisms of Chomsky's school that are persistently made by other linguists: that the structures, operations, and components—all the abstract models and analytical apparatus—of transformational grammar have little relation to language as it is actually used; that although Chomsky and his followers claim that they arrive at their conclusions by the scientific method, their approach is in the main deductive and scholastic; and that language is by nature rough and confused, and does not have any hard and fast rules.

"What all those criticisms of our work really come down to is whether we ought to be studying transformational grammar at all or doing something else," he says. "What really bugs these critics is that we construct an idealization of language and then study it. But this is a criticism of every kind of intellectual activity and could be applied to the procedures of any science."

"Is that really the case? Surely there are many kinds of intellectual activity that don't involve what you call 'idealization.' Anyway, couldn't it be that the study of language calls for a very different approach from the study of natural science?"

"Yes, that's conceivable, but I don't believe it. Some intellectuals think that in certain fields of study all you can say is: I saw this and then I saw that and then I saw some other thing. They say that these fields are not subject to scientific investigation. But that's just a counsel of despair, and there isn't the slightest reason to believe it, particularly in the case of language. If our approach doesn't make sense, then there is no point in studying language at all. Think of the computer as a model for the human mind. A scientist who didn't know what the program, or input, of the computer was would assume that the only way to find it out would be to analyze the output, language. He would construct an idealization, a model, and develop an explanatory theory in the hope that in time he would be able to deduce the input. If there was some screw loose in the computer, then the output would not be the result of the input, and the scientist would never be able to deduce the input—what he took to be the input would really be the result of a mechanical quirk. But if there was not a screw loose in the computer, then the scientist would be right in his assumption. In fact, his way would be the only way to discover the input."

The computer analogy seems to me to be somewhat misleading, especially since it takes for granted some of Chomsky's fairly controversial opin-



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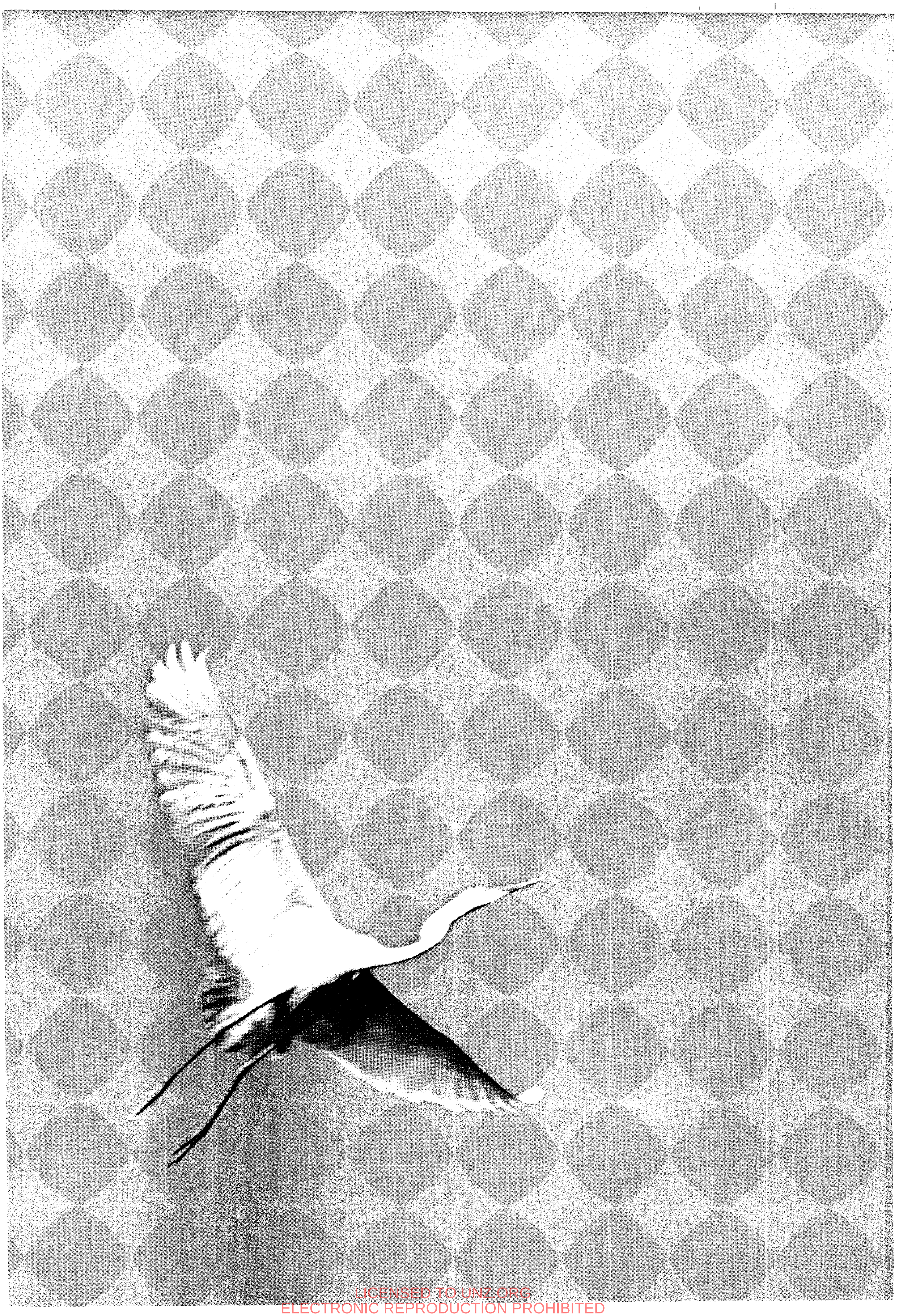

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ions about the human mind. The trouble is that Chomsky's discussions of language always seem to draw him toward larger issues of philosophy, psychology, and scientific method, and his views on these questions are sketchy and diffuse. "When you're dealing with sentences and examples from linguistics, your ideas seem more systematic than when you're dealing with other subjects," I remark. "Is that an unfair assumption?"

"No, that's very fair, I think. Of course, one could study technical linguistics for itself, but, for as long as I can remember, it has been big, ultimate philosophical questions that have made my technical work seem worthwhile to me. I especially want to know if the human brain comes, in a sense, initially informed as to the nature of the knowledge that it's going to acquire later. I suspect that we even have some innate equipment for processing certain kinds of physical, phenomenal entities, such as faces. I think that, just as we have abstract deep structures which are transformed into speech by a long series of mental operations, and which we use to interpret speech, so we may also have an abstract characterization of the human face which is superimposed on various physical events through a relatively long series of projections, and which we use to interpret the variant manifestations of the face. We may recognize a face from different angles because, at the level of deep structure, the face is represented by a single mental entity."

He is off again on his pet theory of structures, and I ask weakly, "Couldn't it be a mental image of the face?"

"The example of language leads me to believe that abstract representations of physical phenomena are typical of human intelligence. In fact, I think that we have abstract representations for everything—for the world, for our system of beliefs about the world, for personal relationships, and so on."

"Is there anything that worries you at present about the theory of transformational grammar?" I ask.

"No," he says. "I don't think there could be. If one doesn't like vague talk about language, then one automatically arrives at something like the theory of transformational grammar, and the problem becomes one of refining the theory. But the dominant movement in this century has been and still is structural linguistics. In fact, Harris, who I think was the first to use the term 'transformation,' is essentially a structuralist. He would dismiss deep structure as a mythical invention, because for him transformations are not operations on common, abstract deep structures but only a means of normalizing sentences. He thinks, for instance, that an active sentence is merely a manipulation of its passive."

I stand up, and so does he.

"I should perhaps add that in Harris's work, and in the work of some others, there are occasional vague hints that one might have to account for something beyond the observed data, such as new, unfamiliar sentences," he says. "For the most part, however, structural linguists think that new sentences are formed by analogy, blending, and editing. But the minute you formalize these concepts, you discover that they're only hand-waving. When you first hear the unfamiliar sentence 'John is easy to please,' how do you know that it's not analogous to the familiar sentence 'John is eager to please'? They certainly seem analogous. Actually, of course, they are not analogous, because 'John is easy to please' really means someone else is going to do the pleasing of John but 'John is eager to please' really means that John is going to do the pleasing. Transformational grammar offers the only possible explanation for features like the creative and elliptical qualities of language."

ON another occasion, Chomsky tells me, "Of course, I'm prejudiced, but I think the structuralist approach to language is fundamentally taxonomic. Its most basic techniques for arriving at what the structuralists consider a grammar are segmentation and classification. Let me explain. Say you're the informant, a speaker of English, and I'm the linguist, who doesn't speak English. I point to a small, furry animal asleep in the corner of this office, and you make a noise. I write the noise down phonetically as 'k-h-a-t'—'h' because I hear a burst of air after your 'k.' I just write it down blindly. I don't know whether or not the noise means anything in your language. I collect a lot of data in this manner, and in due course I observe that every time a 'k' occurs at the beginning of your utterance it is followed by an 'h.' I conclude that 'k-h' must be a single phonetic segment, a single unit of noise. Later, however, I observe that when you make a noise like 'scat,' you don't have a burst of air after the sound 'k.' I conclude that 'k' is a phoneme, the smallest significant unit of sound, and that it has a burst of air after it when it begins a word and no

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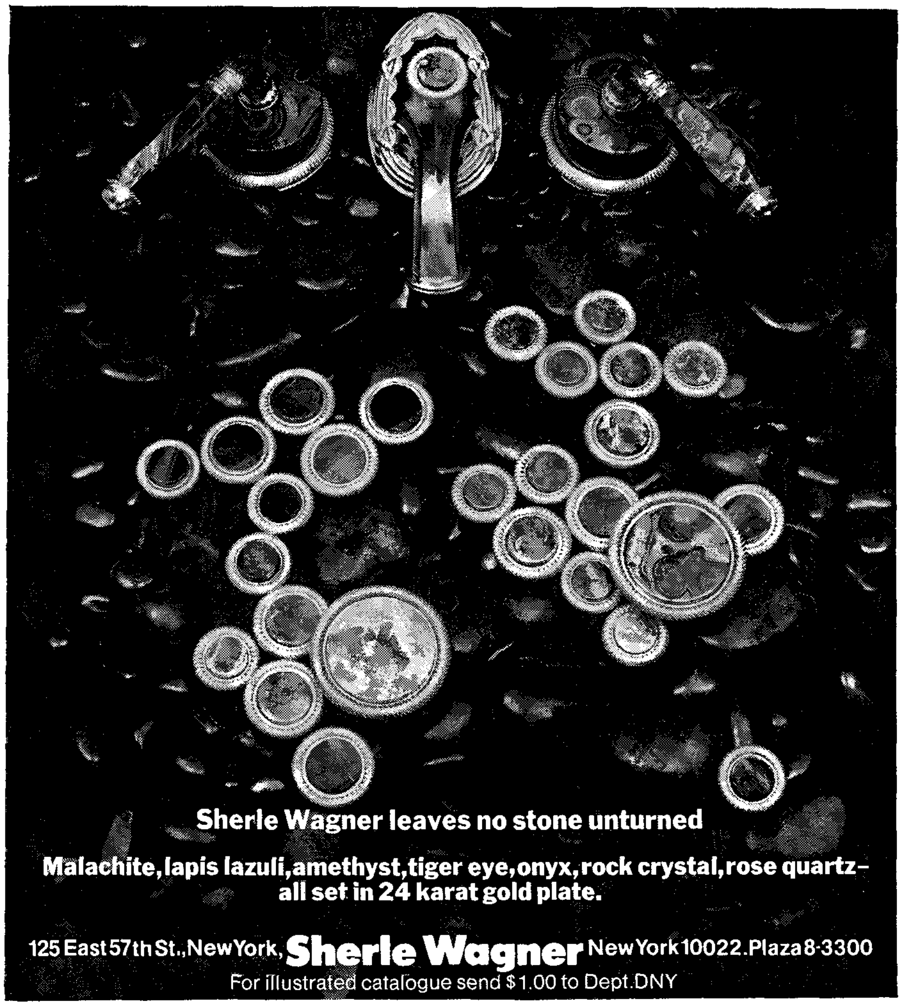

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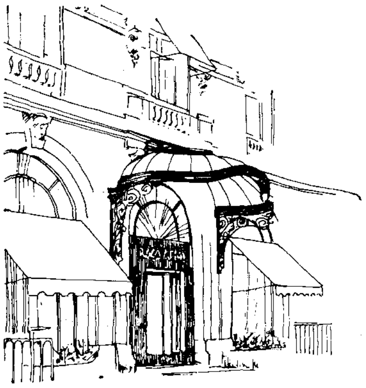

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burst of air when it follows an 's.' I further observe that these two noises are in what's called complementary distribution. That is, in any context only one of them is possible; one never finds 'k-h' occupying in one word the same position that 'k' occupies in another. After I have catalogued a lot of phonemes in this manner, I begin to classify them. I observe which phonemes occur before 'a-t'—'p,' 'b,' 't,' and so on. I observe that 'eh' never occurs before 'a-t;' there is no such word as 'ehat.' So I call phonemes that can precede the sound 'at' without altering it consonants. I proceed in this manner with different segments of your utterances, and I observe that certain sequences of phonemes occur in a regular way. 'Khat,' which has three phonemes, occurs in a lot of places and in similar ways. I conclude that 'khat' is a morpheme, the minimal meaning-bearing unit. I follow the same procedure with morphemes that I followed with phonemes, and I observe that 'slept' and 'sleep' are two variants of a single morpheme, because one, 'slep,' occurs only before 't,' and the other, 'sleep,' occurs only in isolation. I therefore set up an abstract morpheme of which 'slept' and 'sleep' are two manifestations. I go on to develop categories of morphemes, such as nouns and verbs. Then I look at certain possible sequences of these categories—such as article-noun, 'the cat,' and article-adjective-noun, 'the sleeping cat'—and I keep going until I arrive at the notion of a sentence. The record of all the segments and all the categories, all the data that I have collected—that record is my grammar."

The greatest exponent of structural linguistics in the United States was Leonard Bloomfield, who lived from 1887 to 1949. He studied Algonquian, Malayo-Polynesian, and Indo-European languages, especially Germanic phonology and morphology, but he is best remembered for his book "Language," an attempt to synthesize the science of linguistics. In an obituary of Bloomfield, the Yale linguist Bernard Bloch wrote:

> In his long campaign to make a science of linguistics, the chief enemy that Bloomfield met was that habit of thought which is called mentalism: the habit of appealing to mind and will as ready-made explanations of all possible problems. Most men regard this habit as obvious common sense; but in Bloomfield's view, as in that of other scientists, it is mere superstition, unfruitful at best and deadly when carried over into scientific research. In the opposite approach—known as positivism, determinism, or mechanism—Bloomfield saw the main hope of the world; for he was convinced that only the knowledge gained by a strictly ob-

jective study of human behavior, including language, would one day make it possible for men to live at peace with each other.

The most prominent of Bloomfield's living disciples is Charles Hockett, who with the publication of "The State of the Art," in 1968, established himself as Chomsky's most vocal critic as well. Hockett teaches at Cornell, and I meet him by arrangement at his house in Ithaca. It is a large prefabricated, Techbuilt structure, with a lot of glass.

"The Techbuilt process is one of the few good things to come out of M.I.T.," Hockett tells me as he takes me into the living room. He is a big, solid-looking man in his mid-fifties, with slightly tinted dark-gray hair, a slightly tinted dark-gray goatee, and dark-blue eyes. He wears dark-rimmed glasses and smokes a pipe. He is dressed in a dark-gray suit, a plaid shirt, a bright tie, and slippers. He excuses himself for a moment and turns off a record of a piece of atonal music that has been playing loudly in another room. The living room is light and airy, and is furnished in a fairly modern style. There is a grass-green carpet, a piano, and chairs and a long sectional sofa upholstered in a black-and-brown pattern, and around the room are the mementos of a traveller—American Indian masks, a large brass tray from southern India, a tapa cloth from the South Pacific.

"I always work with the stereo system going," Hockett says as he rejoins me.

He lights his pipe, and I explain my interest in linguistics and ask him to tell me about Bloomfield.

Hockett puffs at his pipe for a while. Then he says abruptly, "That's a tall order. I studied with him in Chicago for a couple of quarters after I finished my Ph.D. But he usually affected people more through his writings than through his personality, which was gentle and unassuming, though he did have a pixyish sense of humor." Hockett's voice rises in pitch, as if to emphasize his sincerity, as he continues, "His death was a great loss to linguistics. He was the last of the great linguists. The field is now aswarm with locusts—terrorized by transformationalists. Their studies are as worthless as horoscopes. It's a shame, but I think that many of the young transformationalists, who are intelligent, have sold their birthright of scholarship for a mess of pottage. I don't object to letting Chomsky and Halle teach all the transformational theory they want, but these young kids should also be given some grounding in traditional linguistics, if

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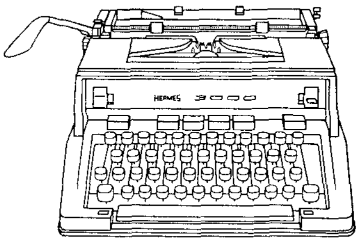

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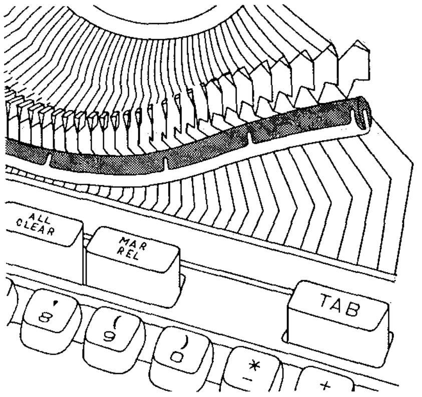

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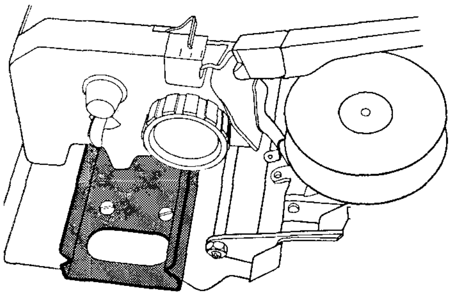

theirs, so you can slam it across without jarring the machine to bits.

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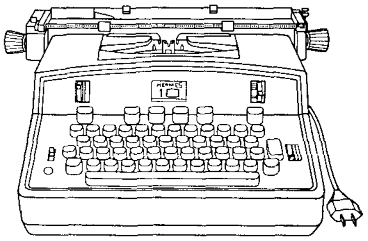

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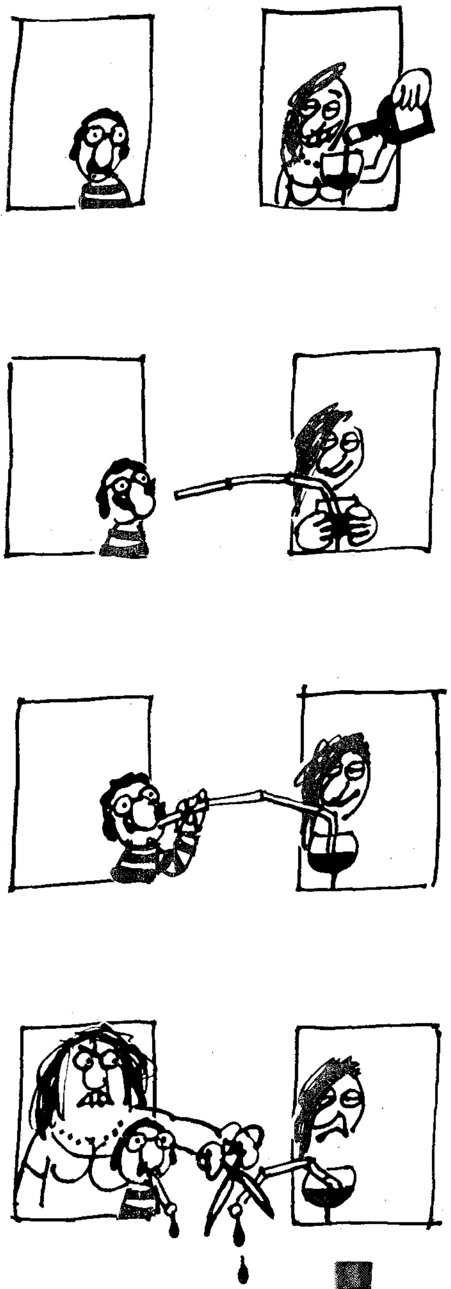

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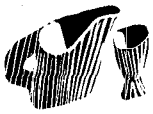
for no other reason than that they need some basis for comparison."

His manner of speaking is deliberate and somewhat portentous, with sudden changes in thought. Listening to him, one imagines that he is a little intimidating to his students.

I ask him if he thinks that Chomsky and his school have made any contribution at all to linguistics.

He is again slow to answer, but finally says, "Given the avidity with which some of the younger transformationalists are applying themselves, one has to concede that their approach is revealing some interesting things about English syntax. The notion of working by ordered rules from underlying forms to spoken forms is very nice indeed, but the transformationalists confuse the machinery of analysis with the object being analyzed. They claim that these underlying forms exist independently of their investigations. That's tripe. They are only convenient tools. To take a simple case, in English the plural of 'boy' is made with a 'z' sound and the plural of 'cat' is made with an 's' sound. You can invent an underlying form to include 'z' and 's,' and make rules that will tell you when the plural of a noun should be pronounced with a 'z' and when with an 's'—and, for that matter, when with an 'e-s.' But you must always keep in mind that although 'z' and 's' are intrinsic to the language, the hunk of stuff—the underlying form—is something that you have brought in for your own convenience."



I ask him if he thinks that personalities are an issue in the dispute between Chomsky's school and the structural linguists.

"It's always easy to slide off from a discussion of issues to a dissection of personalities. In print, I try to avoid imputing idiocy or evil, knavery or foolery to the transformationalists. But before I reach print I am apt to let myself go. In an early draft of 'The State of the Art,' I tossed quite a lot of snide insults at the transformationalists and took a few cracks at Chomsky. I sent the draft to Bill Bright, the editor of *Language*, for his consideration. I neglected to tell him not to show it to Chomsky, and he let Chomsky read it. Before publishing the book, I edited out most of the insults and cracks, but, as far as I know, Chomsky has never read the printed version. So the book has led to quite a lot of personal bitterness between us."

I ask him if he thinks that some scholars might be temperamentally antipathetic to Chomsky's theory.

"Personalities are an impediment to the study of a scientific, technical discipline like linguistics," he says. "Results supposedly obtained through scientific investigation can't be put on a personal basis. It should be not a matter of anyone's likes and dislikes but a matter of which theory fits the facts and which method is more scientific. But the transformationalists have developed a personality cult in linguistics. They have rejected the scientific approach to the study of the human mind and human behavior, and retreated into mysticism, into a sort of medieval scholasticism." His voice rises in pitch. "It's pretty obvious that Chomsky's researches consist primarily in finding a pedigree for his transformational doctrines. His historical work is spotty, and those who know anything about Western intellectual history find all sorts of holes in his interpretations. It's not surprising—questionable scientific method and questionable scholarship go hand in hand."

I ask him why it is, in his opinion, that transformational grammar has received so much attention.

He reflects for some time, and just as I am beginning to think that he has forgotten the question, he says, "Since the Second World War, Western society has tended to make science a scapegoat for the threat of nuclear destruction. It has tended to confuse genuine science with mere technology and to blame our lack of control of technology upon the methods of science. Chomsky epitomizes this trend. To prove his theory of language, he postulates certain entities that cannot be confirmed by the empirical method."

"Wouldn't Chomsky say that your idea of empiricism is rather narrow?" I ask.

"I know we wouldn't have much science if we didn't explain observable things in terms of non-observable things," he says. "But the trouble with Chomsky is that he resorts to a dualistic terminology of mind and body. He is a mentalist. No good scientist talks about mind."

"Don't psychologists talk about mind all the time?" I ask.

"Psychologists do a hell of a lot of things they shouldn't do," he says.

I ask him if he has any other objections to Chomsky's theory.

Again he puffs at his pipe for a time before answering. "In a field like linguistics, which is not very well developed, it's easy to win kudos by rejecting simple old explanations and coming up with abstruse new theories," he says, at last. "This makes you look brave, because you are attacking

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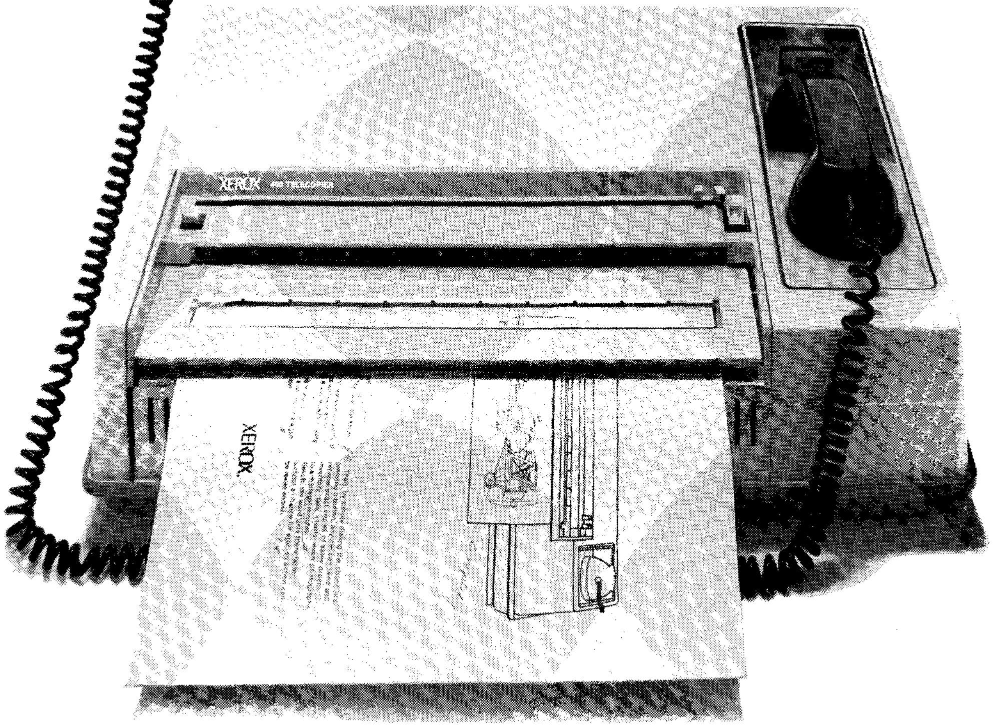

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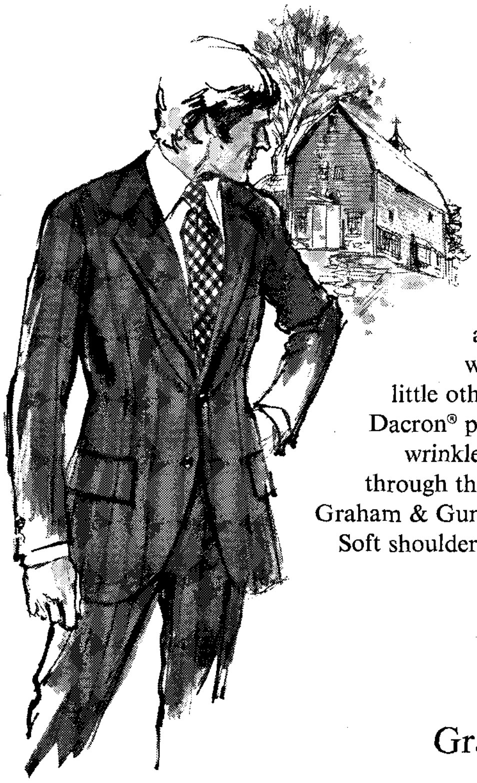

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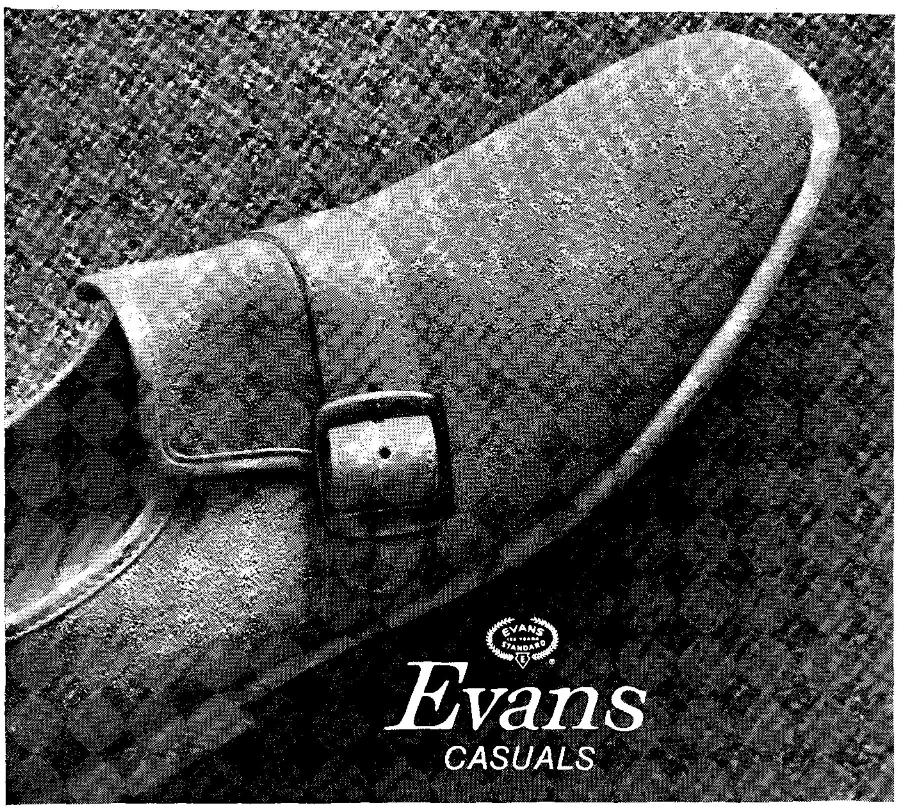

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something supposedly very difficult."

"Do you really think this is what Chomsky is doing?" I ask.

"Not consciously," he says. "But a good scientist shouldn't be blind to evidence that might contradict his theory."

"What kind of evidence do you have in mind?" I ask.

"Well, for example, Chomsky rejects our theory of analogy—that human beings produce new sentences automatically by the processes of analogy, blending, and editing—without making clear quite why he rejects it," he says. "If you look at a cheap dictionary, you'll find that it often defines words in terms of one another—'a' means 'b,' 'b' means 'c,' 'c' means 'a.' In the end, you find that you haven't learned anything. Now, if you try to track down Chomsky's objections to the theory of analogy you'll have the same experience. If you pursue his argument through all the cross-references, you find that his reasoning is circular."

"Do you yourself find the theory of analogy an adequate explanation for the creative use of language?" I ask.

"I think a theory can be wrong and still be useful," he says genially. "In fact, I have a term for it—the productive wrong decision. After chemistry broke away from alchemy, chemists formulated the hypothesis that transmutation was impossible. Although they were wrong, they were able to do productive work on the basis of that hypothesis for a long time. My personal experience, however, has led me to believe that the theory of analogy is correct. I compose music as a hobby, and there is considerable kinship between the operation of producing a sentence or a paragraph and the operation of producing a musical composition. I can see the process of creation and the mechanisms involved writ large when I try to create something that takes a lot of hard, conscious trial and error, and I think that when we're just talking, we're doing the same thing, except that we're doing it much faster and with less editing and rejection, reëditing, and so forth. In fact, music shows traces of being a derivative of language, although it doesn't have certain features of design that language has—for example, it doesn't have semanticity."

I ask him where he would place himself in the linguistic tradition.

He refills his pipe and lights it. "Of course, I'm a structural linguist and I'm a physicalist," he says. "My position is that the behavior of an organism is tied up with its physical structure. We human beings all share certain anatomical features, we all eat, we all breathe, we are all subject to certain natural laws. Because we are all human, all our languages are bound to be somewhat alike. But transformationalists forget that linguistic universals can be only guesses. As you know from reading 'The State of the Art,' my basic philosophical objection to Chomsky's theory has to do with the mathematical concept of well-defined and ill-defined systems. The point here is that the issues that linguists are tinkering with go beyond linguistics into the fields of anthropology, biology, physics, and philosophy. In human experience, there are two kinds of systems—well-defined and ill-defined. For well-defined systems we can formulate rules that, if they are applied correctly, will accurately predict results, but for ill-defined systems we cannot do this. The hunk of stuff we call numerals, for instance, is a well-defined system. We have an unlimited series of signs in written notation, and this guarantees that no matter how large a numeral we write, we can always write a larger one. Numbers—the collection of things out there—on the other hand, are an ill-defined system. We represent them by numerals, but numbers exist independently of our representations of them; a hundred stars would still be a hundred stars even if we had no numerals to represent that number of stars with. I think that in the present state of our knowledge all physical phenomena fall into the category of ill-defined systems." He relights his pipe. "If one assumes that one well-defined system can be derived only from another well-defined system, then one must conclude that well-defined systems, like ill-defined systems, have always existed. In other words, one must assume that at creation, instead of mind and matter, there was an ill-defined system, the physical universe, and a well-defined system, the logical universe. But I myself don't think that well-defined systems have been here since the creation. I think that they are the product of human beings, who themselves are ill-defined systems. Human language is a well-defined system if it was created by man. It is an ill-defined system if it was created at the same time as man, as part of his evolutionary heritage. What we scholars have learned about language in the course of a hundred and fifty years of backbreaking work persuades me that language is an ill-defined system, and that it is part of the total physical human experience that has made it possible for man to invent well-defined systems in the first place. Implicit in

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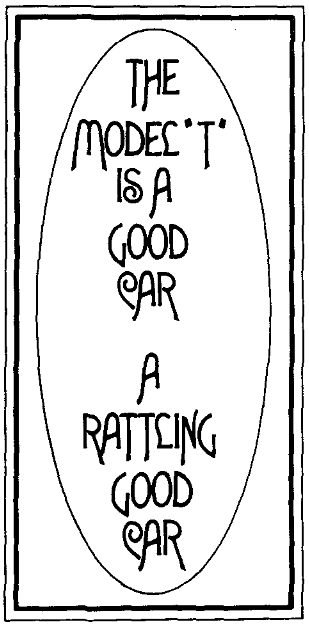
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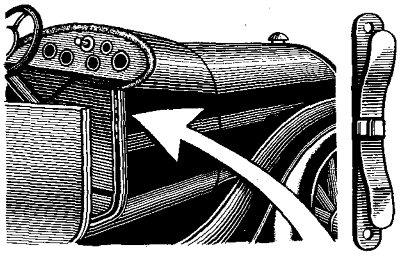

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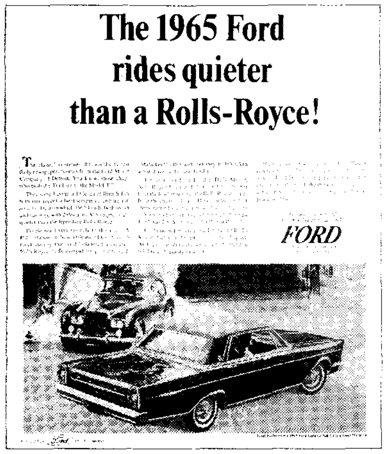

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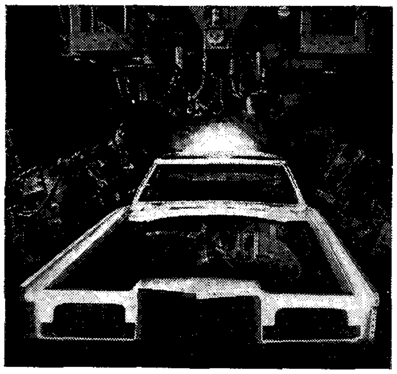

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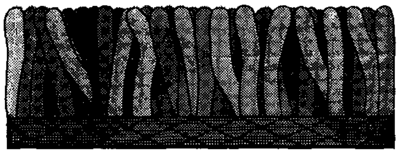

Nylon carpets cost more, but they're quieter.

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everything Chomsky does, however, is the assumption that language is a well-defined system, and that our heads are simply so many black boxes with inputs and outputs. In short, either you believe that human life is the product of two different systems or you believe in the purely Platonic, idealistic position that only well-defined systems really exist and all ill-defined systems are shadows—illusions of the well-defined systems."

Hockett seems to me to be offering an argument as deductive as he claims Chomsky's is, and I wonder whether his eagerness to demolish Chomsky hasn't led him to espouse ideas that are, in their own way, as debatable as those he is attacking. In any event, I find it hard to believe that his objections are the most devastating ones that could be raised against Chomsky's theory. I ask him how he happened to find himself in the role of Chomsky's chief critic.

"I knew at the start that it would be an uneven battle—just me on one side and Chomsky and all his followers on the other," he says. "But what alternative did I have—to defy all the scientists from Newton to Oppenheimer? The logical conclusion of Chomsky's theory of language was the rejection of the entire scientific tradition of the West."

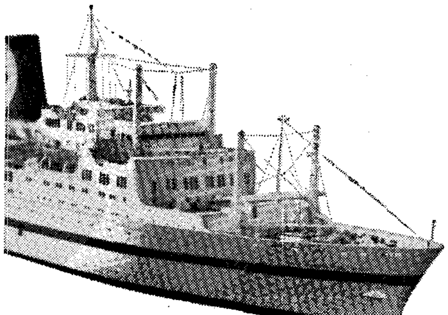
"By the way, have you ever met Chomsky?" I ask.

"I've met him a few times, but always in a room full of people," he says. "He was always talking—he seemed pleasant and mild-mannered—and I listened to him and offered an occasional comment. But I avoid meeting him now. I figure I've done my bit for traditional linguistics by writing 'The State of the Art.' I've got better things to do than spend the rest of my life fighting a rearguard action against the Philistines."

Before leaving, I ask him to tell me a little about himself.

"I got my B.A. and M.A. in ancient history at Ohio State University, and in 1939 I got my Ph.D. in anthropology from Yale," he says. "I worked on Chinese with the Army during the war, and my first job at Cornell, in 1946, was teaching elementary Chinese as well as linguistics. My wife teaches mathematics at Ithaca College. Before that, she taught it at Cornell off and on for twenty years. We have four daughters and one son, and all of them are musical. Number One—she's married—is a professional oboist and pianist. Numbers Two, Three, and Four all took piano lessons, but I think only Number Four will keep up her music.

Greatway to Europe



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She is very good on the flute. Number Five—she's seventeen—plays cello and bassoon, a strange combination but a very useful one."

ROMAN JAKOBSON, who has been described by Chomsky as "the elder statesman of linguistics" and by Hockett as "a great guy," was born in Russia in 1896 and has lived in the United States since 1941. He is a linguist in the old tradition of scholarship—an authority on phonology and morphology, on metric patterns in Indo-European languages, on the Prince Igor tale and other Slavic epics, and on Russian and Czech experimental poetry—and has written books and articles in Russian, French, German, and English. I go to see him in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he teaches part time at M.I.T., and where he lives in semi-retirement with his wife, a specialist in Russian literature, who is known professionally as Dr. Krystyna Pomorska, and whom he married in 1962. Their house, set back from the road, is an old wooden one, with a fence around it—the typical residence of a successful professor in Cambridge. Jakobson greets me at the door. He is a strong-looking man of average height, with eyes of an almost celestial blue. His left eye looks to the side. He is clean-shaven, with thick graying hair, and he is dressed in a blue blazer decorated with a Legion of Honor ribbon, a blue shirt open at the collar, gray slacks, and brown moccasins. With a courtly flourish, he ushers me into the house and shows me through a hall containing a piano, then into an antechamber, and then down a few steps into his study, which is a long room with French doors opening onto a small, unkempt garden. In the study, there are several comfortable yellow armchairs, a yellow carpet, and a Scandinavian desk. The walls are wood-panelled, and are hung with a few drawings by Russian modernists. All around are bookcases filled with old, rare-looking editions of grammars and old, rare-looking icons. Some of the icons are primitives; one is of a tree of life with birds in its spreading branches. Some are more elaborate; one is an image of Hell shown in concentric circles as the intestines of a demonic figure. Looking down from the tops of the bookcases are Slavic toys and puppets; here and there are painted antique dishes.

"Most of my books, so to say, live in my office at M.I.T.," Jakobson tells me. "Only precious books are here, or books, so to say, on topics of my current interest. I am just now finishing a study of the relation between liturgical

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poetry and music in the Slavic world of the ninth century. But I am not being faithful to any one subject for very long, or I become, so to say, an automaton." With a sweep of his hand, he indicates the icons, and he continues, "These icons I am collecting on my travels. I had a collection of icons in Russia when I was a young boy, but I lost it during the Revolution. I had another collection in Czechoslovakia, but I lost it, too, after the German occupation."

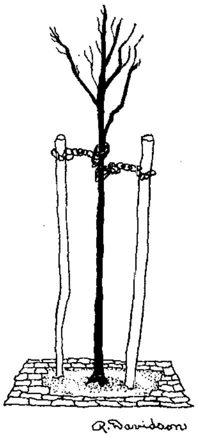
Jakobson speaks English with a Russian intonation, and often in broken sentences, using "so to say" as a crutch, and his manner is very European, old-fashioned, and melodramatic, with much waving of the hands and much scooping up chunks of air, as if he were a conductor. Ceremoniously, he offers me a chair, and then he pulls up a straight-backed, rush-bottomed chair for himself.

"Do you do most of your work here?" I ask.

"You will probably laugh, but I do most of my work when I am away from Cambridge, preferably on some quiet island," he says. "Recently, I was on an island in Georgia that belongs to friends of mine. It is virgin forest—there are only a couple of houses—and it is wonderfully quiet and a good place to work."

"Do you keep very busy, then, here in Cambridge?"

"Friends are always coming from other countries to visit us," he says. "Hattori, the leading Japanese linguist, just stayed with us. Tomorrow, Rosetti, the leading Rumanian linguist, is coming here to stay. I must welcome all these linguists, because whenever I go to their countries they are welcoming me. A couple of weeks ago, I met Noam, and he said it was a shame we hadn't seen each other for such a long time. We took our diaries out and found that he was busy then and then, and I was busy then and then. And so it goes."



He asks me a few questions about myself and listens to my answers intently, assuming an expression of deep concentration—his eyebrows going down and together—that resembles sorrow or anger.

Then I ask him how many languages he speaks.

"This is very difficult to answer, this question," he says. "It depends what means 'speak.' I can improvise lectures in Russian, Czech, Polish, French, German, and English—six languages. Kurylowicz, the leading Polish linguist, once said, 'Jakobson is a peculiar man. He speaks fluently Russian in six languages.' Here in my English you have the proof." He laughs. "For me, the most important thing about knowing a language is, so to say, to be able to make yourself understood. If one begins to have little doubts about one's pronunciation, and so on, and tries to improve, one can eventually do it, but in the process it weakens—for me, at least—the best capacity for improvising. I think the best way to become a polyglot is to know as a child more than one language. When I was six or seven years old, I was equally fluent in Russian and French."

"What language do you speak here at home?" I ask.

"My wife is Polish, and we speak Polish at home," he says. "Also sometimes Russian. Both my wife and I read more languages than we speak. I can read about twenty-five—nearly all the Western European languages and nearly all the Slavic languages—and I am acquainted with the Scandinavian languages, though I've forgotten them. But how many I read depends on whether you mean by 'read' reading poetry, which is much more difficult than reading, so to say, scientific literature. In my book 'Poetry of Grammar and Grammar of Poetry' I analyze poems in about twenty languages, but I couldn't read them on the subway. I hate to boast, but I have a knack for understanding poetry. I scarcely know Japanese, but when I was in Japan recently I analyzed an eighth-century Japanese poem before a large Japanese audience."

"Does Russian still have the greatest hold on you?" I ask.

"It depends on what you mean by 'hold,' " he says. "I like to speculate about the languages polyglots think and dream in. For me, the language doesn't depend on the characters I'm conversing with in the dream but on the topic and, so to say, its emotional atmosphere. In dreams, I am speaking Czech with Englishmen. Polyglots are a peculiar breed. They even have two special kinds of aphasia. In one kind, one forgets all the languages except one's mother tongue, even if one hasn't used the mother tongue since childhood. I once spent some time in the hospital in New York, and I saw many cases of this kind; elderly Jews who had been in different kinds of accidents

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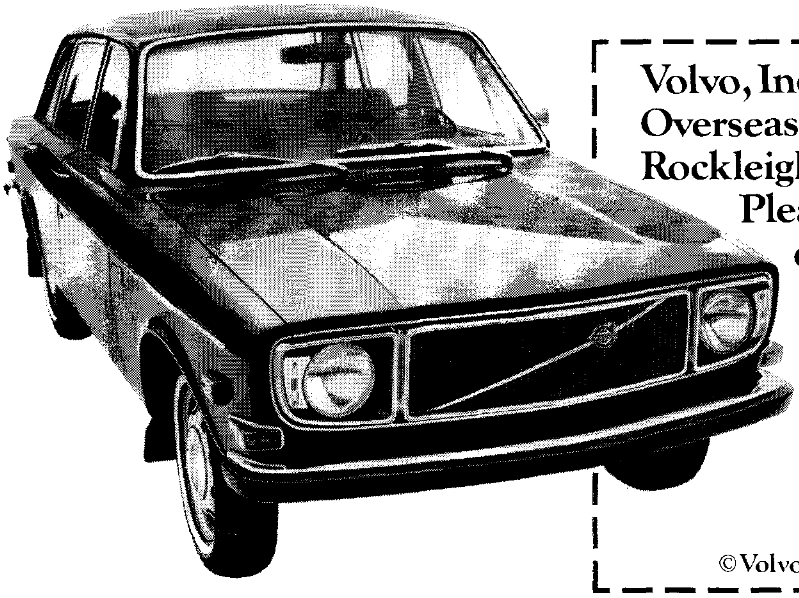

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had forgotten completely English and begun talking Yiddish, which they hadn't spoken for years, and which their families didn't understand. In the other kind of aphasia, one forgets all languages except the one with the greatest emotional associations. There is a famous story of an old Frenchwoman who fell from a horse and suddenly could speak only Italian. She had had an unhappy love affair with an Italian in her youth." He nods sympathetically. "I often used to wonder what would happen to me if I fell from a horse. I didn't quite fall from a horse, but I had a terrible motor accident twenty-one years ago. I almost lost my legs. It's a very strange story. It was during a snowstorm not far from Poughkeepsie, in New York. I was driving with a student, and I was thrown from the car. I was lying in the snow waiting for an ambulance. Every sentence I uttered, the student later told me, I repeated in several languages: 'Gentlemen, help me!' '*Herrshaften, helfen Sie mir!*' '*Messieurs, aidez-moi!*' These shifts from one language to another, you know, are completely automatized in me."

I ask him how he became interested in linguistics.

"I owe my interest not so much to the teaching of linguists and scholars as to the inspiration of the great artists of my youth—Picasso, Braque, Le Corbusier, Joyce, and Stravinsky, and the great Russian poet Khlebnikov. Khlebnikov was a remarkable experimental poet. You know, I like this expression of Maurice Bowra—'experimental poetry.' I decided when I was at school that I would become a linguist. My father was a chemist, and he asked me, 'Roman, why have you decided to become a linguist?' And I said, 'Linguistics is no different from chemistry. I want to find the finite elementary units in the structure of linguistic elements.' I studied linguistics in Moscow, also in St. Petersburg, and, later, in Prague. I became very much attached to a scholar who was a little older than I was, Nicholas Trubetzkoy, and in the late twenties he and I, along with one or two friends, founded the Prague Circle, an informal intellectual group, which became, so to say, the center of the European structural-linguistics movement. In fact, I can boast that I was the first to use the term 'structural linguistics.' From the beginning, Trubetzkoy and I came into contact with the leading American linguists of the time—Sapir and Bloomfield and Benjamin Lee Whorf—through our publications and correspondence. Trubetzkoy died in 1938, and I left Europe

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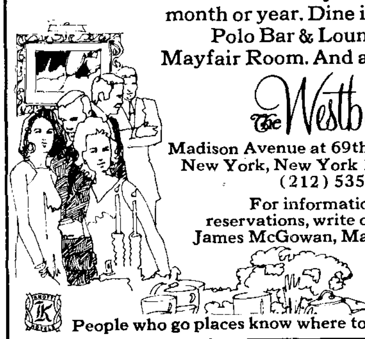

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and came to the United States as a refugee in 1941. At first, I was at the École Libre in New York. This was a university founded by French scholars who were refugees from the Nazi Occupation. We were teachers and students of one another. I introduced Claude Lévi-Strauss to linguistics, and he introduced me to anthropology. Later, I taught at Columbia, then at Harvard. I have trained many of the linguists teaching in America today. I counted once—about a hundred of my former students are professors in this country. Chomsky, Halle, Hockett—all have attended my lectures. Recently, I was at the University of Chicago. I was surrounded by former students of mine in general linguistics, poetics, Slavic philology, and linguistic redundancy. So it is at most of the universities. My real love is, so to say, the Slavic Middle Ages, but recently I've been working on the connections between linguistics, science, and the humanities, on the one hand, and language and other sign systems, on the other. I don't think one can have a theory of language without studying other sign systems—painting, sculpture, cinema, theatre, music, pantomime. All must be taken into account." He finishes emphatically, raising his left palm over his head and striking it with his right fist.

I turn the conversation to transformational grammar and ask him how he regards Chomsky's work.

"Philosophically, I think his most important contribution is his answer to the behaviorist, physicalist, mechanist approach to language," he says. "He has revived the discredited mentalist approach to language, and this is of value to linguistics. Technically, his most important contribution has been his work on syntax. Before Chomsky, linguists did not sufficiently take into account the way in which we select one syntactic structure over another. The structural linguists concerned themselves only with areas in which the speaker has little latitude, like phonology and morphology. Chomsky revived and developed the notion of hierarchy in syntax and reopened the problem of creative language use. I don't want to diminish Noam's contribution, but he and his epigones think that the first business of linguists is to sketch out all the grammatical rules, and that metre, style, and everything else are not worth bothering with." He throws his hands about like a boxer. "I have many other criticisms. Chomsky's epigones often know only one language—English—and they draw all their examples from it. They say, for instance, that 'beauti-

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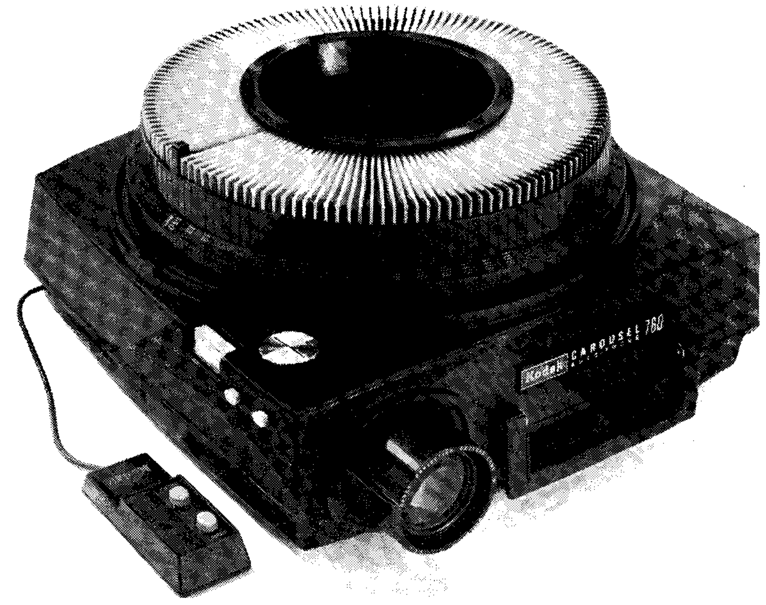

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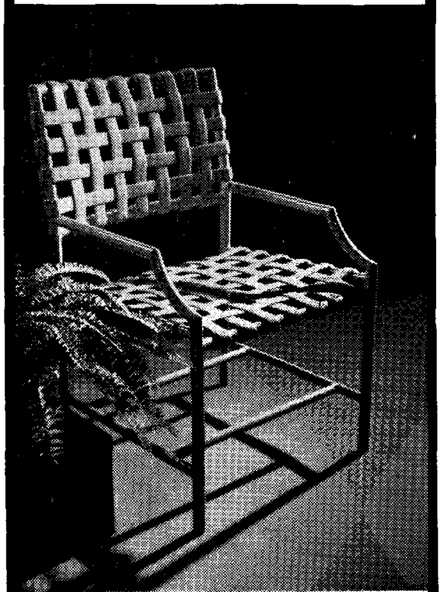

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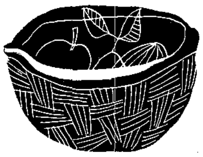
ful girl' is a transformation of 'girl who is beautiful,' and yet in some languages there is no such thing as a subordinate clause or 'who is.' Their claim that the imperative is a transformation of the simple declarative is nonsense. 'Go' is not necessarily a transformation of 'You will go.' 'Go' is an imperative, and a child may learn the imperative 'Go' long before he learns 'You will go.' It is nonsense to say, as they say, that every sentence is spoken for the first time. Many, many sentences are simply, so to say, repeats of one another. The notion of hierarchy in syntax is not new with Chomsky and his epigones. Our Prague Circle was working with the notion of marked and unmarked forms as early as 1930. We postulated then that there was a whole hierarchy of these syntactic forms, ranging from the least characterized and specified, the unmarked form, to the most characterized and specified, the marked form. For instance, in morphology the present tense is vaster and less marked than the past tense. You can use the present tense to describe something that happened in the past. You can say 'Caesar crosses the Rubicon.' But you can't use the past tense to describe something that is happening in the present or the future. You can't say 'I went to New York' when you are just setting off for New York. In phonology, a plural is a marked form; a singular is unmarked. But our Prague Circle applied the idea of marked and unmarked forms only to morphology and phonology. Chomsky carried this idea over to syntax and made it much more, so to say, palpable with his terms 'deep structure' and 'surface structure.' "



"Do you agree, then, with Chomsky's conceptions of deep structure and surface structure?" I ask.

"I think the concept has an important kernel of truth," he says. "But it carries a danger of absolutism. In linguistics, we must all remain relativists and insist that there is no clear-cut opposition between deep and surface structures but only a hierarchy of deeper and less deep structures. The very fact that Chomsky and his epigones postulate a whole hierarchy of intermediate structures is an indication to me that there is no such thing as absolute deep structure and absolute surface structure. The more Chomsky's epigones talk about deep structure, the more remote and incomprehensible it gets. Pushkin once said about the metaphysical poets, 'The nearer they got to Heaven, the colder it was.' The same can be said of the epigones."

"What do you think of Hockett's criticisms of Chomsky?" I ask.

"It is very difficult for me to know what Hockett's position on any question is," he says. "He changes his mind every day. Hockett says that he is a Bloomfieldian, but Bloomfield was a great friend of mine, and he once said to me, 'There are many people who say that they are Bloomfieldians. I can tell you what the common denominator of all Bloomfieldians is—they don't understand Bloomfield.' I agree with what Bloomfield once said to me about Hockett: 'He is a linguistic craftsman, and it is very dangerous for a mere craftsman to enter into theoretical discussions.' "

I ask him how he would assess the contribution of transformational grammar to linguistics.

"The transformationalists say that there is no topic worth studying in linguistics except transformational grammar," he says. "Linguistics is a vast field. It is among the oldest of the sciences. The first scientific grammar was written by the Sumerians. And interesting work is being done today in many areas of linguistics and in many countries. But it's hard to judge the contribution, so to say, of people who are still alive and working. I could name a number of great linguists who in their lifetimes were known only to a handful of scholars and who yet changed the study of linguistics. I could also name some enormously popular linguists who eventually proved to be completely unimportant. I've heard it said in this country first that the real study of linguistics began with Sapir, then that it began with Whorf, then that it began with Bloomfield, then that it began with Chomsky. Now I hear it said that it has begun with certain of Chomsky's epigones. People always like to exaggerate the novelty of their theory when they're launching it. It's exactly like the advertising for a new brand of cigarette, so to say—'Never a flavor so rich. Never a taste so smooth.' I would say about the transformationalists as a group what I said about the so-called Bloomfieldians when they were riding high—that in this country there is a danger with everything of mass-producing from a single model. So it was with the models of linguistic description that the Bloomfieldians reproduced, and so it is now with the transformations that Chomsky's epigones are marketing. I think it was Alfred de Musset who said once

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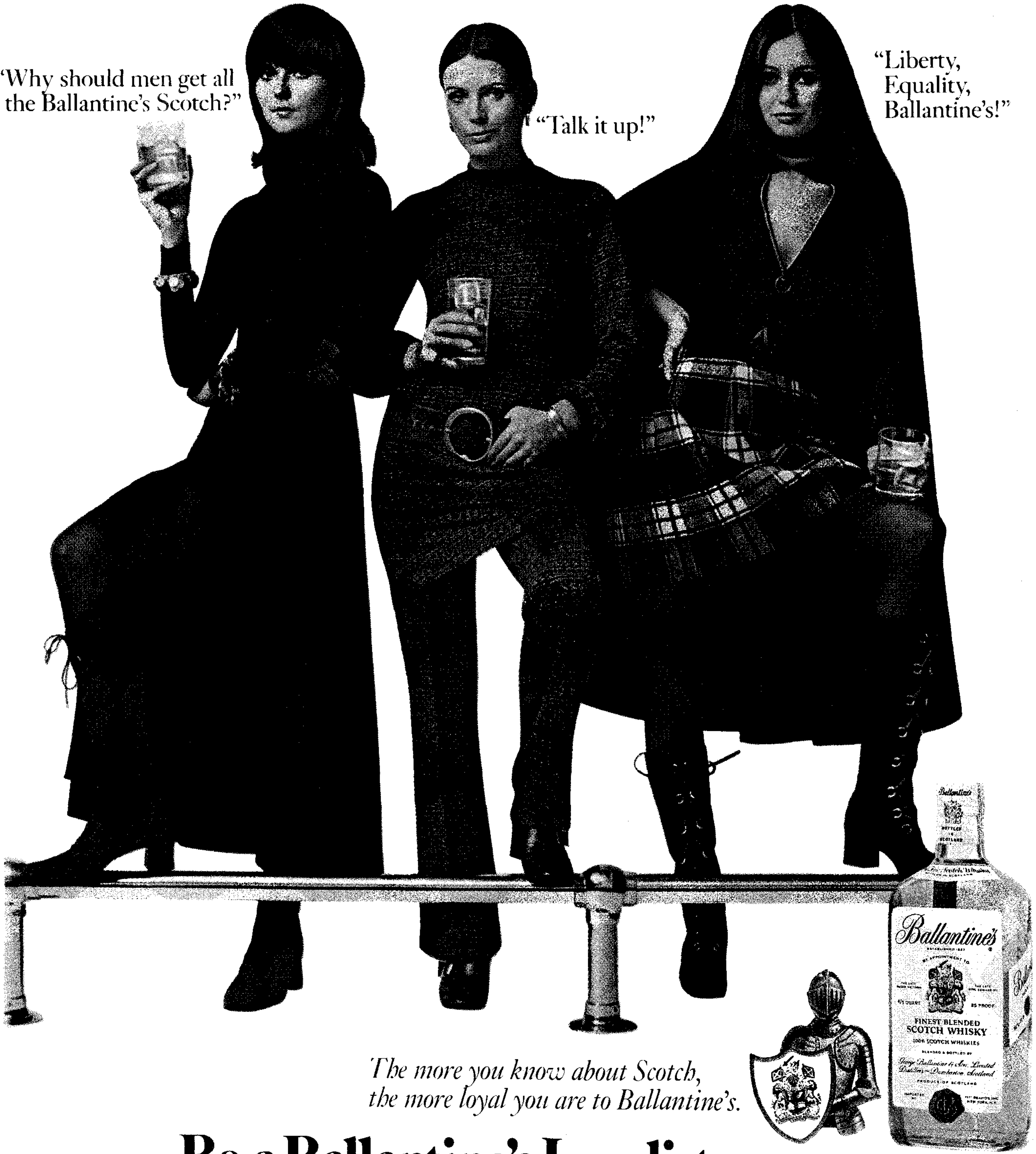
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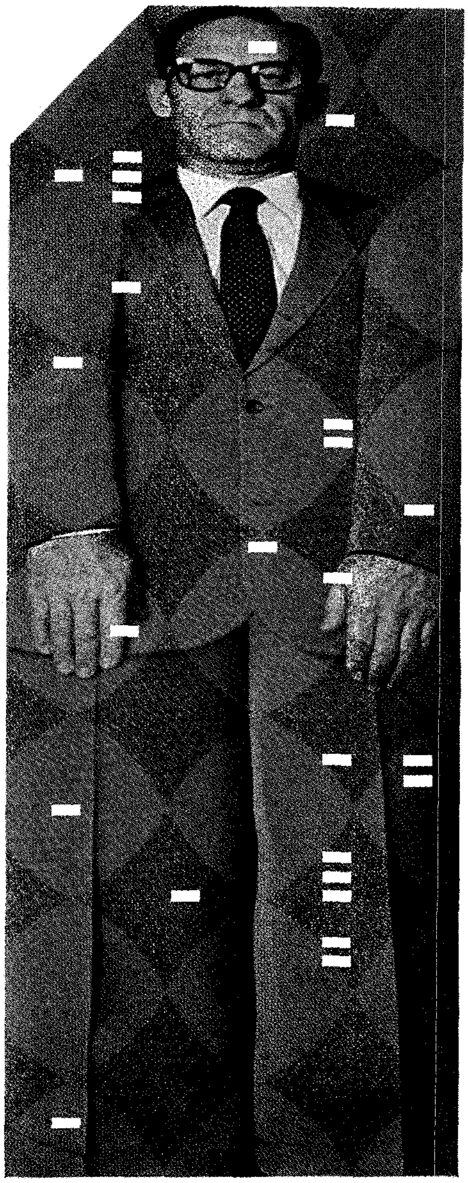

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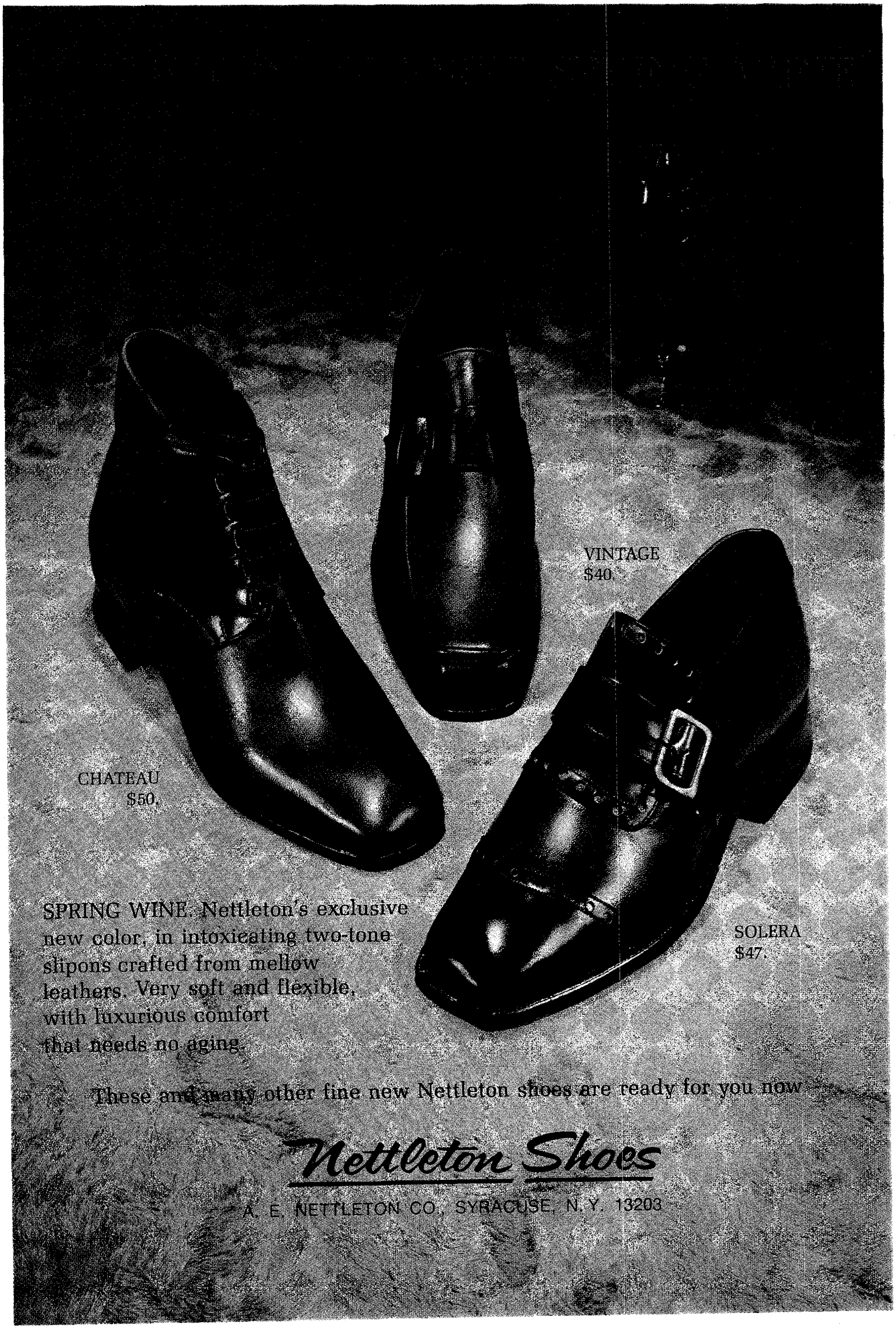

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OVER the years, I have followed many debates among contemporary intellectuals. Sometimes, when I have been weighing the pros and cons of the debaters' arguments, my head has become a vast parliament of modern ideologues, each faction advocating its own particular program but all of them agreeing that perhaps, in our democratic, fragmented era, truth can emerge only from the clash of ideas, and even of personalities. After talking with other linguists at other universities, I weigh in my mind the debate over transformational grammar and read into the record of my mental parliament a few paragraphs from the notes I've jotted down along the way.

CHOMSKY'S SCHOOL: His theoretical house in disarray. One source of confusion whether meaning of sentence expressed in terms of deep structure, or deep structure itself meaning. Have talk at M.I.T. Faculty Club, over dinner and wine, with Janet Fodor, Oxford philosopher now doing research in the Linguistics Department of M.I.T., married to American, Jerry Fodor, describing himself as "psycholinguist." "When the cat's away, the mice will play, and while Chomsky was away at Berkeley for a semester giving his famous lectures, John Ross, at M.I.T., and George Lakoff, at Harvard, seized the opportunity to put across their ideas about deep structure," she says. "They postulated a much more abstract deep structure for a sentence than Chomsky did, and, consequently, made their transformations do much more work. Their famous example was 'Floyd broke the glass,' of which they said the deep structure was 'It happened that Floyd did Floyd caused that the glass became broken.' 'Did' because all action verbs have embedded in them the verb 'do.' When Chomsky came back, he said that Lakoff and Ross were producing deep structures that were not syntactic but semantic. He didn't deny that 'Floyd broke the glass' could be made more explicit in, say, 'Floyd caused the glass to become broken,' but he said that the meaning was derived semantically. The argument is still raging, and other young linguists have joined in. Very often the debate turns not on any evidence—for there really isn't any evidence yet—but on intuitions of grammaticality. Lakoff, who is now at the University of Michigan, is busy setting up a rival camp out there and storing up ammunition to demolish Chomsky. Once,

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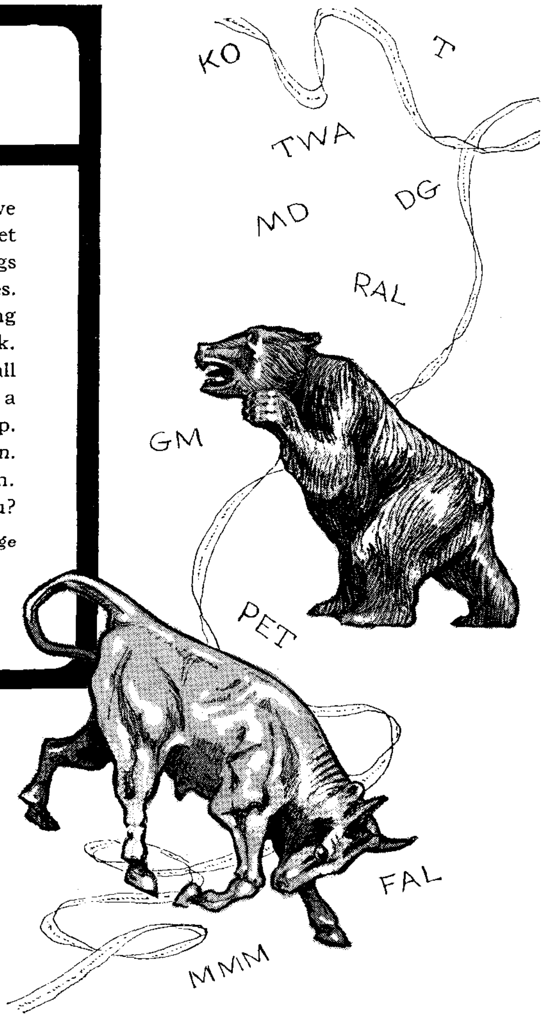

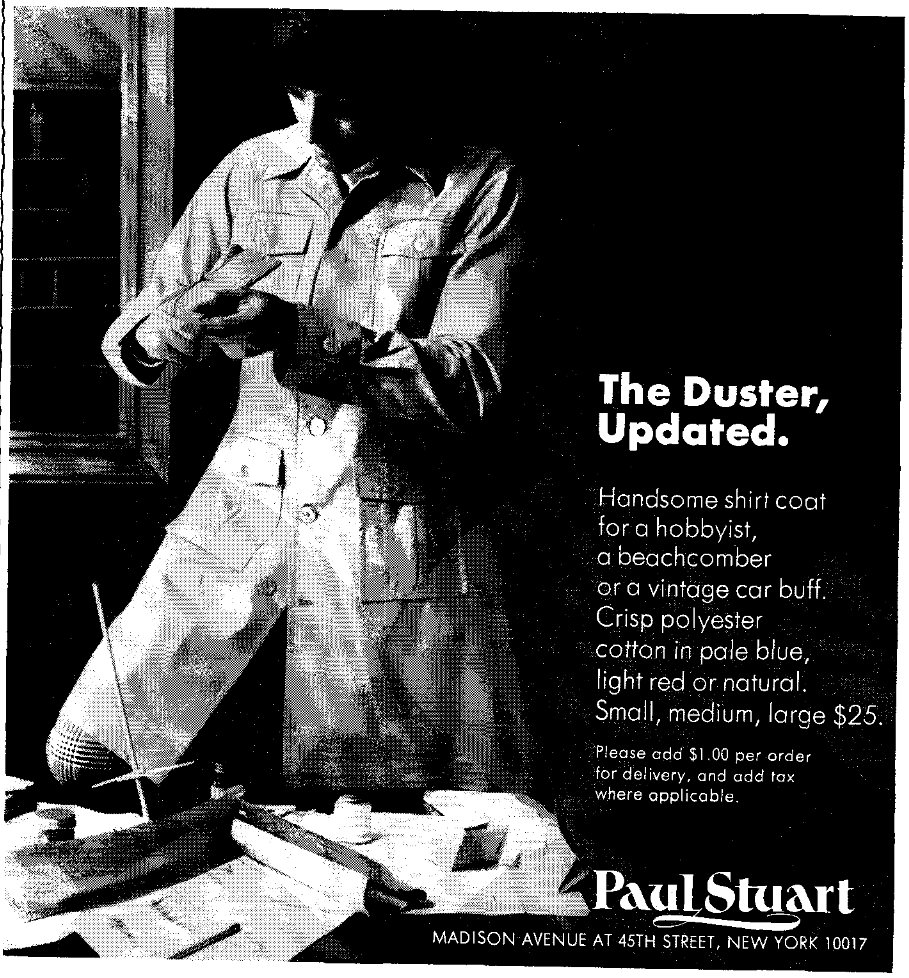

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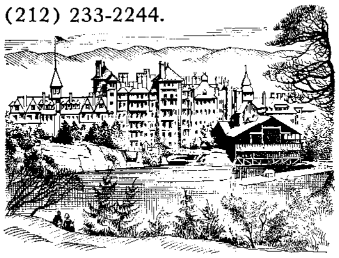

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Chomsky was a revolutionary. Now he has been forced into the position of a conservative."

LINGUISTICS: Most universities throughout world still in establishment tradition. Still teaching liturgies of philological facts—Old English "o" pronounced "ah" below the Humber, and Old English "ah" pronounced "o" above the Humber. But Chomsky a popular phenomenon. Also, one philologist says, "It's a remote possibility, but he may have cracked language wide open; he holds out a promise of an underlying system to language." But there are other movements in linguistics; e.g., those of Jean Piaget, in Switzerland, and André Martinet, in France, each with an influential school of his own.

PHILOSOPHY: Just received letter from Oxford philosopher friend telling how Oxford philosophers, renowned for sharp intellects, treated Chomsky when he gave Locke Lectures: "The lectures were given at the Schools in the afternoon, and he filled the Schools as probably no one had done since Bertrand Russell. How many people turned up to hear Chomsky because of the pull of his linguistic theory and how many because of his espousal of radical politics, which are sweeping through Oxford like a hurricane at the moment, I leave for you to judge. The lectures were about language and mind—another version of the ones he gave at Berkeley. After each one of them, a group of us, about twenty-five professors, fellows, and postgraduate students, including P. F. Strawson, Gilbert Ryle, Elizabeth Anscombe, and Julie Rountree, who has succeeded Philippa Foot as a fellow at Somerville—all the great philosophical lights—and younger chaps like Jonathan Cohen and Brian Loar, would meet with Chomsky for a discussion session in a small lecture hall around the corner. After dinner, an even smaller group of us, consisting of Strawson, Miss Anscombe, Julie Rountree, Brian Loar, and two or three other people, would meet in Strawson's rooms at Magdalen. I remember that on at least one occasion Peter Geach was there. After all these years of watching him, I still can't quite tell whether he is asleep or awake behind his closed eyes. Our main interest, as you can imagine, was in the validity of some of Chomsky's claims about innate schematism, and the kind of linguistic evidence he could produce to support them. Miss Anscombe once asked him in what sense he thought innate schematisms were in the mind—what he thought the mind was like, and how any schematism or any other thing

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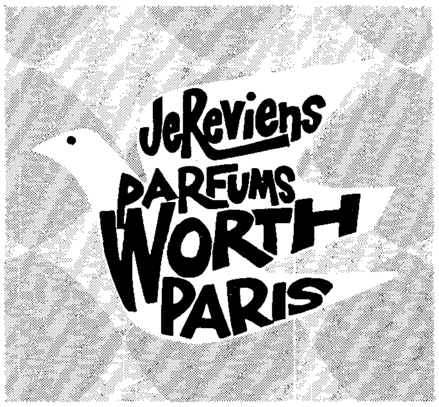

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could really be in it—and Chomsky's reply was to trot out the same old examples: 'John is easy to please,' 'John is eager to please.' People like Miss Anscombe—though she was being immensely charming, for Miss Anscombe—I don't think were really terribly interested, while people like Strawson seemed to think that Chomsky really had got hold of something, but they couldn't make out quite what." Even if Chomsky had a deeper knowledge of philosophy, he would not change theory of language, because most of his work is in syntax and phonology and has nothing to do with philosophy. Perhaps his philosophical ideas only a flower on top of his real technical work in linguistics.

Ninth Annual New York University Institute of Philosophy Revisited: Goodman answers Chomsky's rebuttal: "I plead guilty to the charge of ignorance of most of current linguistic theory. . . . Such ignorance probably explains why I can never follow the argument that starts from interesting differences in behavior between parallel phrases such as 'eager to please' and 'easy to please;' that characterizes these differences as matters of 'deep' rather than 'surface' structure; and that moves on to innate ideas. The extent of my obtuseness will be underlined if I remark that also 'cat' and 'rat,' like 'eager' and 'easy,' are similar in many ways, and that certain parallel longer expressions in which they are embedded behave quite disparately. 'Cattle' is plural, 'rattle' is singular. There is such a thing as a rattling but not such a thing as a cattling. And while rattles rattle, cattle do not cattle; that is, just as we can 'nominalize' 'eager to please' but not 'easy to please,' so we can 'verbalize' 'rattle' but not 'cattle.' Are all these peculiarities 'deep' as contrasted with the difference between 'cat' and 'rat'? I am not denying that the case of 'eager' and 'easy' may have important features not shared by the case of 'cat' and 'rat.' I am asking for the grounds for the inference from such features, or from any other peculiarities in the behavior of words, to innate ideas."

On this inconclusive note, the parliament is adjourned until the next sitting. —Ved Mehta

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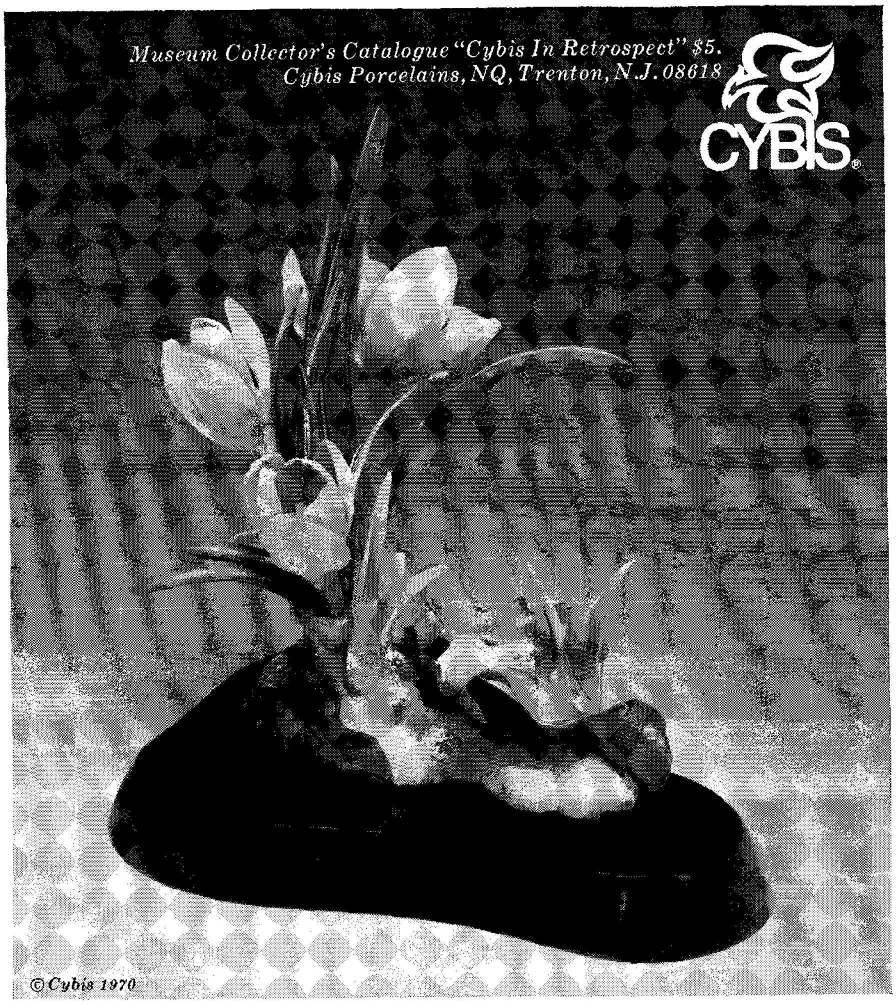

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THE THEATRE

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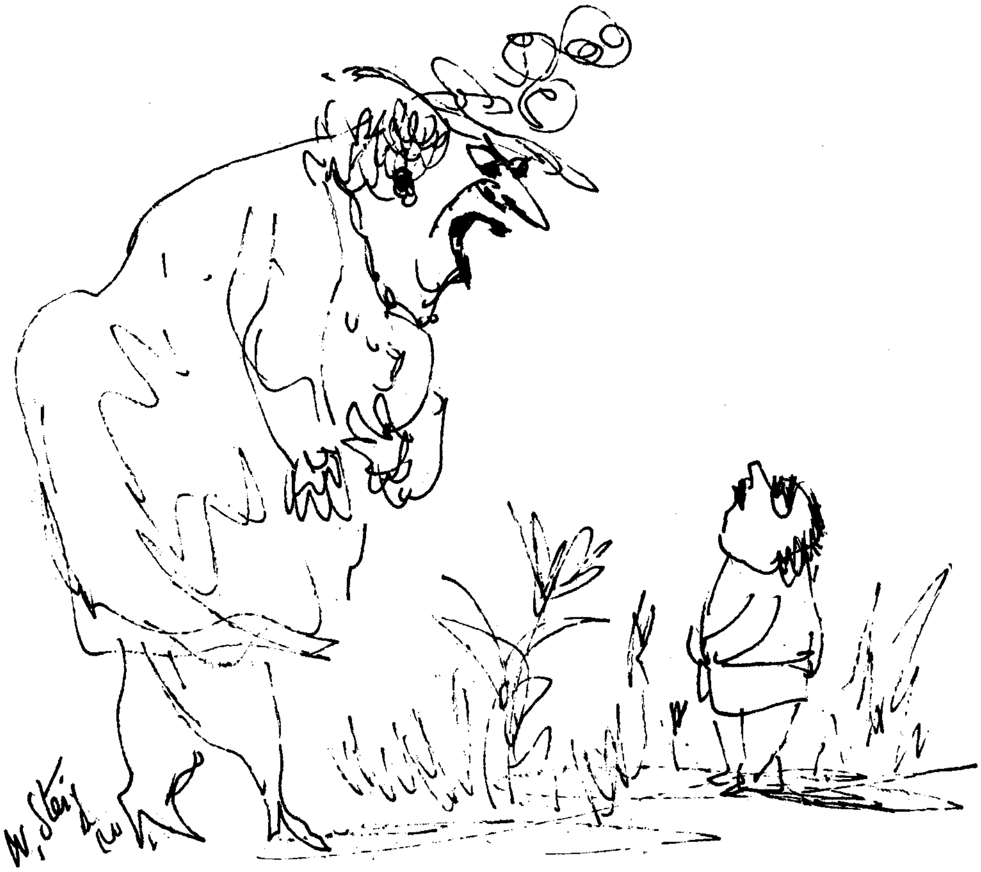
WE approach the time of year when Pulitzer and other prizes start being handed out to one or another arbitrary theatrical "best." If there were a category called Far and Away the Most Delightful Moments to Be Experienced on Broadway During the Current Season, I would hasten to cast my vote in favor of a scene in the production of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," now being given at the Ambassador Theatre by Paul Sills and his brilliant company. "Metamorphoses" alternates with Sills' "Story Theatre," whose praises I have already sung; if "Metamorphoses" strikes me as even more attractive than "Story Theatre," this may be partly because I prefer Ovid's witty retelling of tall tales to those of the Brothers Grimm and Brother Anonymous, and partly because of the subject matter—offered a choice between Venus and Henny Penny, I bend to Venus. The scene that I would bestow a prize on is at once very funny and very touching; like several of the other episodes that Sills and his adapter and translator, Arnold Weinstein, have plucked from the original, it possesses a power to move us that is wholly out of proportion to its length and the radical economy of its means, which are chiefly mimetic.

The scene is the climax of the story of that most celebrated of old married couples, Baucis and Philemon. One reason for their celebrity is that they are not only old and married but happy—perhaps the happiest married folk in literature. As you will recall, they entertain Jove and his son unawares; thinking them mere weary mortal hunters, they invite the gods to enjoy the hospitality of their humble cottage, scrubbing a rickety three-legged dining table with mint in order to make it fragrant, and even volunteering to slaughter their guardian goose to provide a succulent roast. The gods reveal their gratitude—and their divinity—by seeing to it that the flask of wine continuously replenishes itself. Going a step further, Jove proposes to grant Baucis and Philemon their dearest wish, no matter how extravagant it may seem to them to be. We watch as the old ones repair to a corner of the cottage and debate priorities—Valerie Harper and Avery Schreiber enact this critical discussion enchantingly, without an audible word—then gravely inform Jove that their heart's desire is to die at the same moment, since neither can bear to live without the other. For once, Jove behaves splendidly; he not only grants their wish but improves on it, arranging for them never to die but, instead, in extreme age to be transformed into trees, whose branches twine leafily heavenward forever.

That is my prize-winning scene, but there are scores of other beautiful moments in "Metamorphoses," and, fearing lest I praise too few of its cast, I will take care to praise them all: besides Miss Harper and Mr. Schreiber, homage to Regina Baff, Charles Bartlett, Hamid Hamilton Camp, Mary Frann, Paula Kelly, Paul Sand, Richard Schaal, and Penny White. The ravishing evanescent costumes of "Metamorphoses" are by Noel Taylor, the settings are by James Trittipo, and the music was composed by—and is performed by—the True Brethren. Lucky Ovid, to have, after almost two thousand years, such fantastically gifted interpreters! And lucky us, that we have Ovid.

IT is hard to imagine a contrast greater than that between the joyous married love that Ovid celebrates in "Baucis and Philemon" and the bitter married hatred that Strindberg celebrates in "Dance of Death," which spent a few unlucky days last week at the Ritz Theatre. (Broadway is not dead when Ovid and Strindberg are being played in theatres a stone's throw apart.) The two plays that Strindberg wrote under one title have been ingeniously conflated by Paul Avila Mayer, and if the "new" work failed on this occasion it was largely the fault of the director, Alfred Ryder, and his cast—Rip Torn, Viveca Lindfors, and Michael Strong. Mr. Torn and Miss Lindfors may have been afraid that the play would become more lacerating than we could bear if its lines were spoken in the ordinary tones with which the warfare of an unloving marriage is likely to be carried out. Be that as it may, Mr. Torn was wrong to suppose that huffing and puffing and shouting and mumbling were the devices that would render his Captain tolerable, to say nothing of plausible. Miss Lindfors also exaggerated what she ought to have underplayed, and



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Mr. Strong seemed often in doubt as to which note to strike when so peculiar a medley of notes was being struck by his energetic companions. The setting, by Leo Kerz, cleverly suggested the fortified tower in which all of the action of this harsh and suffocating play takes place. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Boy to Man

"PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY," Paul Shyre's faithful adaptation of the second of the six volumes of Sean O'Casey's great autobiography, falls somewhere between a reading and a dramatization. The three actors and the two actresses of the company sit in a row on high stools with open scripts on their laps, rising only occasionally to their feet, and a narrator (Mr. Shyre) sits above and behind them. The show, which has been done here several times, was last week revived again at the Forum. (For all of me, its revival could become an annual event; I'd just as soon see it once a year for the rest of my life.) Its episodes, just to refresh your memory, take young Johnny Casside (O'Casey's name for himself) from about his twelfth or thirteenth year through his first job, as a clerk in a drygoods store; his first open rebellion, when he is docked a couple of shillings for impudence and quits; his first political riot, with the Fenians at the time of the Boer War; and his first girl, a delightful, chirpy little Dublin chippy—in other words, from mother's boy to young man. Stephen McHattie, who plays Johnny, does well, bringing to light the volatility, spirit, humor, and sweetness of the character, if not quite all his fire and strength. The other actors split any number of parts among them. Aline MacMahon is loving and maternal as Mrs. Casside, but her finest moment comes when she plays a raucous, half-cracked old British sympathizer, shouting down the Fenian mob at some risk to herself. Helena Carroll is perfect as the chippy and as several working women, her rasping, low-class Dublin accent, plus her vitality, bringing the whole town onto the stage; and Michael McGuire and Dermot McNamara are good, too, giving substance and quality to a passel of characters. O'Casey's words cast a spell that is unbreakable, no matter how many times one has read or heard them. My only objection is to the backdrop—a large screen on which are projected drifting clouds, and which seems wholly inappropriate to this beautifully concrete, undrifty work. —EDITH OLIVER

MUSICAL EVENTS

High Spot

THE visits of the Chicago Symphony to Carnegie Hall under the baton of Georg Solti have taken on a degree of excitement that I cannot remember since the time when Toscanini was conducting the New York Philharmonic here in the twenties. On Tuesday night of last week, they came again, and the concert ended with what can only be described as a howling ovation, which lasted more than fifteen minutes. The work performed was Wagner's "Das Rheingold," in concert form, and though some of the enthusiasm may have arisen from New York's recent virtual starvation for Wagner's "Ring" under the Bing regime at the Metropolitan, certainly most of it could be attributed to Mr. Solti's magnificent presentation of the opera, to his superb orchestra, and to an ideal cast of singers assembled for the occasion. Mr. Solti's tempos were just right, and the elasticity with which he phrased within them was characteristic of a truly great Wagnerian conductor. He did not apologize for the length of that first long chord, which opens the work and describes the serenity of the Rhine. On the contrary, he held it for a little more than its full span, and, what with this and some other leisurely moments, the opera lasted five or ten minutes longer than it usually does. However, there was no impression of dragging anywhere. Mr. Solti's dynamism, which is one of his most striking attributes as a conductor, kept things moving at a pace that was sometimes breathless. At the same time, he held the long lines of the opera to an admirable plan of restraint and climax, so that both drama and music unfolded as a consistent whole. Several of the singers were new to New York, being more familiar at Covent Garden, where Mr. Solti's Wagner has been one of the outstanding features of the London season for several years. Chief among these was David Ward, the Wotan, a powerful and stylish baritone whose like in this role I have not heard since George London (and George London had pitifully few chances to sing it at the Metropolitan). Mr. Ward's voice is a mature one, perhaps more fitted to the Wotans of the later operas than to "Das Rheingold," but the impression he made was one of mastery of all the dramatic elements, along with a voice of natural warmth, lordly bearing, and excellent German diction. Rolf Kuhne, as Alberich, proved to be a superb singer, alive to every nuance of his role and obviously a fine actor. Our own Mignon Dunn sang the role of Fricka splendidly, looking every inch the proud wife of the chief of gods. Martti Talvela and Hans Sotin, both familiar here, made an imposing pair of giants, Mr. Sotin exhibiting one of the most beautiful deep bass voices around today. Gerhard Stolze, whose Loge we remember from the Karajan production at the Met, remains the ideal singer for this somewhat mannered role, which he does with just the right amount of whining and wheedling. Kenneth Riegel, a small man with a brassy tenor, did beautifully as Froh, and Thomas Paul sang agreeably the few lines allotted to him as Donner. John Lanigan managed the minor role (in this opera) of Mime very effectively. Then there were the Rhinemaidens—Karen Altman, Huguette Tourangeau, and Helen Watts—a trio that would be hard to beat anywhere for beauty of vocal tone. Miss Altman in particular disclosed a ravishing lyric voice. She doubled as Freia, while Miss Watts doubled as Erda. Miss Watts' voice was a little light for Erda, but her singing style was immaculate. Altogether, this was one of the brightest events of the season.

ATONALITY, I am convinced, is a sort of musical cancer that kills everything it comes in contact with. It killed European music in the early decades of this century, leaving only the towering Richard Strauss, the great eclectic Igor Stravinsky, the backward-looking Shostakovich, and a few others, like Prokofieff and Poulenc, relatively untouched. More recently, we have seen it attack and kill jazz. If rock ever comes in touch with it, rock will die, too. Last Wednesday night, I saw it, or heard it, kill an otherwise attractive ballet, John Cranko's "Carmen," which is being presented by the Stuttgart Ballet. The music for this ballet, which is credited to Wolfgang Fortner, in collaboration with one Wilfried Steinbrenner, does not represent the sort of systematic atonality that one finds among the serialists. It is a slam-bang atonality, more akin to the music of Varèse, and it keeps up an unpleasant din throughout the ballet. Amid this din, there appear from time to time scraps of Bizet's opera, and there is one place (the entrance of the Toreador) where Bizet is allowed a full quotation. (The audience, deeply relieved to hear some real music, burst into spontaneous applause after this episode.) But generally the music was of a type to hold dancers' feet to the floor and discourage any spontaneity that either the audience or the cast might feel. Despite this drawback, the ballet has its good points. It is not as vulgar as the Roland Petit version that made its appearance here more than twenty years ago. It is lively, with ingenious bits of choreography, and if it does not convey quite the psychological force of the opera it is nevertheless an agreeable spectacle. Much of its agreeableness arises from Marcia Haydée's brash, sadistic characterization in the title role, as well as from her wonderfully lyric line as a dancer. Other impressive characterizations were Egon Madsen's Don José and Richard Cragun's Toreador. Mercifully, "Spanish dancing" was generally avoided, intruding itself only in the Toreador scene. Jacques Dupont's scenery and costumes were a great improvement over the disastrous "Carmen" he designed for the Metropolitan Opera a few years ago.

I WENT back to see the Stuttgart Ballet on Friday night, when a program of smaller items was being presented. "Brouillards," to music by Debussy, I can take or leave. It is a ballet in white tights involving a large number of dancers. Parts of it are charming, other parts merely industrious. "Ebony Concerto" (music by Stravinsky) is an attractive spoof in which three clowns with Afro hairdos in various colors (Marcia Haydée, Egon Madsen, Heinz Clauss) go through some amusing grotesqueries. "Opus One" (music by Webern) is a large affair with hints of cosmic significance that were not entirely clear to me. But Susanne Hanke and Richard Cragun got a chance in it for some striking dancing. "The Seasons," which was being given its American première, is a wholly delightful, rather Balanchinesque ballet to music by Alexander Glazunov. It is a cornucopia of solos, pas de deux, pas de quatre, and concerted numbers lasting about an hour and involving almost the whole company. Particularly striking in it were Birgit Keil, Mr. Clauss, and Mr. Cragun.

THE libretto of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" has puzzled people for generations. How could such a great composer put anything that silly

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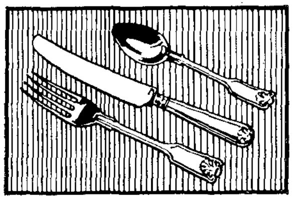

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to magnificent music? The onlooker's first bewilderment usually gives way to an intuition that some sort of process of examination and promotion is taking place. I once wrote jokingly that it seems as though Tamino is trying to make Eagle Scout and is being held back by higher authority until the end. I am gratified to find that this interpretation is not as foolish as I once thought it was. It seems that Lord Baden-Powell, who founded the Boy Scouts, was an enthusiastic Mason and designed the hierarchy of Scoutsmanship after that of the Masons, and you can throw aside those old speculations that the Queen of the Night represents Maria Theresa and Sarastro her son, Prince Joseph, who was to succeed her on the Austrian throne. A new book by the brilliant French musicologist Jacques Chailley, entitled "The Magic Flute: Masonic Opera," translated by Herbert Weinstock (Knopf), puts us straight about the matter. Mozart was a Mason; Schikaneder, the librettist, had been thrown out of his Masonic lodge because of bad behavior, and a certain Baron Ignaz von Born, who was a close friend of Mozart and who had great influence on the putting together of the opera, was a Mason of very high degree. (One must remember that Masonry in the eighteenth century was a powerful political force that had much to do with the American and French Revolutions.) Moreover, "The Magic Flute" was the third Masonic drama that Mozart concerned himself with, the others being "Zaide," an unfinished opera, and "Thamos, König in Ägypten," for which he did the incidental music, now forgotten. According to Chailley, "The Magic Flute" represents the advancement of Tamino, Pamina (yes, there were lodges for female Masons, too), and Papageno into certain ranks of the Masonic order. Sarastro is none other than Zoroaster, or his rococo counterpart. The Queen of the Night is the symbol of darkness and the moon. Tamino is associated with Fire, Pamina with Water, Papageno with Air, and Monostatos with Earth—the four medieval elements. The Masonic cosmology that the book describes has elements of alchemy, ancient Egyptian lore, the Zend-Avesta (which was introduced into Europe nearly a hundred years before the opera was written), and many other occult notions. What you see onstage is a Masonic ritual being carried out in terms of symbols and myths. I recommend this book highly. It has clarified a lot of things for me. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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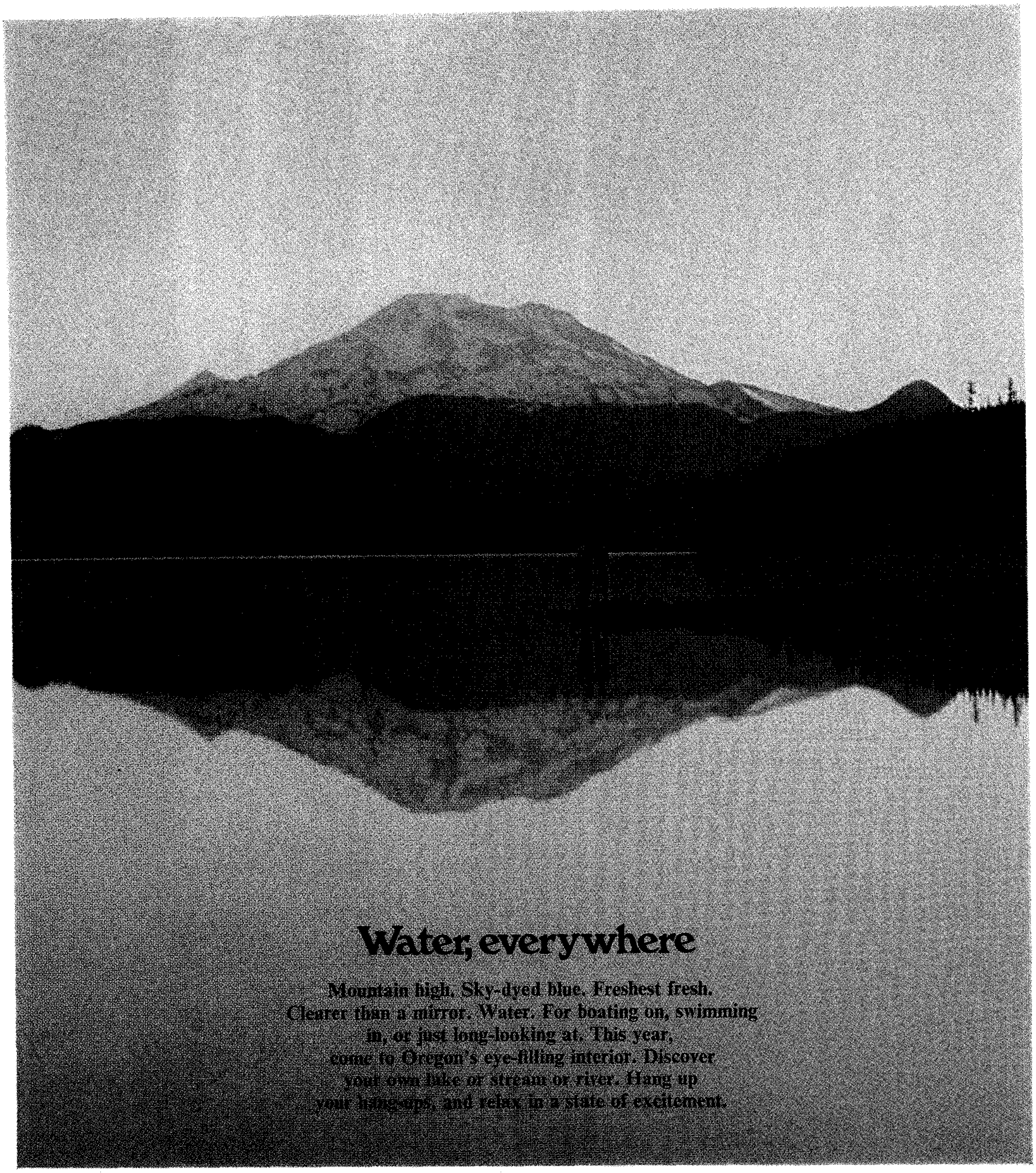

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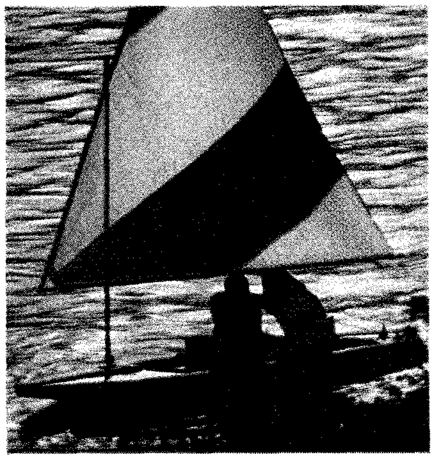

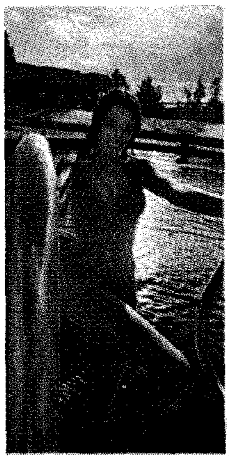

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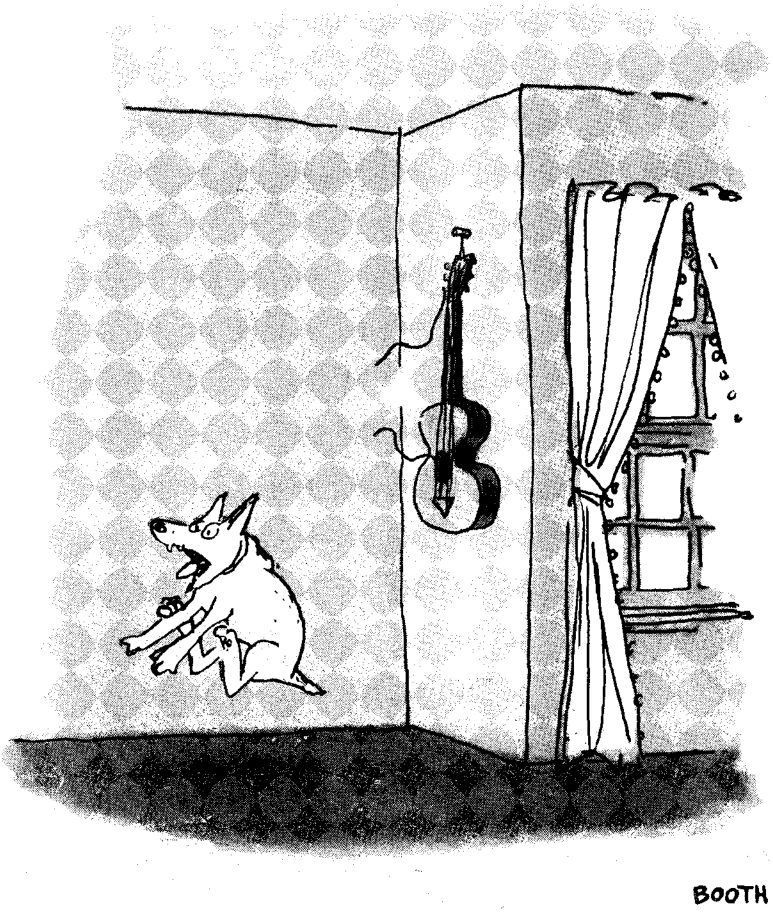
THE SPORTING SCENE

AUGUSTA

THE world moves on. Twenty-five years ago, when sports were starting up in earnest again after the Second World War, the winter golf tour received very little attention. As the nomads made their way from California to Florida, halting every week for a tournament whose total prize money rarely exceeded ten thousand dollars, none of the events were covered by network radio, let alone network television. (It wasn't until 1951, incidentally, that the World Series was first telecast from coast to coast.) In those early years, all the news that came through of the winter tour was a brief wire-service story in the morning paper about the previous day's play. After a brisk, catchy lead (my favorite was one that began, "Art Wall, whose children have just recovered from an attack of measles, himself broke out in a rash of birdies in the opening round of . . ."), we were given the length of the birdie putts that the front-runner had holed, plus a list of the standings of the first fifteen or twenty players, and that was about it. Today, of course, it is all quite different. For one thing, nearly every winter weekend the snowbound golf enthusiast in the North can lean back in his den and watch the third and fourth rounds of that week's tournament televised nationally in beautiful, beckoning color. Some friends of mine who have never hit a golf ball or as much as pushed up the sleeves of an alpaca sweater have spent so many hours watching golf on television that they can identify the top fifty touring pros merely by the way they walk.

In 1946, the end of the winter tour was signalized by the Masters tournament, in Augusta, Georgia—the first major championship of the year. That is still true, but, my, how things have changed! For example, in the first postwar years most of the people who descended on Augusta—the players, the officials, and the spectators—were housed in the old Bon Air Hotel, a rambling relic of the gilded era when Augusta, no less than Aiken, just across the Savannah River, in South Carolina, was one of the country's most fashionable winter resorts. Though none of us then thought of the Masters as an intimate little gathering, in retrospect it was—especially on the first two days of play, when a mere two or three thousand people were dotted around the Augusta National course. There was no Ben's Battalion or Sam's Sentries compulsively whooping it up, and the atmosphere was so relaxed and informal that it was nothing out of the ordinary for a spectator to go up to a player and, as they walked up the unroped fairways, ask him some questions about the shot he had just hit. However, the thing about the Masters that has changed most, it seems to me, is the means of travelling to it. In the late forties and early fifties, getting into Augusta by air was such a complicated, fatiguing business that most people preferred to drive there. From New York, the trip by car took the better part of two days, for there were few extended stretches of modern highway. Besides, the major routes took you into big, traffic-clogged cities, like Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and Raleigh. I can also remember losing a lot of time waiting in the backed-up lines for a space on the auto ferry that plied the Delaware River between Penns Grove, New Jersey, and New Castle, Delaware, just below Wilmington. The first aesthetic treat of the trip came not many miles after that—crossing the wide Susquehanna estuary on the long, narrow old white bridge outside Havre de Grace. For some reason, at that point I always used to think I was *South*, but, of course, there were still miles and miles to go before I hit the country around Henderson, North Carolina, and knew for a fact that I was, because the soil was orange red and the gas-station attendants said, "Y'all hurry back, y'hear!" Those of us who made the trip every year via U.S. 1 were forever exchanging information on how to save a half hour by taking this new shortcut or that bypass, and then, suddenly, we all switched to another route—one that ran the length of Delaware (indeed!) to the tip of the Del-Mar-Va peninsula, and from there across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay via the auto ferry between Kiptopeke, Maryland, and Norfolk, Virginia. *Then* you cut cross-country through Rocky Mount, North Carolina—Kay Kyser's home town—and before long you were on U.S. 1 and passing through Pinehurst. These were the small excitements that relieved the trip of its tedium and turned it into a mild adventure. Around 1960, an ingenious bridge—it is, I am told, a twenty-mile combination of bridges and tunnels—was constructed across Chesapeake Bay, and no doubt it shortened the drive appreciably, but by then the jet plane was in and everyone flew to the Masters, changing at Atlanta for the feeder service to Augusta. As if that weren't posh enough, through flights to Augusta have been available from a number of cities for the last three or four years, and you can do the trip in no time at all. As a matter of fact, a few weeks ago, when I was returning from this year's Masters, my plane whistled up in less than two hours, and we were on the ground before I could get my mind cranked



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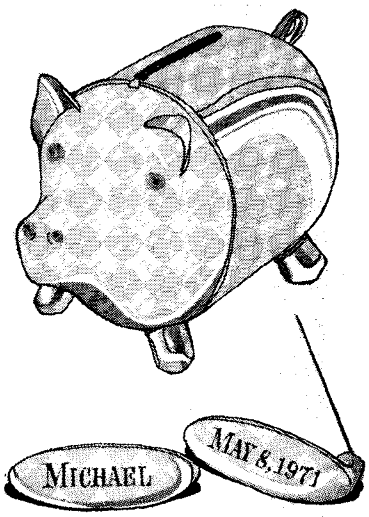

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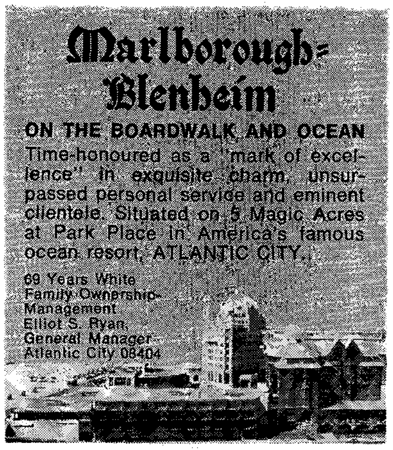

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up sufficiently to work out the number of state capitals we used to pass driving South in the old days.

TWO of the Masters held shortly after the close of the Second World War were won by men who had been accorded no chance of winning—Herman Keiser, in 1946, and Claude Harmon, in 1948. Before capturing the Masters, neither Keiser nor Harmon had won a really important event, and the same was true of Charles Coody, the notably dark horse who won at Augusta this April. All in all, the 1971 Masters was a rather uneven, mottled tournament. It had its exciting moments, but it also had its long passages of unrelieved torpor. It certainly took a long while to get rolling. On Thursday, the day of the opening round, Coody, a thirty-three-year-old pro from Texas, got around the Augusta National in 66, six shots under par, and took a three-stroke lead, but at that time this signified little, if anything. At the thirty-six-hole mark, another Texan, the veteran Don January, had moved out in front, thanks to a pair of 69s. Though January is capable of winning any tournament, he is not a very interesting golfer to watch, and perhaps the most arresting aspect of his first two rounds was that he played the four par-5 holes in eight under par (six birdies, one eagle, and one par), whereas Jack Nicklaus, the odds-on favorite and the longest hitter in the field, was only one under par for the same holes. Nicklaus was in good shape, however—only three strokes off the pace. Earlier in the year, Nicklaus, who may well be the best golfer in the world at the present time, had won the Professional Golfers of America Championship, and the big question at Augusta was whether he would be able to carry off the Masters and so reach the halfway mark in his quest of an unprecedented grand slam of the four major professional championships. The closest anyone had come to this was in 1953, when Ben Hogan, after winning the Masters, the United States Open, and the British Open, in that order, then declined, with his characteristic thorny independence, to enter the P.G.A. Championship, which in those days was a match-play event conducted on indifferent courses in something less than a major-championship atmosphere.

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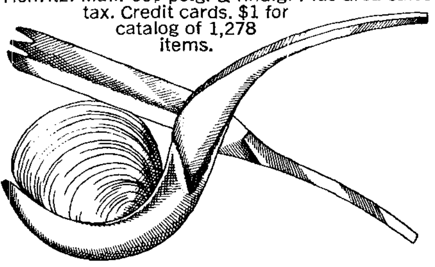

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liant bursts of scoring suddenly roused the tournament to life. The first was provided by Coody, a tall (six-two), heavy-shouldered fellow who has the clean-cut face of a forest ranger but is curiously lacking in personality on a golf course—he is so restrained and unprojecting that even while you are looking at him play his shots you have a hard time remembering just who it is you're watching. On this round, mainly on the strength of a series of beautiful irons to the touchy greens, he produced a fine, sustained anapestic rush: par, par, birdie; par, par, birdie; par, par, birdie; par, par, birdie. Then he went and ruined it by birdieing the thirteenth. At that point, he stood ten strokes under par for the tournament and a full four strokes ahead of the nearest competitors—January, Nicklaus, and Tom Weiskopf. Though Coody was playing with ease and assurance, I don't believe that many of the old golf hands watching his progress felt he would be able to hold on to his lead. They were well aware that in eight seasons on the pro tour he had won only two tournaments—the Dallas Open in 1964 and the Cleveland Open in 1969. They remembered, too, that he had blown a wonderful chance to win the 1969 Masters: leading the field by a stroke when he walked off the sixty-ninth green, he contrived to miss his pars on the last three holes and wound up two shots behind the winner. There was also some question whether Coody's somewhat unorthodox swing would stand up under the strain of a big championship. He takes the club back smoothly and well, and he starts down into the ball nicely, but as he enters the hitting zone his arc flattens out drastically and he wheels into an ungainly follow-through, ending up with his right arm almost parallel to the ground, like a batter's in baseball. This singular style of his makes him vulnerable to a quick hook if he loses his timing.

While everybody at Augusta was speculating on how well Coody would bear up this time under the burden of leading the Masters, the second great scoring burst of the day occurred, this one by Nicklaus. After taking a bogey on the eleventh—his first of the round—Nicklaus all but holed out his tee shot on the twelfth, the famous 155-yard par 3 across Rae's Creek, by lobbing a soft 8-iron shot just over the large front bunker that protects the middle of the narrow transverse green. After he had tapped in the two-foot putt for his birdie, Peter Ryde, the golf correspondent of the *Times* of London,

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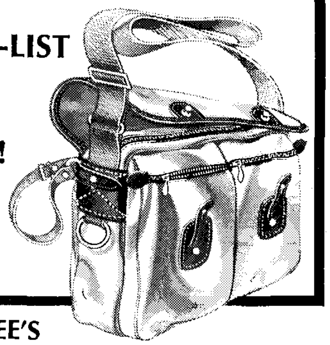

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remarked, very shrewdly, I thought, "I am always impressed whenever a golfer who has just dropped a stroke to par gets it back so quickly and so easily. I always think that is the sign of a winner." Nicklaus, in any event, went on to birdie the thirteenth, and, after three-putting the fourteenth, came right back and birdied the fifteenth. Then he birdied the sixteenth and the seventeenth, to make it five birdies in six holes. This was pretty heady stuff, even for a man like Nicklaus, who has won eleven major championships, and on the eighteenth, set on adding still another birdie, he committed a tactical error. Going all out for distance, he played his driver off the tee and pulled the ball into the double bunker at the left edge of the fairway. Had Nicklaus driven with his 3-wood, which he customarily does on the eighteenth, because he knows he cannot reach the bunker with it, the chances are he would have got his par 4. As it was, he had to settle for a 5, a 68 for the round, and a fifty-four-hole total of 209, seven under par. Even so, this placed him in a tie for the lead with Coody, who—shades of 1969!—had abruptly lost his grip on the last five holes and had come stumbling home with three bogeys. One was forced to conclude that, deep down within himself, Charles Coody didn't think he was a good enough golfer to win the Masters.

Sunday brought a fourth straight day of perfect spring weather for the final round—bright sunshine and a light breeze. (This made it eight years in a row that the Masters has escaped without a single day of bad weather.) Coody, paired with Weiskopf in the next-to-last twosome, was off at one-sixteen in the afternoon. Nicklaus, paired with January, followed at one-twenty-four. Keyed up high, Nicklaus led off with a model birdie, but after nine holes, to everyone's astonishment, Coody was still tied with him for the lead, at eight under par. Considering how his game had disintegrated only the day before, Coody was playing with surprising confidence. At this point, I rushed ahead down to the Amen Corner—the popular name for that reach of the course where Rae's Creek skirts the eleventh and twelfth greens and cuts in front of the thirteenth tee—for, year after year, the winning and losing of the Masters has been determined in large measure by how the leaders fared on these three holes, and on the twelfth in particular. I had hardly taken up my position there when, on checking the huge leader board behind the eleventh green, I realized for the first time that young Johnny Miller—in the twosome in front of Coody's—was making a tremendous run at the leaders. A twenty-four-year-old San Franciscan who plays a strong, attacking game, Miller, four shots behind Nicklaus and Coody at the start of the day, had closed to within two shots of them after racing through the first ten holes with seven pars and three birdies. At that precise moment, he came into view, striding down the long slope of the eleventh fairway—a tall, slender, good-looking kid with a mop of long blond hair, who was attired that day in an apple-green sports shirt and white bell-bottoms striped with green, blue, purple, and maybe a couple of other colors. The green on the eleventh, a 445-yard par 4, is what is called a cape-type green, with its left side jutting well out into Rae's Creek. This makes the approach a risky business, and most golfers choose to play a safety shot, aiming for the extension of fairway to the right of the green. Indeed, Ben Hogan is reported to have said, "If you ever see me on the eleventh in two, you'll know I missed my approach." On this day, the pin was set on the extreme left of the green, but Miller, with the insouciance of youth, went boldly for it anyhow and came through with a marvellous 5-iron that sat down ten feet from the pin. When he holed the birdie putt, he had drawn to within a stroke of Nicklaus and Coody. On the short twelfth, the pin was positioned in the back right-hand corner, some thirty-five feet beyond the front bunker. Here Miller hit his 7-iron shot a trifle fat, and when the ball half buried itself near the face of the bunker his dash seemed over. Not at all! He exploded the ball out well, and it ran straight for the cup and fell in. He had caught the leaders, and the fifteen thousand spectators jammed at the Amen Corner went wild.

THAT was the dramatic high point of the 1971 Masters—that electric instant when Miller holed from the bunker. I don't think there is much to be gained by retailing all that happened to the three contenders during the succeeding hour and a half as the tournament wound to its conclusion. Let me say only that there were moments when I thought each of the three would win out. Oddly, I had this feeling about Nicklaus just after he fell off the pace by taking a bogey 4 on the twelfth. It was because of the way he got it. Off the tee, he hit a high 8-iron that the wind caught and blew back to the apron of the green, and from there the ball trickled down the bank onto a tiny ridge of sand at the edge of Rae's Creek. Nicklaus took a whack at it with his wedge, but succeeded only in moving it eight or nine feet forward—up onto the bank. His third, a little flip with the wedge, skidded twelve feet past the pin, but, with a great show of nerve, he holed the putt—he had escaped with the loss of only one stroke from what could have been complete disaster. Back in 1963, I was suddenly reminded, almost the exact same thing had befallen Nicklaus on the twelfth in the last round. Then, too, he had lost the lead by taking a 4 there and had saved himself from a 5 by sinking a tough nine-foot putt. Buoyed by that reprieve, he had then fought his way back and won his first Masters. I had an idea that this pattern might repeat itself, but it didn't. Nicklaus's chances of regaining the lead, or a share of it, depended mainly on whether he could pick up birdies on the two par 5s—the thirteenth and the fifteenth. When he birdied neither hole, his bid was over. He had played a very commendable Masters, but at the critical moments he had not been able to bring off the big shot, and a man must do that to win golf tournaments.

As for Miller, he looked to be a probable winner when he birdied the fourteenth by hitting a 7-iron stiff to the pin, and minutes later he looked to be an almost certain winner when Coody bogeyed the fourteenth. Miller then held a two-stroke lead with only four holes to go, and though everybody knows how difficult it is even for a thoroughly experienced golfer to hold on to his poise, his concentration, and his swing on the closing holes of a classic championship, I had the feeling that Miller would hang in there. Well, I'm afraid the pressure got him. On the fifteenth, he pushed his second, a fairway wood, into a greenside bunker and took three to get down. On the short sixteenth, he bunkered his tee shot behind the green and again took three to get down. Finally, he bogeyed the eighteenth, where he hooked his drive into trouble. It had turned out to be a little too much for him.

For all Miller's generosity, the tournament still had to be won, and how splendidly Coody did this! Down the stretch, the dull man with the defective swing and a history of collapsing in the Masters—the contender least likely to succeed—was a lion. He made up one shot on Miller with a birdie 4 on the fifteenth, where he holed a

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slippery eight-footer. He picked up two more shots with a birdie 2 on the sixteenth. Here, after a full-blooded 6-iron fifteen feet past the pin, he stroked a perfect putt into the middle of the cup. He scrambled out his par 4 on the seventeenth. *Now* he was home. A 5 on the home hole would have seen him through, but Coody finished with a good par 4. The final figures looked like this:

Coody: 66-73-70-70—279
Miller: 72-73-68-68—281
Nicklaus: 70-71-68-72—281

Had Nicklaus been able to win, it would have been a very popular victory, because it would have taken him a big step closer to a possible grand slam. A victory by Miller would have been very popular, too, since one of the things that golf needs at the moment is an appealing young hero, and Miller has all the credentials. He is now in his third year on the tour, but we were introduced to his exceptional talent as long ago as 1966, when, as a nineteen-year-old student at Brigham Young University, he tied for eighth in the United States Open. How about Coody's victory? Well, the more I think about how thoroughly it was earned, the more delighted I am for the new Masters champion. It is unfortunate that he has such a lacklustre manner on the golf course, for he is a "good ole boy," as they say in his part of the country, and he has a pleasant articulateness and a nice, dry sense of humor. Now a resident of Abilene, Texas, he was born and brought up in Stamford, about a hundred and seventy-five miles west of Fort Worth. He was a remarkable high-school athlete. In football, he was one of the best passing quarterbacks in the state and also one of the best place kickers; one cold, wet night, he kicked a fifty-five-yard field goal. In his senior year, he won the state high-school golf championship. However, he got a scholarship to Texas Christian University on the strength of his skill at basketball. Following his freshman year in college, Coody gave up all sports except golf. When he was thirteen, and was just starting the game, his father took him to Fort Worth to see the Colonial Club's celebrated course, and from that day on he knew he wanted to try to make a career of golf. In 1963, after completing a three-year hitch in the Air Force, he turned professional. He has been on the tour ever since, and though he hasn't set the world on fire, he has done quite well, earning an annual average of over sixty thousand dollars in prize money in the last four years. He has made that go a

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much longer way than most of his colleagues, partly because he took his college degree in business administration, and partly because he ranks, along with his good friend Frank Beard, as the most parsimonious player on the tour. He is methodical in the extreme. As Beard has said, it is Coody's habit on the tour to go to bed exactly twelve hours before his tee-off time the next day. After each round, he enters in a notebook, for future analysis, the number of fairways he hit off the tee, the number of greens he hit in the regulation stroke, the number of putts he took, and related data. His wife's name is Lynette, and, possibly because there is a "y" in "Lynette" and one in "Coody," their children—two girls and a boy, all under nine—are named Caryn, Cristyn, and Kyle. He thinks of himself as a naturally drab guy, and it doesn't bother him at all.

By the way, another notoriously undynamic fellow, Gene Littler, went into the clubhouse at Augusta for some lunch after shooting a fine 69 on his second round and was asked by the waiter if he had signing privileges. Understandable. This was only Littler's eighteenth appearance in the Masters.

I'M already looking forward to next year's tournament. It should be something special. Gene Sarazen, whose historic double eagle in the second Masters, in 1935, did so much to publicize the young event, will be seventy next year, and that will be an occasion. Sarazen, I think, has for some time now been the best golfer for his age that the world has ever seen. When he was sixty-two, he made the thirty-six-hole cut in the Masters with a total of 147, and last year, at sixty-eight, he played a crisp 74 on his second round over that long, long course. In addition, 1972 will be a significant year for Jock Hutchison and Freddie McLeod, the tournament's two honorary starters—the first pair to tee off on the opening morning of every Masters. Next year, Hutchison, who won the British Open in 1921, will be going on eighty-eight, and McLeod, who won our Open in 1908, will be going on ninety. This April, they were in terrific form, and Hutchison, as usual, was talking a blue streak to the spectators who followed them. He got off a number of good, if familiar, gags, but the one the gallery liked best went, "Do you know how much whiskey a Scot can drink? I'll tell you. Any given amount."

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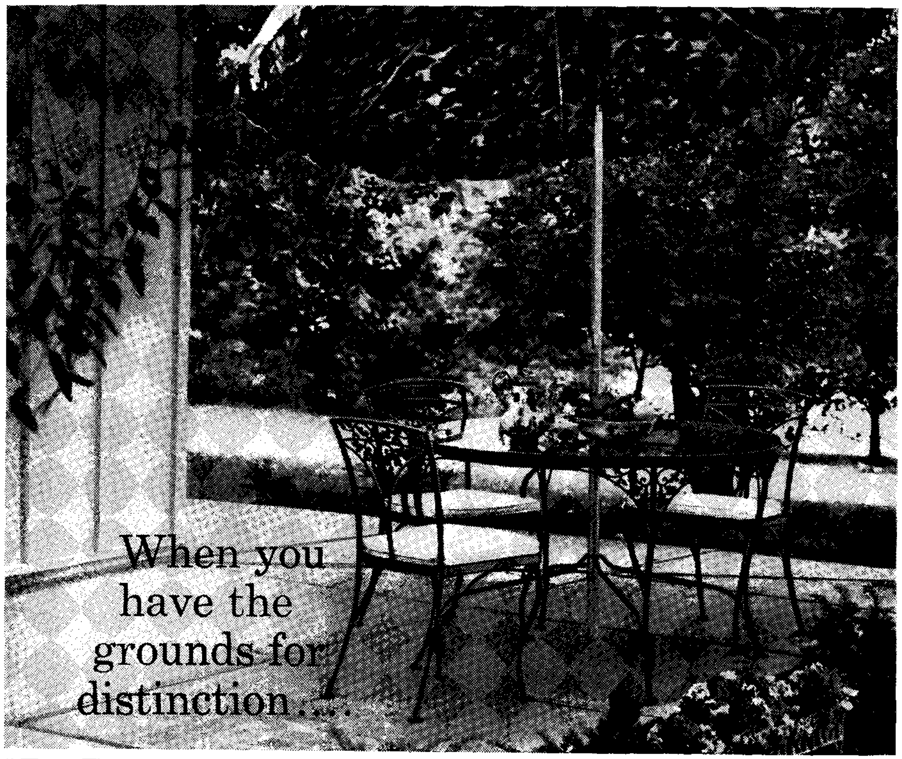

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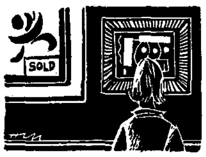
THE ART WORLD

The Cubist Epoch



MODERN art doesn't begin at any identifiable point, but the modern situation of art undoubtedly begins with Cubism. Among its other innovations, Cubism changed the relation of art to the public, and, in so doing, changed the nature of the art public itself. It excluded those who merely responded to pictures and replaced them with spectators who knew what made pictures important. The howls of indignation that greeted Cubist contributions to the Armory Show in New York in 1913 resound through the history of twentieth-century art as evidence that a genuine cultural revolution had taken place. The educated middle class had been challenged by a new power: the band of art professionals armed with advanced intellectual weapons. In Russia ten years later, a similar uprising was repulsed as a threat to the Party's control of taste and judgment.

Cubism ended the reign in art of what Gertrude Stein called "nature as everybody sees it"—that is to say, of common sense. Thenceforward, every art movement would propound its own conception of reality, and within the movement every artist would insist on his own uniqueness. A new public, open to doctrinal persuasion, would stand ready to welcome each effort toward expanded consciousness, while the majority could be counted on to reproduce what might be called the Khrushchev syndrome (or, recalling Theodore Roosevelt's reaction to Cubism at the Armory, the Roosevelt-Khrushchev syndrome) of denunciation. Instead of depicting things, or even fantasies or distortions, the Cubists made art esoteric by projecting into the mind of the spectator the secrets and problems of the studio.

Douglas Cooper, organizer of "The Cubist Epoch," a comprehensive survey exhibition of Cubism currently at the Metropolitan Museum, confirms that the problems of the artist constitute the content of Cubist paintings when he declares in his excellent catalogue for the exhibition that Braque and Picasso, co-founders of the new style, "thought more about forging the language of Cubism than about the aesthetic value of their subject-matter." A painting in a language-in-progress could not be understood simply by looking at it, and if it was not understood it could not be appreciated. Thus, Cubism launched the transformation of painting into an intellectual specialization, a compendium of old and new technical discoveries, methods, assumptions, errors to be corrected. The spectator was called upon to acquire this lore or to be guided by the knowledge of professionals. No more amateur gazing at pictures. Every manifestation of art since Cubism has depended for its reception on a phalanx of spectators governed by the opinions of their leaders. The quarrel between Gertrude Stein and her brother Leo as to whether to go on with Picasso after "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" represents the archetypal drama of twentieth-century art appreciation. Everyone must stop somewhere—the "Demoiselles" shocked even Braque—but there's always someone else to advance farther. With Cubism, the issue of the avant-garde in art was no longer a matter of responding to a new sensibility, as with Impressionism or Fauvism; Cubism built avant-gardism into the body of art as the principle of constant experimentation by which the aims and functions of art would be redefined.

The paintings in "The Cubist Epoch" actually consist in large part of challenges to Cubism (by Futurism, for example) and of deviations from it through insufficient comprehension (as by the Czech Cubists) or in the name of more advanced concepts (as by Mondrian). Cubism, says Cooper, was "a new pictorial language," but apparently only the "true" Cubists—Picasso, Braque, Gris, and, for a short while, Léger—could speak it; everyone else received it in mistranslation or proceeded to adulterate its meaning.

The esoteric nature of Cubism gave rise to the modern art audience, composed of experts, intermediaries (or explainers), and a mass recruited through publicity and art education to react to whatever is presented to it as art. Thus, Cubism inaugurated the enfolding of art creation within increasingly numerous layers of auxiliary professions, from showman-curators to art-movie makers—a process accelerated to the point of near suffocation by recent museum and foundation programs. The core of the new-epoch art audience, however, has consisted of individuals who have gained direct understanding of the innovating ideas through personal intimacy with the artists; Cooper himself is characterized in material issued in connection with the exhibition as "a close personal friend" of many of the Cubist painters, and this factor has no doubt contributed greatly to his success in tracing the changing attitudes responsible for different phases of Cubism. In its campaign against naturalistic art that tricks the eye, Cubism consolidated the position of modern painting as creation based on ideology and directed toward concentric circles of insiders able to prefer art that, as Picasso said of Negro sculpture, "is not visually but conceptually true." The axiom that pictures cannot be checked against the visual world carried a corollary that art is for experts only. In the early days of Cubism, Cooper reports, Braque and Picasso kept largely apart even from other painters—in the last analysis, any spectator was an intruder.

The strength of Cubism lay in its by-passing of "false traditionalism" (as Braque put it) in order to express the modern world. Cooper is convinced, as Gertrude Stein was, that Cubism, despite appearances to the contrary, is a species of realism; its original ancestor, he contends, was Courbet. Cooper is a strict constructionist. Adherence to "solid tangible reality" is the criterion by which he distinguishes true Cubists from painters who merely "cubify" for decorative effect or who paint according to systems. Of Delaunay's "The City of Paris" Cooper says that it "is anti-Cubist by virtue of the unreality of its conception," and of Gleizes that "while using certain Cubist procedures," he "came more and more to disregard visual reality and evolved a predominantly decorative, formalized style of painting which was virtually abstract." The enigma of Cubism, which has baffled observers since its first appearance, is that while it seems to have originated abstract art and at times lacks an identifiable subject, so that to its foes it has been a "Navajo-rug" pattern of lines, shapes, and colors, it is essentially antipathetic to the nonrepresentational modes that evolved out of it.

In making the issue of reality central to his evaluation of Cubist creation, Cooper enters into direct conflict with the present-day school of formalist criticism, for which the meaning of Cubism consists in its handling of space, line, and color, and which applies Cubist-derived formulas as the measure of artists as different from one another as Ernst and Duchamp, Miró and Mondrian, Pollock and Frank Stella. This approach, diametrically opposed to Cooper's, is illustrated by a "Fact Sheet" on the exhibition distributed by the Metropolitan Museum. "Its lasting significance," this document declares of

Cubism, "lies in its role as the origin and key to all subsequent styles of twentieth-century painting." Cubism is given a monopoly on formal innovations at the cost of being stripped of its contribution to the consciousness of our time. For Cooper, in contrast, the flattened pictorial space of Cubist paintings and the dissociation of pictorial elements, such as shapes and planes of color, were conceived not for their own sake but to attain a new grasp of reality, to provide "a viable alternative to naturalism." In Cooper's view, once this mission, begun in 1906, had been accomplished, the Cubist epoch was at an end; after 1920 its spirit survived only in the work of those artists who had been involved in its creation, and by about 1940 it had been "supplanted by artistic conceptions of a wholly opposite order."

The formalist view of Cubism as the mother of all twentieth-century styles is a simplification that has been accepted largely because of its usefulness in the audience-building processes of modern art—what could be more reassuring than a single "key," as the "Fact Sheet" calls it, to the art of the past fifty years? Yet Cooper's interpretation of Cubism as "concerned with the solid tangible reality of things" also presents difficulties. Isn't it odd that a realistic art engaged in investigating twentieth-century phenomena should have been compounded of Egyptian drawings, Iberian sculpture, and African figurines? Also, that Picasso, inventor of this advanced mode of apprehending reality, should in his late Cubist paintings have diluted it with naturalistic (commonly recognizable) ingredients and should finally have abandoned it entirely? A method for apprehending reality is rarely discarded until a more efficient method appears.

That Cubism provided a new pictorial language superbly suited to dealing with modern experience ought by this time to be apparent beyond question. In destroying the illusionism of painted apples and bodies, it exposed the illusory nature of actual apples and bodies. Through collage, it blended images with objects and made objects seem images. Collage is this century's outstanding contribution to mystification—it holds the seeds of events fabricated for the purpose of being described in the mass media, and of political personages reshaped by professionals to capture votes. The decentralized composition of Cubist painting and the derivation of its forms from geometry and from random objects—for example, Picasso's "Absinthe Glass, Bottle, Pipe, and Musical Instruments on

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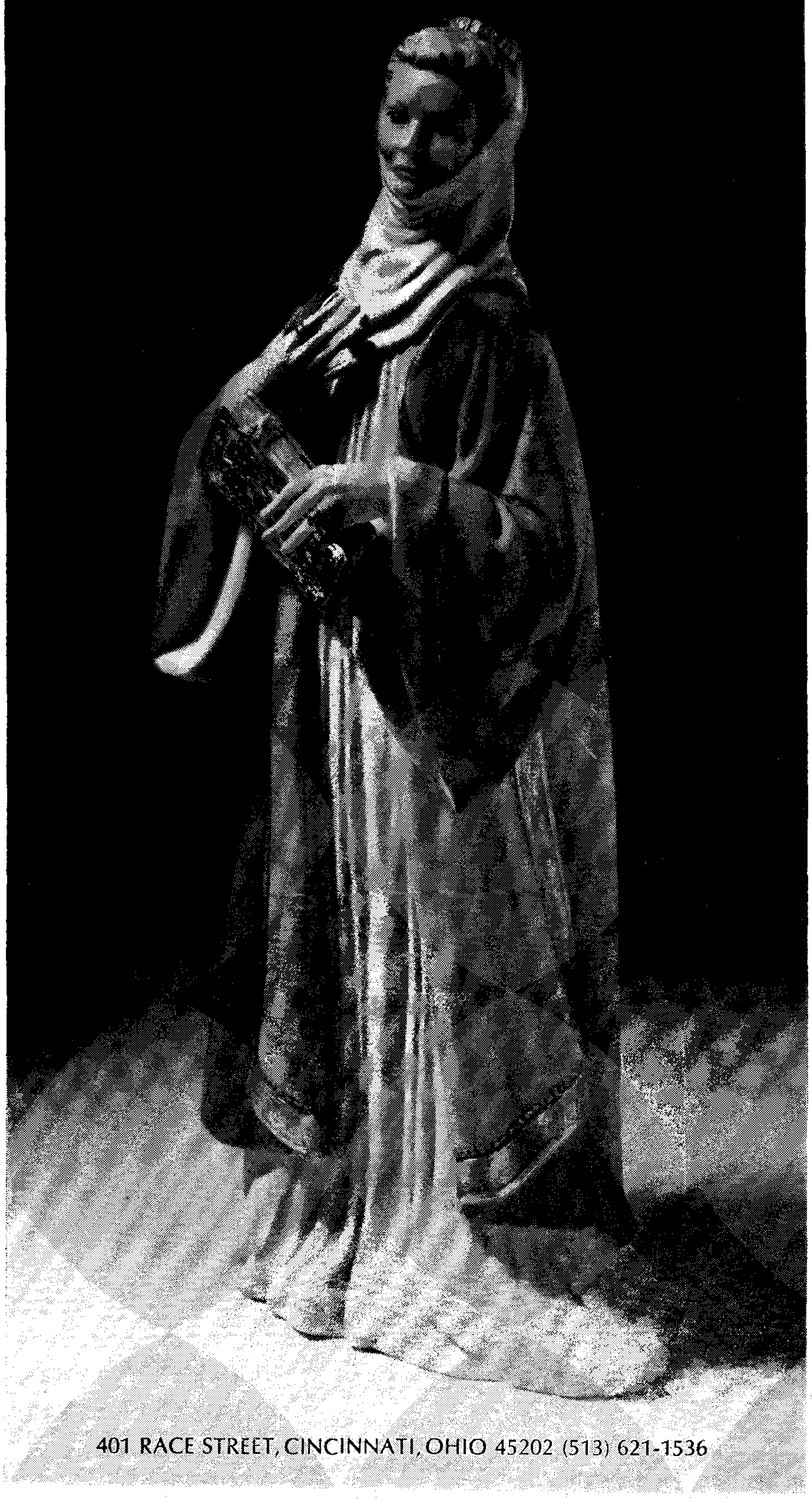

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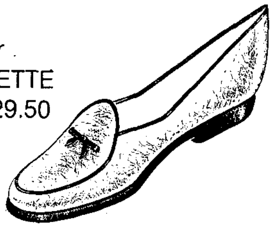

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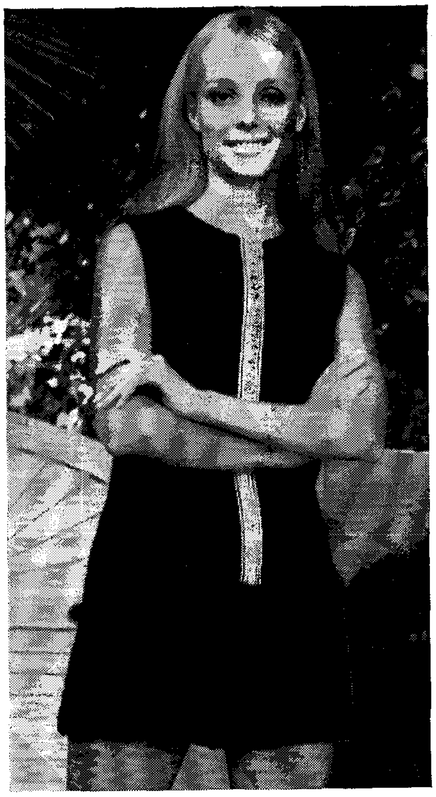

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a Piano"—resulted in the "democratization" of data and asserted that the identity of things lies not in the things themselves but in their placement and function. Cubist paintings and collages could contain anything—match folders, menus, wine bottles, contents of the artist's pocket—and this caused the everyday world to feel at home in art. Cubist disintegration of the object emphasizes that an apple in a painting may in actuality be the result of a hundred acts of looking and applying paint. In addition to the solution it offered to the problem of transposing objects from deep space to a flat surface, Cubism's replacement of linear perspective by two-dimensionality provided a metaphor of the psychic condition of modern man. Twentieth-century philosophers talk of the "flattening out" of the individual, and aspects of Cubism have reappeared in literature—Joyce, Pound, Eliot, Marianne Moore make use of collage, parody, and verbal "faceting"—and in music and the theatre. In sum, there *is* a Cubist epoch, and it is impossible to grasp the full dimensions of present-day experience without the Cubist reformulation of the sensibility, just as it is to hear sounds in extremely high and low ranges without electronic equipment.

But though Cubism has illuminated the modern world, and is not a mere episode in the history of aesthetics, I cannot detect what in Cubist paintings makes them represent "the solid tangible reality of things." In regard to objects, it seems to me that Cubist painting was involved in a contradiction: it wished to dissolve objects into directly apprehended forms—the stem and the bowl of a pipe glimpsed separately—yet it wished to preserve the objects themselves as presences. Cooper describes how the "high" Cubist paintings of Picasso and Braque came to teeter on the edge of total abstraction, and he resorts to the rather silly suggestion that these paintings, elements of which were "primarily dictated by spatial considerations and pictorial necessity"—that is to say, by motives of abstract art, not by concern for tangible reality—can be recaptured for realism by finding the hint of a nose here, a watch chain there. Perhaps it was to mock the notion that in a Cubist painting a rectangle is a cone is a nose that Gertrude Stein delivered her grand affirmation regarding the rose. Guided by the belief that a painting must represent objects, or perhaps out of instinct or habit, people still peruse a painting such as Picasso's "Clarinet Player" or Braque's "Still-Life with Dice and Pipe" in search of the clarinet or the dice, as if they were hunting for clues in a detective story or trying to find the cat in the tree in one of those puzzle pictures that used to appear in Sunday papers. The only merit, if any, in this type of scrutiny is that it repeats the activity of the Cubist painter in painting his picture. In Cubist painting, the object is grasped in tiny spurts of perception. It is a pile of clues submitted to an intuitive sense of order. Strictly speaking, the picture is never complete (another Cubist attitude passed on to later art modes) and it never reveals a "tangible reality."

Cooper's postulate of a re-created reality works very well for the detection of mixtures of naturalism and mannerism posing as Cubist paintings, as in Metzinger's "Cubist Landscape." Cooper fails to consider, however, that the "true" Cubist painting achieves not the reality of the object—why the reality of a pipe, in any case?—but an aesthetic generalization of it in terms of its appearance and its surroundings. In effect, the Cubist painting is a mask covering the model or still-life—though a mask composed of the model's own visual substance, as was the case with the mask-portrait of Gertrude Stein from which Picasso moved on to Cubism. Picasso himself, in a famous remark, noted that Cubist paintings were an anticipation of the camouflaged war machines he saw passing through the streets of Paris in 1914. Masked objects represent the essential image of Cubist art. In the most literal sense, every Cubist painting and, even more obviously, sculpture is a masked entity. Cubism manipulates the physiognomies of things (and, for it, all sides are frontal) in order to dissipate the secrecy of Being into an organization of unprivileged facts; the "object art" and "thingish" novel of the sixties are resurrections of the Cubist spirit. With Picasso, the mask is an explicit theme, from the portrait of Gertrude Stein and the "high" Cubist "Portrait of D. H. Kahnweiler" to his late Cubist "Harlequin" and, of course, the celebrated "Three Masked Musicians," with which he closed his Cubist development, in 1921. Gris was also inclined to the harlequinade (the motif that connects Cubism with Picasso's Blue Period), while Braque suggests what might be called the masked still-life—in his 1912 oval "Guitar," a recognizable section of the instrument is repeated with vertical markings that transport it behind a series of columns and dissolve it under the lettering "ETUDE." In Cubism, the object is hidden behind shutters of forms that open and close at the will of the artist.

Despite any ambitions to capture reality, the ultimate aim of Cubism, as of all effective art movements, was not reality but art. (Later, Dada and Surrealism, despite their radical anti-art manifestos, also defected to art.) One might say that Cubism asserted the independent reality of painting in its relation to things, people, and landscapes. If, as Cooper says, the founders of Cubism clung to intuited reality, it was not for the sake of reality but for the sake of their painting. Indeed, a fundamental intimation of Cubism is that the art object is the only real object—nothing is anything until it has been reconstituted by the artist. It followed that, liberated by Cubism from the restraints of things "as everybody sees them," artists less dialectically subtle than Picasso and Braque were bound to believe that objects of the studio or the street—in fact, the entire objective world—could be dispensed with if the objects stood in the way of art. Logically, Cubism implies abstract, nonrepresentational art, and art history since 1920 has again and again taken the path of this logic. In reducing painting to its elements, Cubism made it possible to separate each element from the others and deal with it as sufficient for painting.

Not the least of the innovations of the Cubist epoch was its instigation of the crisis of the object in art, both as external reference (the finding of noses) and in regard to the work itself (as a product of craft); Duchamp's "readymades," which dispensed with the making of art objects, were already implied in collage. Cubism proper remained dedicated to making art objects; through paintings composed of colored papers it strengthened the idea of the "*tableau-objet*." Yet the ideal of Cubism was not the individual picture but a method of painting that could interpenetrate with the art of any time, place, or culture. In the years of the First World War, artists saw Cubism as the culmination of the era of picture-making, and postwar art movements from Dada to the Bauhaus were anti-Cubist in spirit, however much they took for granted the formal innovations of Cubism. The Cubist epoch consciously brought to an end the old European aesthetic culture. It brought itself to an end as the last period in which artists would engage themselves in reconstituting pictorially the reality of fruit bowls, pipes, and guitars. Since the close of Cubism, the crisis of the art object has been mounting from art movement to art movement.

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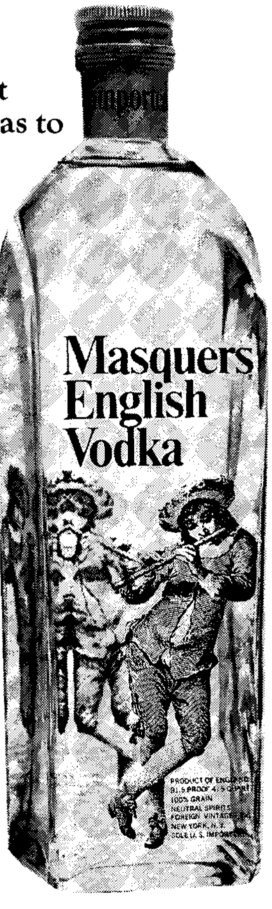

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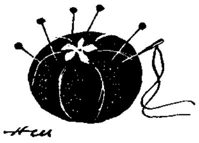
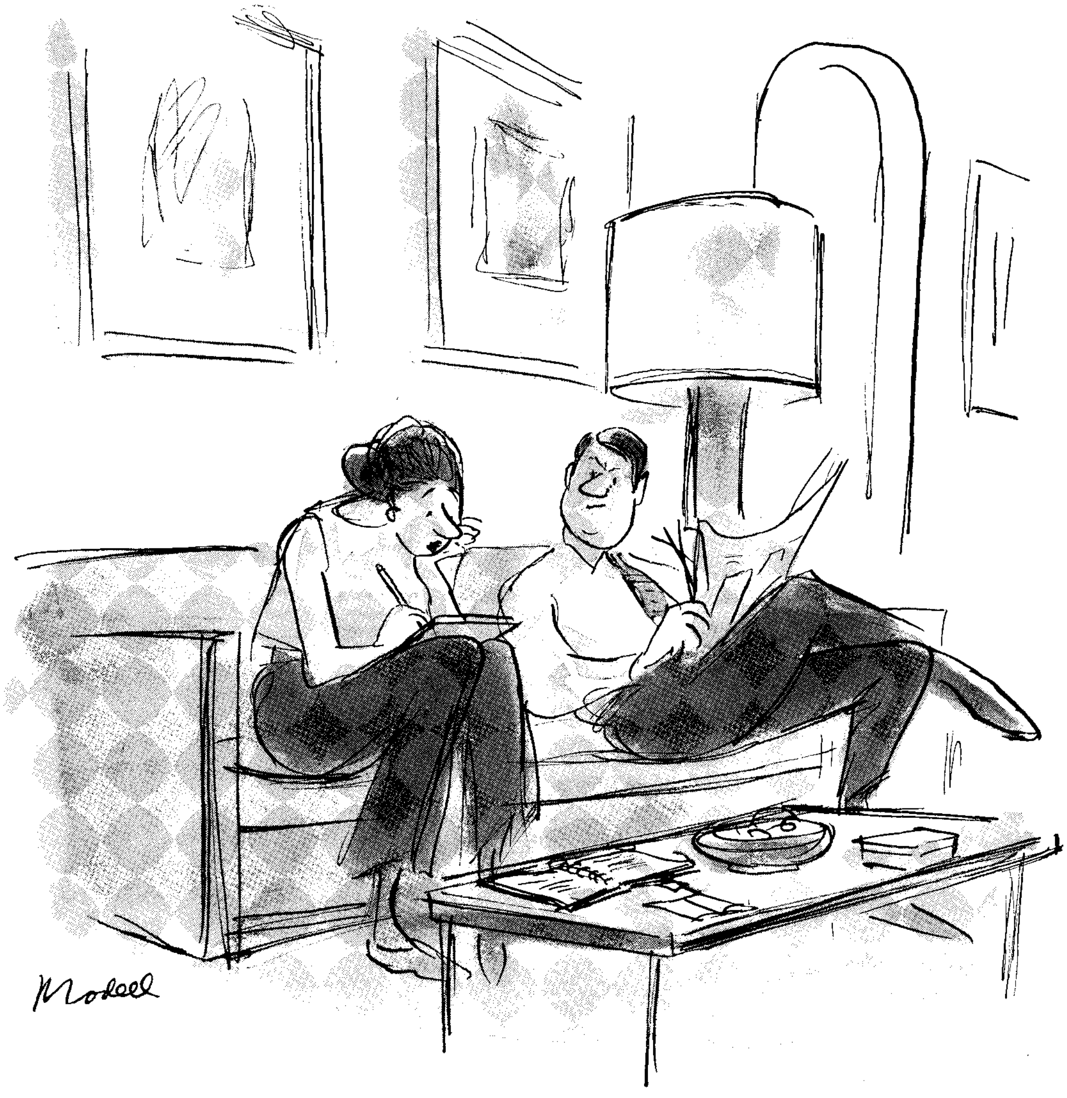
FEMININE FASHIONS



FASHION photographs have long attempted to give concrete form to women's wispiest private dreams. Of late, though, fashion magazines—the creators and mirrors of these dreams—have been shuffling their artificialities and replacing visions of lovely, unreal women with shots of people engaged in desperately joyful activity. Their pages now contain few formal portraits of calm, solitary, and unattainable elegance; instead, they are crammed with lively snaps of gregarious, gymnastic clowns. Both approaches are based on artifice, but the second is also a pernicious falsehood. Since, by definition, such periodicals are benders to the wind, it must be supposed that women's ideal of feminine beauty has changed. And so a romantic dream is being allowed to die, while Goldie Hawn, laughing grotesquely, appears on the cover of *Vogue*.

The few survivors among the unattainably elegant are untroubled by thought and untouched by the mob. They may smile, distantly, at a palm tree or the right kind of baby, but they are never seen to grin. Fashion and commerce spawned them, but they stand above both. They communicate with no one except their photographer, who can turn their loneliness to gold. Apart from this Svengali, men have no place in their world. These maidens' pride and confidence seem unassailable, but their beauty can be stripped of its magic by the wrong photographer or by the intrusion of the world upon their reverie. Few advertisements can ever capture their quality, because here a product must be made to seem more important than a face or a mood. (The most dignified cosmetic advertisements are an exception, since the product is already deep in mystery and deception and is well served by techniques that make life appear blurred.) They are aristocrats by virtue of their cheekbones and their flagrant distance from reality. Lesser females, seeing them, can feel free of prices, sizes, and envy, and settle back to dream a little.

Baudelaire, who considered any defense of nature misguided and defense of naturalness in women utterly insane, would have snorted to see periodicals start meddling with life when their strength is built on frosting. Even if the switch were desirable, they are ill equipped to make it. As so often happens when people and institutions think they hear the tumbrels of relevance, fashion photography has simply substituted a new, less dignified unreality for an earlier kind. But the move was made because many women apparently found tranquillity infuriating. It became fashionable to denounce the queenly images in fashion magazines as hotbeds of bourgeois fantasy and fomenters of dissatisfaction. Liberated girls despised decorated objects on pedestals; as they began to think, they saw how dreams had cheated them. People began to mutter that the clothes they saw were too expensive or unwearable, quite as if it mattered. As women changed, so did fashion. The idea that any part of fashion should appear aristocratic became increasingly repellent. If there were no heroes, and no artisans to serve them, why waste time with quality? Suddenly, even the rich didn't want to look rich. (One fashion magazine, in a list of questions it urged its followers to ask about their wardrobes, included "Does it look too expensive?") Fashion became democratic, and a subject upon which everybody took a tiny, dutiful stand. Badly dressed women spoke, with a glint in their eye, of putting down scheming designers. Because it seemed to represent a kind of authority, beauty had to stand in line for reëxamination. In the bright light of this reappraisal, the image of perfect beauty in a perfect mood began to



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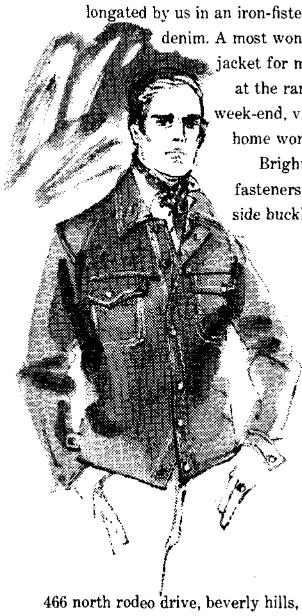

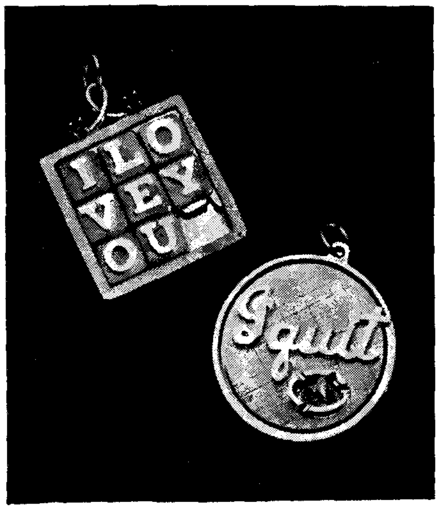

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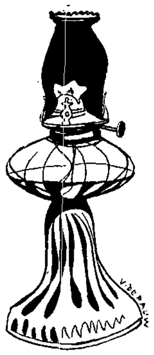
shrink and fall away. An insubstantial image can offer scant resistance to an onslaught of condemnations; it came to seem that cannons had been turned upon a butterfly.

So happiness is in, and muscles will be worn. It is no longer enough to be slim; you have to show the world that you can jump and click your heels in the air. Languor is quite unforgivable. Even as fashion photographs promote the gymnastic kind of life that makes frisky clothes necessary, the clothes themselves determine the way they are presented. When wearing shorts, it is best to keep moving, and it is hard to be aloof in candy-striped knickers. Today, most fashions are designed for those who are willing to laugh as they wear them. Fashion magazines are filled with pictures of girls too busy to stand mooning for the benefit of dreamers. Models rush past us, breathlessly, to share a joke with someone off the page. If they chance to remember the spectator, they give us a careless wave of their hats. Most photographs seem to have been taken in a wind tunnel; models move so swiftly that their hair streams out behind them, and skirts billow in such odd ways that they seem made for girls with three legs. Life, according to these glimpses of it, is an endless, perfect party, where each guest is programmed to relate. Girls are seen in pairs, with linked arms, sharing a joke. Arrogant mouths and melancholy eyes are things of the past; all is open-mouthed hilarity. Men have popped up everywhere, bringing further camaraderie and even heartier laughs. The observer has the discomfiting impression that the photographer is having a good time, too. It is clear that the happy and healthy course is fraught with pitfalls. If the static school of lonely beauties introduced the possibility that life wasn't all it might have been, all these new get-togethers make the spectator feel flabby and left out. In a world that seems so abundantly full of happiness, she begins to feel deprived of her just share. If the new poses are intended to sell clothes, they are no improvement; calisthenics and contortions will not mask the hard truth that many fashions, and most photogenic ones, are unwearable. And while hoots and grins are sometimes heartwarming in life, they are never beautiful in photographs. It may be that elegance—beautiful women wearing clothes beautifully—is incompatible with gaiety, since women who pin their lives on their beauty and its adornment are very rarely happy. But fashion photography concluded that beauty, after all, was dispensable and is giving *joie de vivre* a whirl.



With all this captive action, the new fashion photographs seem to play at being movies. In fact, in recent years it was the stiffer and more formal poses of fashion photographs that offered partial compensation for the loss of elegance in movies. It is rare now to see movie actresses in striking examples of contemporary clothes, and the high spots of films have long ceased to depend on dress. Garbo and Dietrich moved through almost every role with their wardrobes as co-stars; of their successors, perhaps Catherine Deneuve and Audrey Hepburn come closest to being related to their clothes in this way. But both women are more like models than actresses. Some English films in which the idea of fashion played a big part came along in the last decade, but this idea had less to do with elegance and women than with Britain's announcement that it now found finery more fun than morals. With "Blow-Up," whose hero was a fashion photographer, movies and fashion photographs apparently fused. At the time of "Blow-Up," a fashion photographer was indeed a filler of the void and a weaver of dreams. His images could call up something of the joy once inspired by visions of satin and chinchilla sweeping down Hollywood's interminable marble stairs. But he has since chosen to burn his books and be reduced to one of the laughing gang.

The aristocratic mood in fashion photographs is never captured by a group. It grows out of the union of two single elements—a photographer's skill and a model's beauty. Few teams have such impeccable credentials as Jean Shrimpton and the photographer most closely associated with her, David Bailey. The image they have wrought lies deep within each follower of fashion. Miss Shrimpton's pedigree is in her bright blue eyes, her marvellously well-turned head, and her childish, vulnerable limbs. And Mr. Bailey sees that she never betrays her beauty. Few observers would bother their heads with how her outfits might suit them. Her lips are always slightly parted, and she is not given to sprinting or grimacing. She is unapproachable in her diffidence and ageless in her innocence. The new photographic techniques are too clumsy and too hurried to catch the combination of child and sage that once crowned studies of beauty. Fashion magazines are more preoccupied than ever with the tricks of looking like a young woman; although they have always liked to hint that lovely faces are immortal, they now proclaim, in addition, that supple bodies never die. This forces the illusion and breaks the spell. And—perhaps it is merely that models, like policemen, get younger as their observer's age remains the same—the new grins distinctly seem to emphasize their wearers' youth. But as long as Jean Shrimpton stares quietly out from fashion magazines, they will still be purveyors of dreams. The same might be said of Naomi Sims. Her person floats far above such terrestrial matters as sales. That she is black additionally frees many of her admirers from disaffected comparisons, and forestalls the notion that if they dieted or got their hair done they might in any way resemble her. In one recent photograph of Miss Sims by Irving Penn, rainbow-colored chiffon ripples over one of her gleaming, bony shoulders and veils her naked torso. One hand is on her hipbone, the other at her waist. A golden breastplate, like a temple gong, hangs below a necklace python-curled around her endless neck. Except for some stray, delicate loops, her hair lies close to her small skull. Her face is brushed with pink, and large, discreetly contemptuous eyes gaze out through circles of lapis shadow. The kind of intelligence we appreciate in photographic beauty is a physical one: the person of Miss Sims is amply endowed with a kind of nerve-end understanding that life is often very sad. The portrait of the black American model tricked out as a bird of paradise in the idealized (and therefore inoffensive) trappings of an African tribeswoman is wreathed in ironies. But irony—a far nobler form of humor than slapstick—only makes her beauty more distinct. Age and intelligence are not as important in dreamland as they are in the world, and they are measured by different yardsticks. In that purely visual realm, a black skin is simply a challenge to the lens and a key to riotous fantasy.

In the older fashion pictures, beauties were rarely burdened with lives and names; for the greater part of their careers Miss Sims and Miss Shrimpton were not identified. But unnamed beauties are now rare in the important places in magazines, since it has become shameful to present a photograph of a girl without announcing that modelling is only a sideline with her, and that she is more interested in

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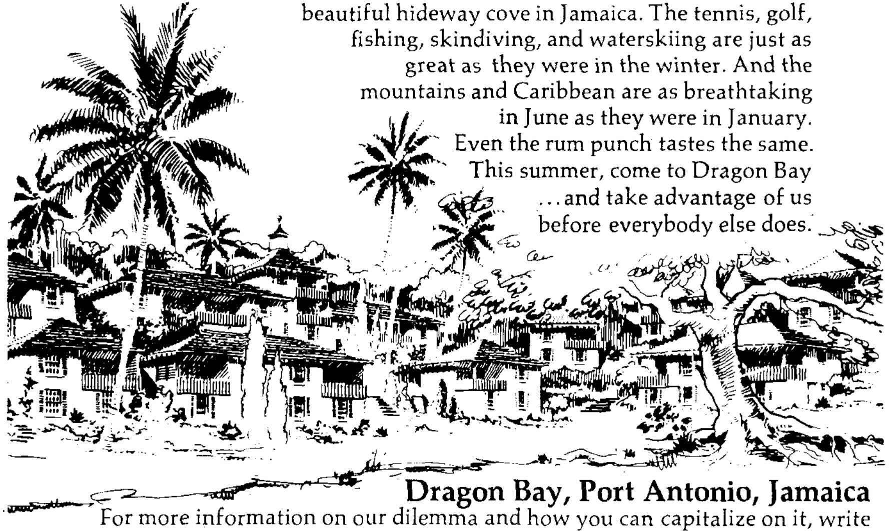

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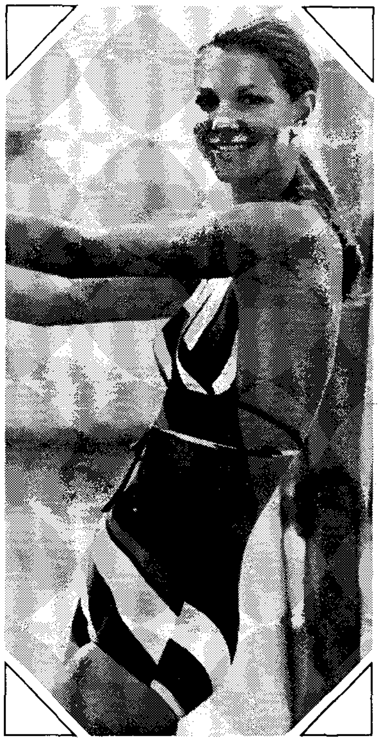

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her life as a novelist, an actress, or the daughter of a countess. While women's interest in the images of other women undoubtedly springs, in part, from an urge to cling to the skirts of fame—an urge that led, in earlier times, to compiling scrapbooks of royalty or brooding over movie stars' divorces—this is the basest aspect of our taste for photographs, and the spectator who limits her curiosity to the way a beauty holds her head or rests her hand is better rewarded. But fashion magazines now seem to despise this gentle, visual interest. An attractive, dark-haired woman, through no particular fault of her own, united all the flaws of the newly realistic artificiality when she appeared recently in an issue of one such periodical that devoted itself to the theme of "Twenty Years of Looking Thirty." The routines she follows in order to cling to that sacred birthday—beyond which, apparently, beauty, like people, cannot be trusted—are closely described in the text: she is a former model who had the wit to renounce that drudgery *in order to devote herself to other hectic* interests, which include being a mother and an editor of the magazine in which she appears. In a photograph, she is caught galloping along with her two young daughters. All three heads are tossing and all three mouths are laughing.

The rules of dreamland are not inflexible. The classic portrait of beauty is usually a solitary woman, but a restrained maternity—one, that is, where the woman still looks lonely, and the infant is simply a foil or an accessory—is sometimes acceptable. But if a woman is surrounded by competitors and companions, by exuberant youngsters with mouths to feed and socks to darn, she becomes too much of a threat to peace. In the same way, while the traditional backdrop is pristine blankness or a tangle of far-flung vegetation, background may also include possessions, as long as their owner does not look too tied by them. And fame may be numbered among these possessions, as long as it is well established and discreetly worn. But the observer cannot feel at ease if full-fledged personalities come whirling down on her from nowhere. If the outsider is not to be jolted about while she is musing on beauty, the appearance of the woman observed must take clear precedence over any life or feelings she may chance to have. Henry Clarke photographed Audrey Hepburn Dotti in her house in Switzerland for a magazine recently, and Joshua Reynolds could scarcely have caught the scent of ordered indolence and the

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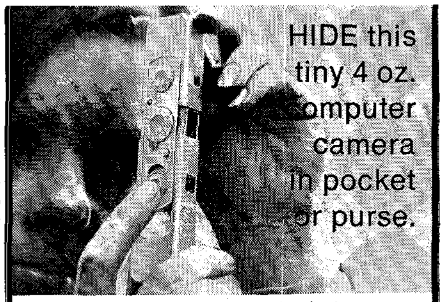

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self-sufficiency of beauty more fully. The ethereal Miss Hepburn is discovered early on a summer day in her boudoir, poised among her belongings—which happen to include an infant son. Almost everything is white (including the wicker furniture and the jackets of her books) or powder blue (including the rug and the sleeping suit of the solemn child perched on his mother's crossed knee). There is no sign of Dr. Dotti. This simplicity is thoughtfully arranged—unseen hands must starch the lace at Miss Hepburn's hem, clean out the snowy cage containing her canaries, and gather the petals as they fall from the overblown roses on her writing desk—and the intimacy is something less than genuine. But in the picture Miss Hepburn remains completely private. Wealth can often secure the appearance of tranquillity, and when its presence is felt a regal mood will often prevail. (It is almost impossible, for instance, not to build a photographic dreamland around the exquisite clothes of Norman Norell; these are habitually described as "inimitable," which means very expensive indeed.) Because of this, what remains of the formal fashion portrait has by now merged completely with the portrait of the Society Beauty or the Famous Beauty. If the way of life remains subsidiary, beauty can still be pure, but a name, wealth, and even a beautiful face are valueless if style and peace are absent from the picture. The record of a Famous Beauty in her setting has a longer tradition and may prove a more tenacious form of romanticism than the portrait of the unnamed beauty with nothing but her grace and someone else's clothes. But it is sadly possible that even the ideal lady in her ideal home will shortly be swept away, or will be joined by leapers, laughers, real children, and men. If that invasion takes place, the myth of elegance will be forever lost.

—KENNEDY FRASER

•

Lakeside Homes residents would lose about two-thirds of an approximately 12-acre nameless lake dug from a cranberry. It apparently is not subject to state conservation controls.—*Asbury Park (N.J.) Press.*

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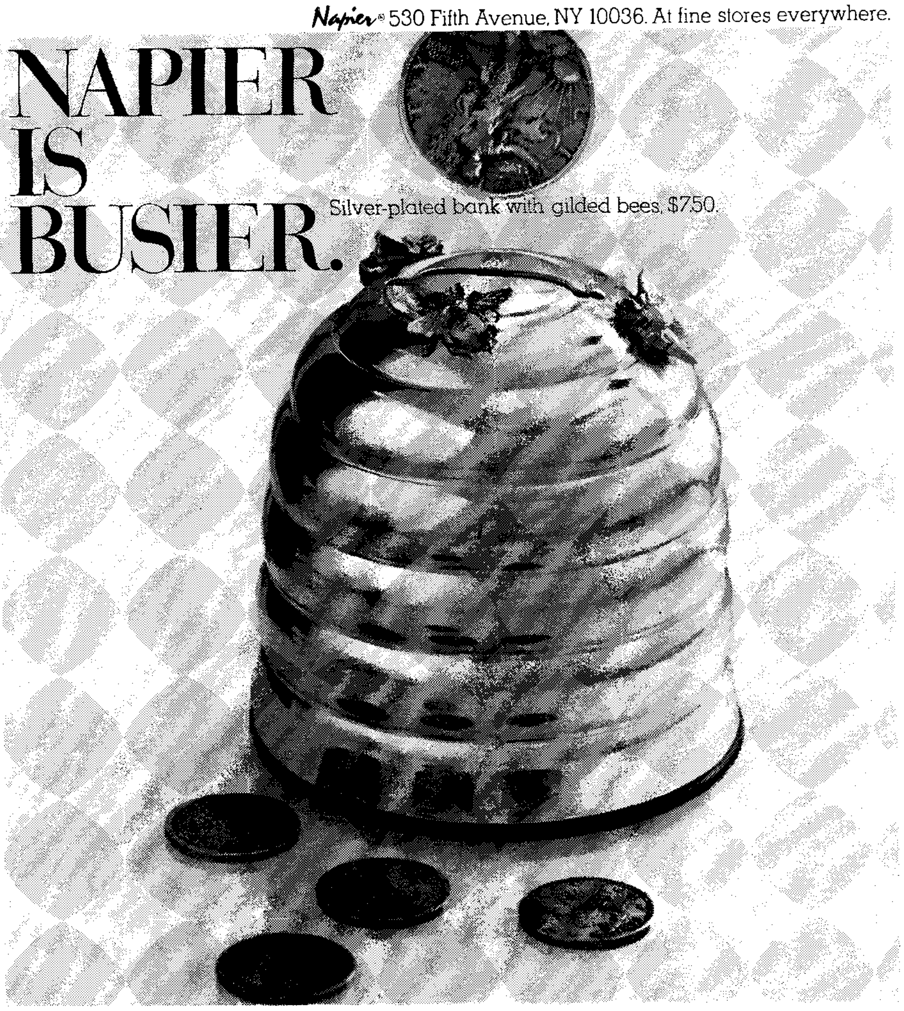
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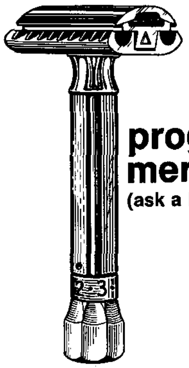

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OXFORD VISIT

THREE months after arriving in London, where I was to work for a year in a publishing firm with American affiliations, I received an invitation from the Misses Edith and Claudia Gardener, a pair of octogenarian sisters, to visit them at Northwood, their home in Oxford. Both were retired dons, musicians, and friends of great-aunts of mine in Boston. "Go see them if they ask you," my Aunt Elizabeth had said. "We have told them you're coming. Of course, they don't suffer fools gladly, but it will be an experience for you." The invitation—which hyphenated my last name with a middle name I never used—suggested the following Saturday. I had just time to buy suitable writing paper and send off an acceptance. Back came a telegram: "MEET YOU AT STATION WEARING WHITE ARMBANDS GARDENER."

At a cold, early hour on Saturday, I boarded a train at Paddington Station and then watched rain stream down the windows while the train jiggled its way across Middlesex and Berkshire. When it pulled into the Oxford station, I had no trouble recognizing the ladies, who were waiting by the main gate. Tall, sturdy, and gray-haired, each wore a suit of heavy tweed, a thick sweater, stout walking oxfords, and a white handkerchief tied around her right sleeve. "Here you are. Lovely!" the taller lady greeted me as I walked toward them. "I am Edith and this is Claudia. Come along, now."

We climbed into a large old motorcar, which Claudia piloted through the mid-Oxford traffic and out the Banbury Road, and halted in front of an enormous Victorian house. Fanciful turrets and battlements decorated its upper stories, but all of it was built of solid red brick. The ladies and I made our way beneath the wet shrubbery overhanging the front walk, and entered the main hall. Its walls were papered in a dark green, patterned with fleurs-de-lis, which matched the carpeting on the floor and staircase. Edith waved her hand at it all. "William Morris. The Museum wants it, of course, but they can't have it before we're dead."

She led the way to a gloomy sitting room. Through the windows I could see part of the back garden, beaten down by rain, and a white stone wing extending like a graft from the house. "That chapel belonged to the dear daughter of our greatest poet laureate," said Claudia, nodding at it. "We keep it as a music wing for our concerts. Do sit down."

I sat, on a green plush divan. An elderly man in brown tweeds entered the room, and I stood up, anxious to be polite.

"Bartlett, will you have a go at the clock, please," said Edith. "It won't keep the *right* time, but we might have it a bit nearer than it is now."

Bartlett walked silently over to a clock that stood on the mantelpiece, wound it, and retired. I sat down again. Claudia lit the gas fire, and both sisters seated themselves in oversized stuffed armchairs on either side of the hearth.

"How is your Aunt Elizabeth?" Edith asked.

As I started to reply, a young, dark-haired, sallow man crept into the room. Though I was sure I had never met him, his pointed features seemed familiar. "Oh, this is St. John," Edith said, pronouncing it "Sinjin." "You know his father, of course."

I realized then that St. John was the son of an eminent, ferocious, and frequently photographed history don. He stared directly at the floor.

"St. John, this is our little friend from America, where we know her dear Aunts Elizabeth and Dorothea."

Continuing to gaze upon the floor, St. John raised his hand and extended it slightly in front of him. "Pleased," he hissed sharply as my hand touched his, and he instantly dropped his arm to his side.

"St. John is violin, you know, so he stays with us when he is here," said Claudia. She looked at her wristwatch. "Time for luncheon."

She led us along the hall, where a maid was waiting by the open door of a dumbwaiter, and into the dining room. There was a bottle of cider by each place. The maid brought in a hot boiled chicken, dishes of carrots in white sauce, boiled cabbage, boiled potatoes, and Brussels sprouts. The Gardeners talked to me about the Oxford colleges, things to be enjoyed in London, and my aunts. St. John had transferred his gaze from the floor to his plate, and did not speak. However, he was not silent. He hummed parts of various symphonies and concertos to himself and accompanied his humming with expansive conductor's gestures. The sisters noticed this no more than he did our conversation, and I tried to keep from staring. For dessert, there was hot treacle pudding with custard.

AT the close of the meal, Edith said to me, "We'll have hot water and do the dishes here. It saves them so much trouble in the kitchen."

Kettles of hot water, towels, and several basins too large for the dumbwaiter were carried up the stairs from the basement kitchen by the cook and the maid. Newspapers were spread over the table to keep it dry, and St. John did the washing up while the Gardeners and I dried. Then St. John disappeared. The maid carried the clean dishes out to the dumbwaiter, and she and the cook took the washing implements back down the stairs.

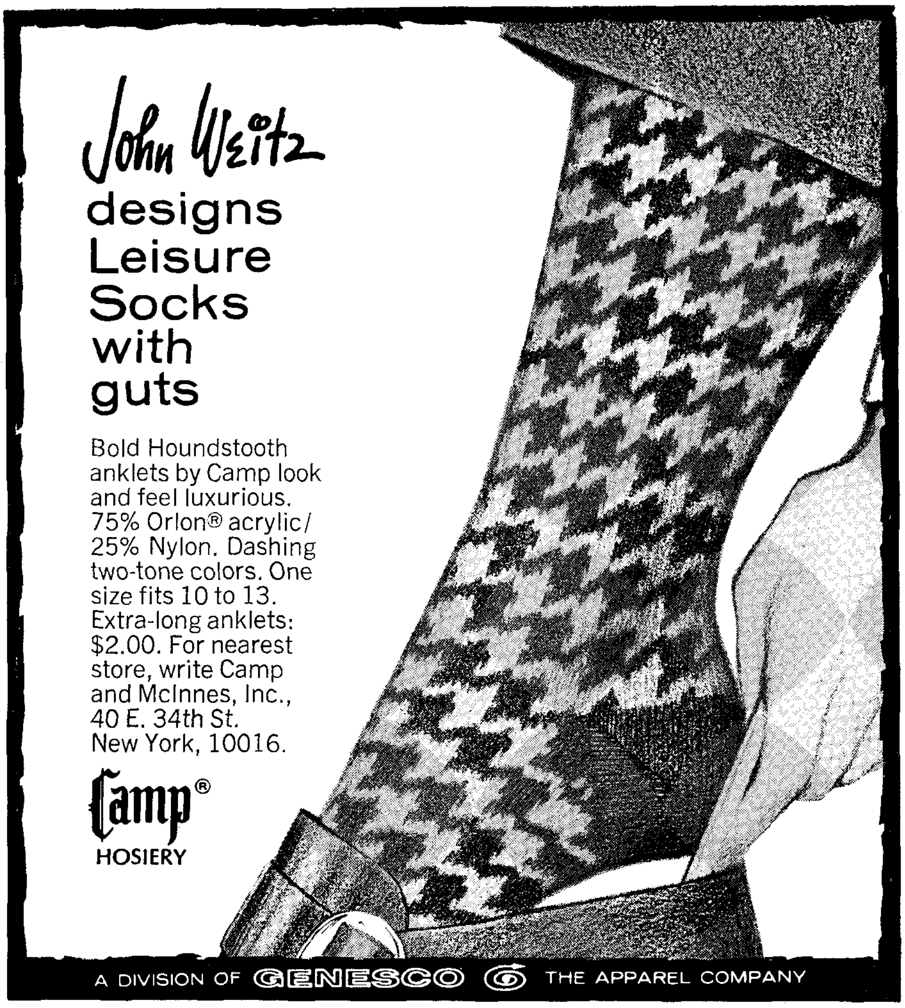
When all was tidy, Claudia consulted her watch again. "Sister and I have to go to a funeral now," she said to me. "We'll leave you off by New College—you must see the colleges, of course. You can have a look round and come back in two hours."

In a few minutes, the Gardeners were clad in academic robes, I had put on my raincoat, and the three of us went out through the shrubbery to the car.

They let me out by the entrance to New College cloister. Rain made the columns of the cloister shine, and pools fed by tributary streams covered most of the stone floor. Rain blowing through the arches dampened the back walls. I couldn't stand it. Pulling my coat over my head, I left New College, set off down the street, and dived into the first teashop I saw. I took a seat as far as possible from the front window, ordered tea and sandwiches, of which I ate every crust, and read part of a smudged little "Guide to Oxford" left by someone who had occupied the table before me. After two hours, the rain still poured. I pulled my coat over my head in the shop doorway and set off for Northwood. The maid, now in uniform, let me in.

"My dear child, you are absolutely soaking!" cried Edith, coming to meet me as I squelched into the front hall. "Sister, we must have some dry shoes. Run up and find a pair."

I protested that I was quite all right, really, but Claudia went upstairs and came back with a pair of the stout walking oxfords. I did not see how I could politely say that they were too big. I put my feet into them and shuffled into the sitting room. As I entered, two young Indian men got up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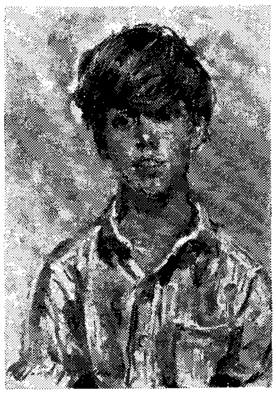

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from the green plush divan. They had been invited for tea, I guessed. I saw them staring at my feet.

"This is our little friend from America," said Edith. "Her aunt fried forty eggs on top of the stove for us without a frying pan when we were in the States."

The Indians' stares went from my feet to my face and back again. They smiled politely.

"And this is Hassain, who plays the cello, and his cousin Ali," said Edith. "His father was a Blue at Balliol. India. I must go see about the tea."

"America is a most interesting country," said the cellist.

"Thank you. India is, too," I replied.

In silence, we sat down. The maid brought in a silver tea tray and a plate of crumpets. Claudia picked up a poker from beside the fireplace and ran the end of it through a crumpet. "You have a go at toasting," she told me.

I shuffled over to the fireplace and crouched down, glad for something to do, and that in this position my skirt hid the shoes. The cellist took away the toasted crumpets, which Claudia buttered, and brought a fresh supply. His cousin stood up and studied a portrait of Mendelssohn on the wall over the divan.

Suddenly Edith appeared at the door. "Sorry, but we must go upstairs at once," she said. "Sister, you stay here and mind the tea. Come along, now. Straight up."

She headed for the stairs. The Indians dashed out, following her. Struggling with the shoes, I brought up the rear.

"Now, into the bedrooms," said Edith, at the top of the flight. "Switch on the electric fires, and take mattresses off beds."

"Yes, certainly, at once. But what is the reason?" asked the cellist.

"The mattresses must be aired and heated," she said. "Cook has just heard of someone who *died* from sleeping in a damp bed. We do not want that to happen here."

In the first bedroom, she switched on the fire while the young men and I yanked the mattress off the springs and propped it up against the side of the huge bed. After four more rooms, we returned, winded, to the sitting room and tea. The Indians and I now found ourselves able to converse effortlessly on the topic of English weather. St. John came in, nodded at the cellist, and drank three cups of tea in aggressive silence. The Gardeners

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discussed household matters for a little while.

Then Claudia turned to me. "My dear, I have often wondered what a young American's opinion would be. What are your feelings about 'Northanger Abbey'?" Grateful for a sophomore course on the English novel, I said that while I liked it, I thought Jane Austen had written better.

"Yes, of course," said Claudia. "Some would say 'Emma' was their very favorite. I think I might. How would you vote?"

I replied that I had loved "Emma."

"Now—the usual controversy—why do you prefer it to 'Persuasion'?"

I said I had not read "Persuasion."

"You have not read all of Jane Austen?"

I told her that I was afraid I had not.

"Oh, my *dear*," said Claudia, with pity. There was a complete silence.

"I think it is nearly time for your train," said Edith finally.

We all rose. The Gardeners and I put on our coats, and I got back my own damp shoes. I said goodbye to the cellist and his cousin, who smiled politely once again, and to St. John, who did not reply but seemed relieved. In the hall, the maid brought Claudia a brown-paper parcel, and then we got into the car and drove to the station. The sisters each bought a threepenny ticket to wait on the platform with me.

When the train jolted in, Claudia handed me the parcel. "The journey takes over an hour," she said. "You may feel a bit peckish. It is always a good idea to have something to eat when you travel."

I shook hands and thanked them, and climbed aboard. The sisters flanked the main gate like guardians, standing at attention until the train should get under way. Turning to the parcel, I found wedges of Cheddar and Camembert cheese, a bar of Cadbury's chocolate, and a package of digestive biscuits. There was also a note in the hand that had written my invitation. It was addressed to the cook and had apparently been included by accident: "Americans are fond of 'snacks.' Ours not to reason why. Please find something for the child to eat on the train."

I waved out the window as the train left Oxford behind.

—BARBARA VROOM

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NIXON SEEKS STRESS
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—*Mexico City News.*

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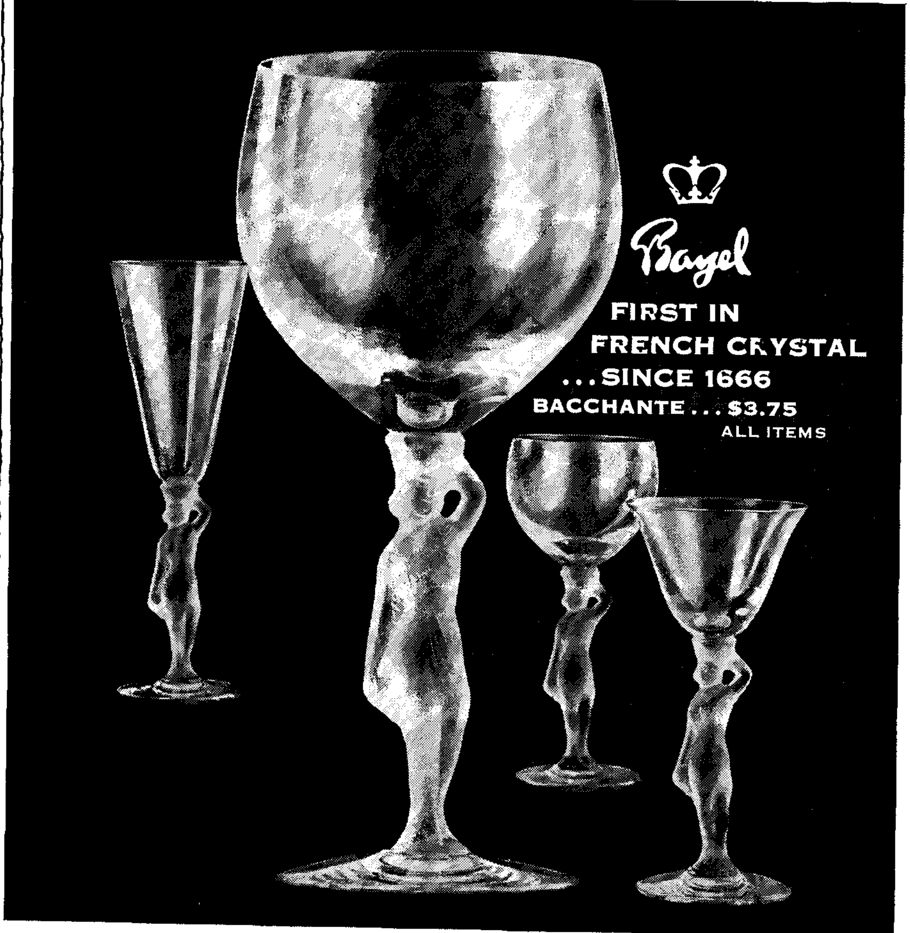

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

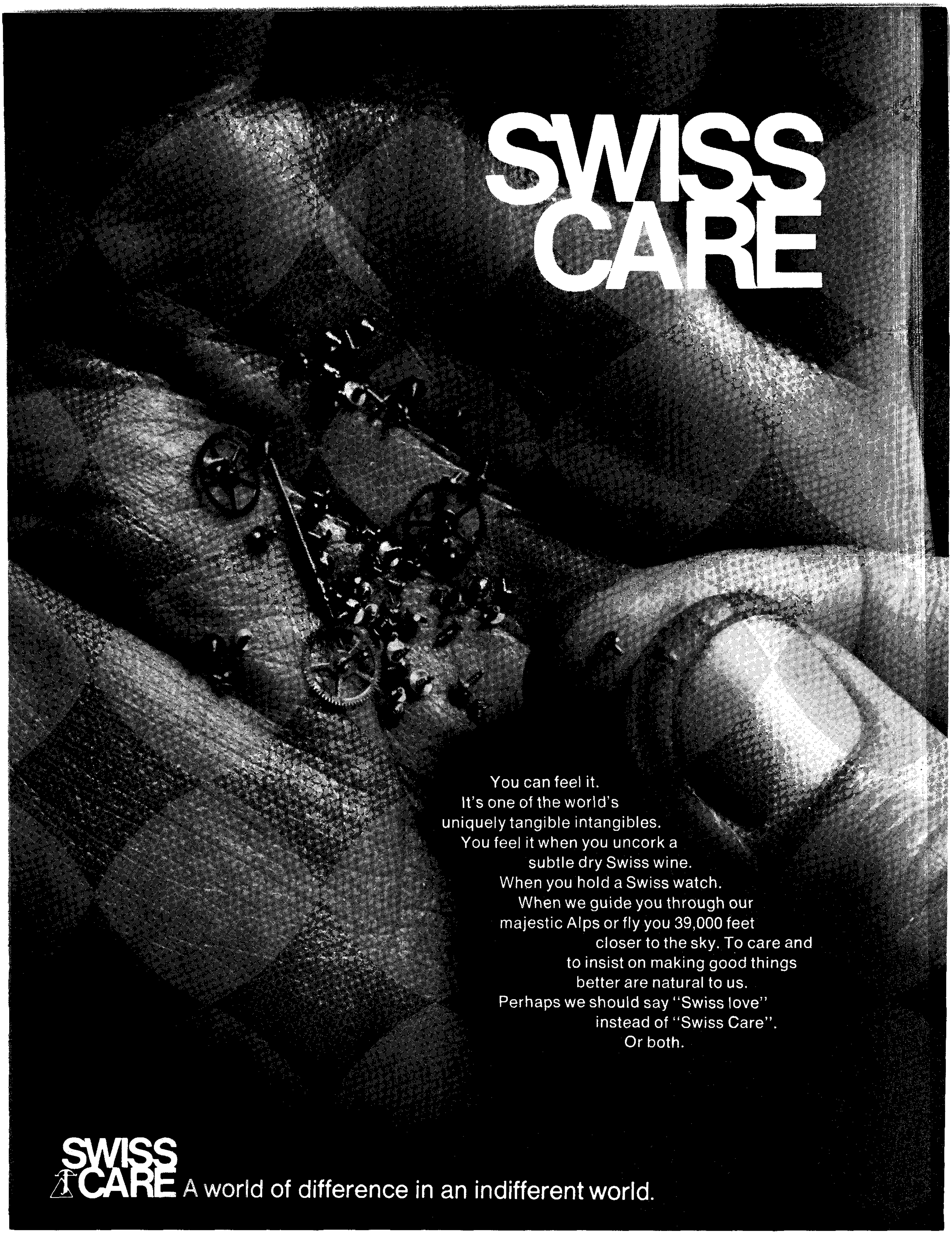
Godard Proceeding

JEAN-LUC GODARD won hatred for "See You at Mao" and "Pravda." He had rejected his own past films: he called his own "Breathless" bourgeois; he set up the Dziga-Vertov filmmaking group to produce movies in which conventionally antagonistic people would work together and the legend of the director as *auteur* might be quashed. Now he has made "Vladimir and Rosa," for which he is likely to be hissed. We always take it out of our poets when they change gauge, and Godard remains a poet, although he truly means now to be only a didacticist and an inquirer; it is the case of Brecht, whose wit, amplitude, and courtesy of observation confound the angry theory all the time.

Godard begins here with photographs of Lenin, and with a discussion addressed to himself about the meaning of theory and practice, about the economics of making a new revolutionary film with the loot and guile acquired from the one before, and about how to show a political fact politically. He is honestly troubled for the young. Education, work, the draft and the Army, cops and prison: the struggle is worst in four areas, says the commentary, doing its best to be infuriatingly trite and not quite making it. Godard tries to be unseductive, dogmatic, and documentary, but what he chooses to show is constantly beautiful, hesitant, and raised into the fictional. He is making a film about many things. On the surface, it is about the Chicago trial. Judge Hoffman is enacted by a dowager-faced man with his hair parted in the middle. He has a magazine of nude girls in front of him, and he doodles on it when he seems to be taking legal notes. Yet Godard can't quite manage to make his idea of the man a travesty; it isn't within his powers. The shots of Hoffman are stylized, intercut with beautiful Victorian compositions of jurors whose dulled interest may suddenly be caught so that their heads are pulled toward an unseen speaker on one string, like something in an understaffed puppet theatre. The Judge is often shown to be fascinated and intelligent. His arms twice jerk upward across his eyes in a marvellously theatrical gesture of a settled man's feud with the new. Godard uses Brechtian parable-stagings of cops and riot handling. He himself appears, looking stern, having fun. He puts as much distance as a film director can ever have put between actor and character, between lesson and playing, between identification and distant, untearful scrutiny. And yet his film's nature is sometimes greatly moving in its simple devotedness. He knows, for instance, how people live together. There is a Women's Lib girl and her love in the film: we know in two seconds that they are crazy about each other and are struggling to cope on new ground. The girl keeps on relentlessly printing revolutionary posters on the floor, as if nothing else were on her mind. The man flails. He tries to understand. So do we all. In one marvellous shot, when she seems furious and when Godard doesn't press on us that they much like each other, she simply gets him to stand behind her, in closeup, with his hands just showing round her head, and to speak from behind her in echo: "Try to think with my voice." The rage and ache of the shot are so clear, the point graphically so beautiful, that Women's Lib explains itself for good. It is not about man-hating or about wages, this; it is the question of fiction, the question of comment, and also the question of living with somebody—the question of imagining what it is like to be someone else.

"I knew it! Sir Eric hasn't the guts to come out when there's real fighting!"

Godard's film has the tone of notes to himself: "It is more important to link conclusions to experience than to other conclusions." It experiments with images of an empty red chair, standing for Bobby Seale's absence from the Chicago trial. Godard scrutinizes himself fiercely about everything. It all comes into question. The black frames he has used since 1968? They hid a vacuity, he



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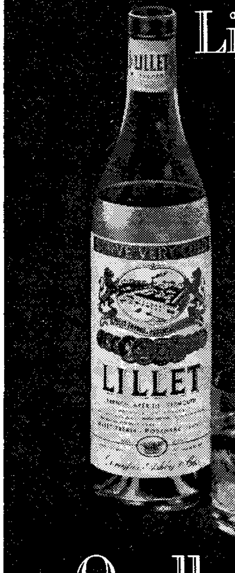

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implies. They were nothing but cryptic. A bladeless knife without even a handle. "They weren't black," he says. "They were colored, just as in any James Bond movie." He is too harsh with himself here, of course. He can't be crass if he tries, though he has often tried hard. His sensibility is as delicate and intractable as usual in these new films-of-revolution: his political thought can't hope to equal the poetry of his style or the stab of his questions. He also has a glorious dry sense of humor. This film has a recurring sequence of an interviewed radical and a man with a mike affably tripping up and down beside each other alongside a tennis net in the middle of a doubles game; the conflicting absorption is terribly funny, and so is our own worry about whether the ball is going to hit the interviewer, and so is our greater fascination with the game than with what is being said—a game that pulls our heads as the testimony in the Chicago trial pulls the jurors'.

Godard has taught us a lot. His nervous films make us realize that living is to read a text that we can't decipher except in fragments. He knows when lovers' eyes meet and when they look away. He shows us halfway people giving away their bodies but preserving their spirits. Like TV newsreels, he has taught us to take in stray leads on behavior very fast. He expresses a modern sort of anger with himself for inventing offhand romantics who so celebrate a life without afterthoughts, action without foreseen results, for that is exactly the opposite of what he dialectically thinks. "Breathless" precisely contradicts the effort of "Vladimir and Rosa." But, being who he is, Godard in this new, anti-romantically intended film still makes us see his central girl's wish to be understood by a particular loved man prevailing over her demagogic anger.

His is always a cinema of literacy. When he thought he was making a Bogart movie, he was making "Alice in Wonderland." "Le Petit Soldat" is full of nostalgia for the Spanish Civil War as well as loathing for the situation in Algeria. His contempt for functionaries is as much an artist's as a revolutionary's. When he makes films disconnectedly—with jump cuts, or with this particular movie's music-hall-sketch shape—he gives you the feeling that he is finding separate things at the bottom of a mine which have to be brought to the light even if we are pit ponies and now blinded. He has taught us to look at faces. It wasn't Coutard's famous photography that originated

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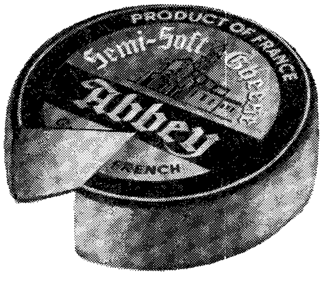

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these inescapable studies of intransigent faces in closeup against walls, standing for the generation without parents and without backgrounds, for people who are the authors of themselves. (The cameraman isn't credited, on Godard's new principle of filmmaking, but he isn't Coutard.) It shows us Godard's idea of the way it is to be alive. On your own, face front, back against the wall. The faces are often silent for a long time. Then, after seeming to be icons, they speak, and you look with the freshness of listening to the first talkies, when well-known faces suddenly acquired voices. It is like the hallucination—it must be common—that a baby being fed with a bottle can suddenly seem to push the bottle away and speak a full-grown sentence.

Godard shows the inside of things by staying outside, and he remains light. If you look at someone long, he says, it is like looking at the sun. You will stop seeing at all. His films' frail existence can become eloquent and upsetting in itself. It is like the lives of his people: sometimes they can manage, sometimes they can't. This is what makes his pictures moving in their person: they have glimpses of a grace that they achieve only now and then.

"LA COLLECTIONNEUSE" was written and directed by Eric Rohmer before the hypnotizing "My Night at Maud's." The story of the non-night with the sumptuous Maud is a droll masterpiece, wonderful about the way old friends talk, true and fresh about a very European attitude that treats flesh as if it were a buffoon of a companion to have through a life. The picture is highbrow to a degree, but amused by that, and tender. "La Collectionneuse" hasn't a very sure sense of the ridiculous, or much love, and Rohmer's command of a wry style all his own hasn't yet gathered itself to a point. The film was actually made to be the third in his "Six Moral Tales," with "My Night at Maud's" following it, then "Claire's Knee," and with "Love in the Afternoon" still to come. "Six Contes Moraux" rings less offputtingly in French; in English it offers nothing very much to buoy anyone up—like a birthday present from a vicar that turns out to be a book of his own sermons called "A Sunday for Every Day of the Week."

"La Collectionneuse" is sealed in a world of time off. It moves with the tread of a very long summer holiday, spent with three characters who seem already to have been on holiday all year. It makes you long very much for

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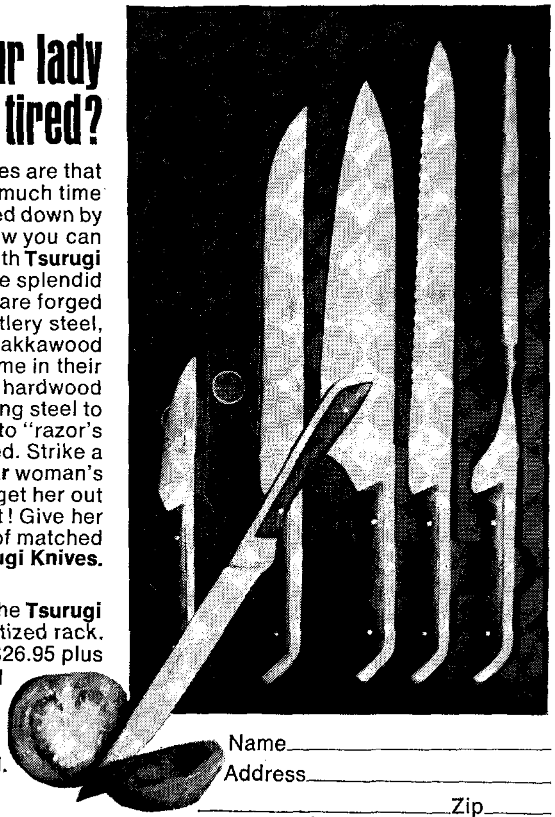

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an island, and then, even more strongly, for the next flight out—the effect of Cyril Connolly's "The Rock Pool," but not as well executed. Swimming, bare feet, dazing sun, underwater plants waving like the tails of grudging cats, the insomnia that comes of having nothing particular to do at any particular time, sexual moves contemplated and discarded like chess in the head, high-flown books read in a spirit of guerrilla war against some combatant's even loftier choice not to read but to spend the next half hour tapping his espadrilles on the tiles. For all the ravishing studies of brown legs and crooks of elbows and backs of knees, lust isn't here. There can never have been a film of so many limbs that don't thrash. Rohmer is showing us a landscape of eroticism where the erotic has stalled. It tickles him to show us sensuality with the nerve of longing removed, bookish people privately discontent to know that they are learning nothing new, stinginess in prodigal circumstances, feasts looked at without appetite, the heresy of losing one's hunger for the possible. Rohmer is a religious man.

The structure that interests him in this film is much the same as the one he made for "My Night at Maud's." In the middle, there is a quizzically seen prig with the body of a male model, called Adrien. On his right, Daniel, a much more attractive character, because he isn't in Adrien's state of catatonic absorption in his own looks: an alert, witty man with the pointed face of some famous rattle of eighteenth-century society. (There is a wonderful scene, absolutely French, in which Adrien rouses himself to be bitchy to a trusting boy who believes him when he says that he is an oculist and that the boy's sunglasses are going to wreck his eyes; Daniel looks on, and his entertained mind seems the most vivid thing in the frame.) Circling around the two men, flouncing about in a bikini as big as a couple of belts, there is a German-souled girl called Haydée, indifferent, lush, impervious, with the huge mouth of the newborn and impulses that are pre-moral. Adrien is an egoist who cultivates his egoism rigorously. A flicker of care for anyone else would tincture its purity. He tells us that he never wears a watch or looks at a calendar. His idea of courage is dandyism on no money, and he manages it; the emotional cost is great, but not to him. He is thinking of starting a gallery in the autumn. In the meantime, he has nothing to do, and he decides to excel in this nothing. He observes his fragile, stalemated impulses of thought or love quite

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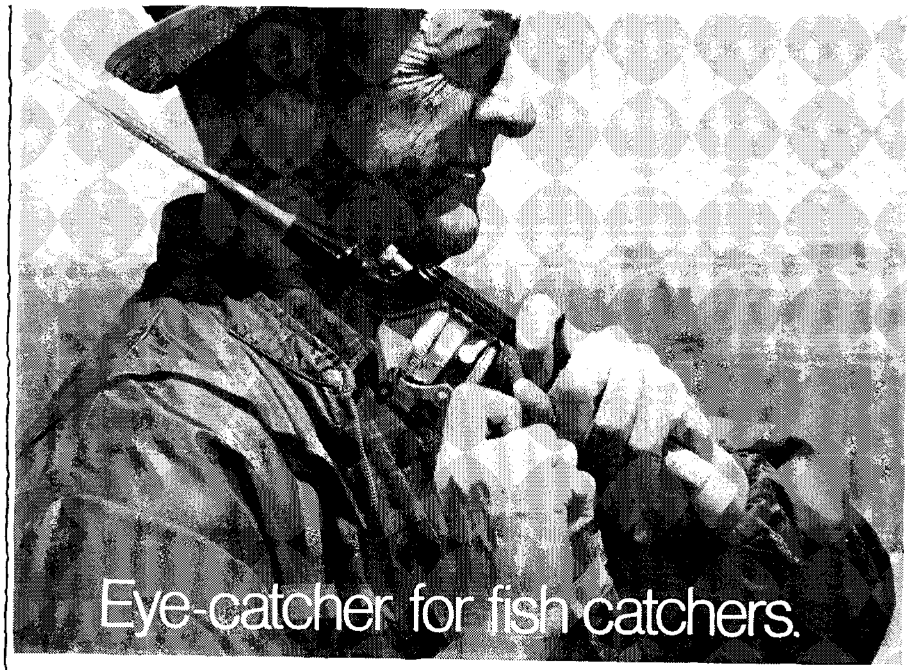
vacantly, as if they were waving seaweeds and he a lidless trout. Daniel is his friend, but friendship impinges on his aesthetic of unflawed nullity. So does his interest in Haydée, who is Daniel's girl when she can be bothered. For his own punitive reasons, Adrien manages to sour the possible conviviality in Daniel and the possible fun in Haydée, choosing instead to pickle himself in a state of sulky monkishness for the sake of a girl whom we saw him with at the very start of the picture. The girl wanted to be with him, wanted him to go with her to London. He prefers misery. The film is about a man intent on refining his natural accidie, his grand systematization of sloth and grumps, as though personality were an objet d'art. Rohmer now and then gives him voice-over comments on himself, delivered in high solemnity, as if he were a televised monarch in an abbey and marrying himself. The film is in French, but Adrien's unseen voice speaks English; the switch is ventriloquial and makes you jump.

The title of the film is a pun. There is a mannered art buyer in it who knows how many degrees centigrade an ancient Chinese pottery elephant's ears were baked at, and there is also Haydée, who collects men. One of Rohmer's points is that any collector of a series of possessions misses the essence that is in a single one. The idea would be jubilant if you ever saw his central character with the one.

IN a cheerful frame of mind, one can think of Kent Mackenzie's "Saturday Morning" as the end of civilization. If so, good riddance to us, for then maybe there will be a new race who will know better, given a little luck, given a little luck. "Saturday Morning" is a piece of *cinéma vérité* about a clutch of high-school kids of seventeen or so having a marathon group-therapy session. The session as filmed lasts an hour and a half, cut down from six days. Actually, looking at it, you don't feel that *any* time has been cut.

The affair goes on in the open air in California. It seems very summery. Things are buzzing around that need to be swatted: swarms of "you know, like," broken-winged psychoanalytic phrases with raspberry jam on their legs. The kids, who break rhythmically into tears, perhaps because of the pressure on modern youth to conceal the boredom of going in for this sort of thing, are trying to confront how little they know of the real them. Sometimes they try acting out their parents. Their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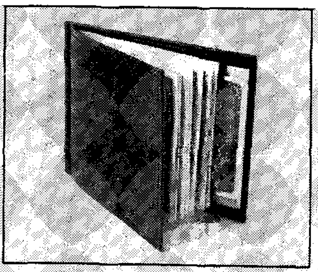

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psychodramas on this theme are mostly about ingratitude. The playwrights speak with ire, as if they were on to the raw material of "King Lear," but this is Lear seen from the point of view of a rather humpy Regan who is cross with Daddy because he refuses to give her a Mercedes until she is six. The ingrates here are also suspected of looking at their children's diaries, and railed at for saying defensively "And who gave you dancing lessons?" A girl with a slide in her hair—a touching, plump girl who is going to break down later—talks about parents' "pre-concepted ideas." The collisions between courtly gobbledygook and nursery rudeness are sometimes appealing. ("Do you want me to be very frank? I don't like you," says someone.) But there is much prudery and much whining, and there is much cant ("From the gut is really where it's at") born of the rendingly fatuous circumstance of twenty people struggling to be genuine and large-spirited when their brief is pinchbeck and paltry. The only kids in the film who balk at joining the picnic of trivia are the blacks. While others are moaning cantos about "I don't know if I'll find the courage to go to my parents and say I need your love and I love you," one black honorably says, "A lot of people don't want other people to know their business." The film ends on a black girl's obdurately turned back. The film's hope seems to be that she will soon come to heel and learn to speak like the rest; our hope seems to lie in her silence.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

To further prove a point, a spokesman for the Vice-President said huffily that his boss "has no disinclination whatsoever to crossing his legs."—*Baltimore News American.*

Well, he'd better find a nag that *has.*

•

Born to the purple, a Kentucky descendant of explorer Gen. George Rogers Clark, Morton was reared in a 14th-century Tudor mansion in Virginia. —*Nick Thimmesch in the Chicago Tribune.*

The local Indians did terrific half-timber work.

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We regret the delay of RESTAURATOR, Supplement number 1.
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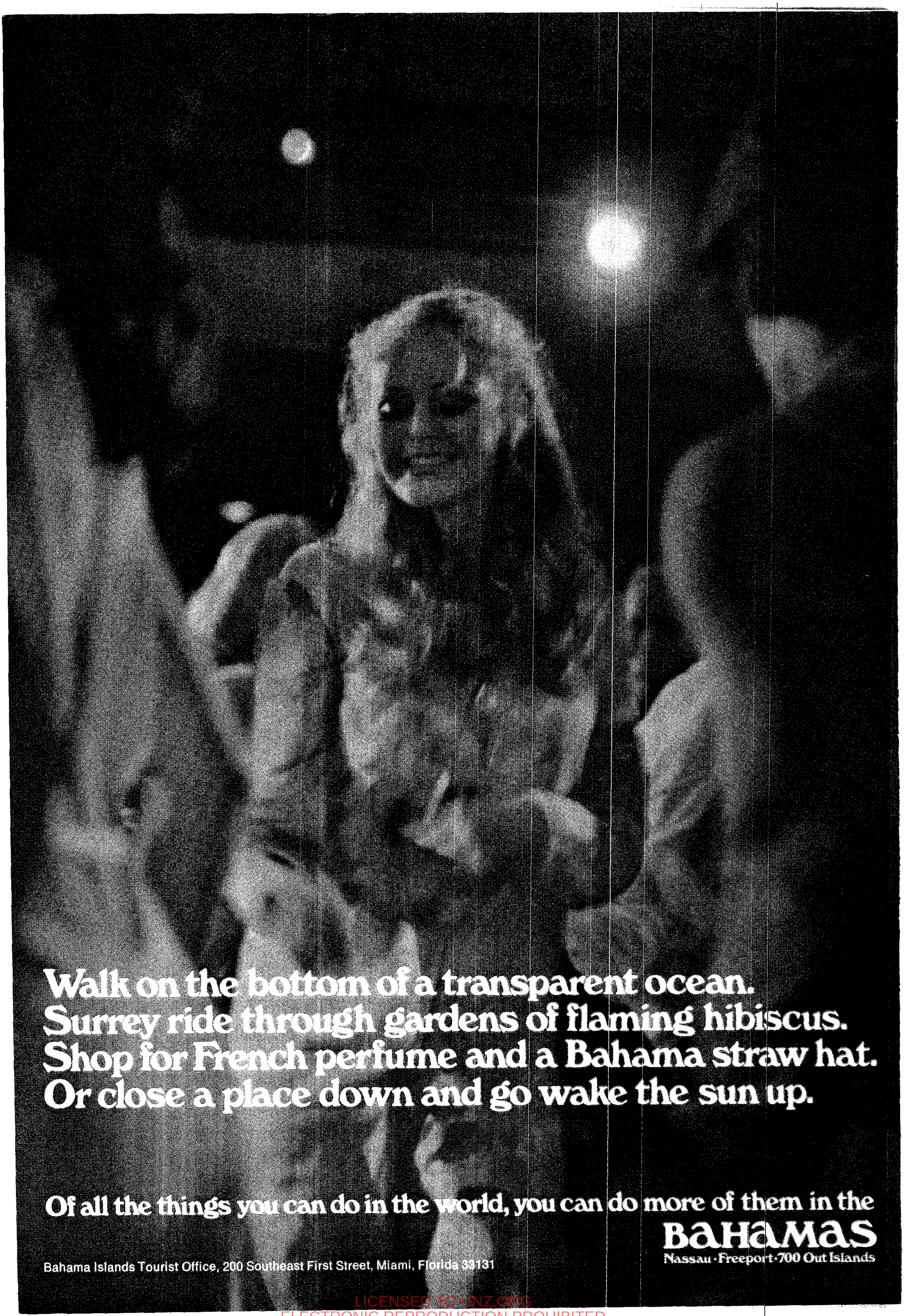
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

New York,
April 9, 1971

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

Edward Jay Epstein's February 13th piece on the police and the Black Panthers misrepresents *Newsweek's* coverage of the issue, and I should like to set the record straight.

One of Epstein's purposes is to discredit inflated estimates given by Charles Garry, attorney for the Panthers, of Panther casualties and Garry's charges of conspiratorial police "genocide." Epstein devotes twenty-three lines of his long article to *Newsweek's* coverage. He begins this section by quoting the question with which *Newsweek* opened a story—"Is there some sort of government conspiracy afoot to exterminate the Black Panthers?"—without ever mentioning that the 1,350-word account that followed essentially dismissed such talk. Also, Epstein writes that *Newsweek* "concluded that 'there is no doubt that the police around the nation have made the Panthers a prime target in the past two years . . .' " Had Epstein permitted *Newsweek* to complete the sentence he elides, a far different impression would have emerged. The full paragraph reads:

> There is no doubt that the police around the nation have made the Panthers a prime target in the past two years—*but whether there is any sort of systematic approach to it all is highly questionable.* [Emphasis added.] "I doubt seriously that there is anything organized on a national scale," says one former high-ranking Federal lawman. "But there could be inspiration."

The very paragraph from which the offending sentence was taken—just five lines above the part that Epstein quotes—contains *Newsweek's* estimate of the number of Panthers killed by police bullets in the previous three years. The figure is ten—precisely the number that Epstein comes up with at the end of his piece.

Newsweek did in fact mention Charles Garry's estimate of Panther casualties in two stories. In the first, which appeared in the issue that closed two days after the Chicago raid, Garry's figure of twenty-eight and his "genocide" charge were reported without evaluation—and were attributed to him. The following week, Garry's estimate was referred to again—again attributed to him. In the same sentence, *Newsweek* carried the A.C.L.U. estimate of only a dozen comparable Panther deaths.

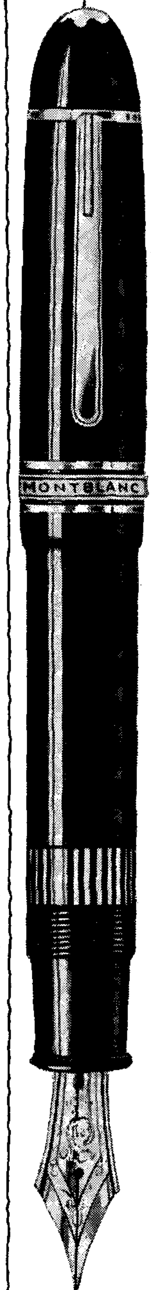
Newsweek accurately reported that the authorities were cracking down on the Panthers—a drive involving raids, increased surveillance, arrests on weapons and conspiracy charges, even consideration of whether a federal Smith Act case could be brought against party leaders—and that a number of Panthers had been killed. *Newsweek* never supported claims that there was a coordinated effort to murder Panthers.

Very truly yours,
Edward Kosner
National Affairs Editor
Newsweek

Mr. Epstein replies as follows:

In regard to Mr. Kosner's complaint, I attempted in my article merely to show what, at the very minimum, news magazines had accepted at face value. I stated that after *Newsweek* began a report with the dramatic query "Is there some sort of government conspiracy afoot to exterminate the Black Panthers?" it referred to a "guerrilla war between the gun-toting Panthers and the police," in which the Panther "hierarchy around the country has been all but decimated over the past year," and reached the conclusion, without any real evidence to support it, that "there is no doubt that the police around the nation have made the Panthers a prime target in the past two years . . ." I did not state, or mean to imply, that *Newsweek* had concluded that the police actions against the Panthers were necessarily "systematic," and I fully agree with Mr. Kosner that to avoid any such conclusion it would have been better if I had added *Newsweek's* qualification: "but whether there is any sort of systematic approach to it all is highly questionable."

However, in a subsequent article, as I indicated, *Newsweek*—far from dismissing any such charge, as Mr. Kosner now claims—stated, "The cop on the beat has been joined by Attorney General John Mitchell's Justice Department, which believes the Panthers to be a menace to national security *and has accordingly escalated the drive against them.*" (Italics added.) This statement does suggest very definite federal coördination of the putative drive against the Panthers. And, like the assertion that the Panthers were "a prime target" of "police around the nation," it was presented as fact rather than opinion. I suggest that in view of these statements *Newsweek* cannot now accurately maintain that it "essentially dismissed," rather than repeated, the Panther charges.



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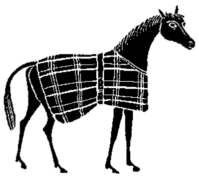
THE RACE TRACK

Derby Surprise

"THEY always come back," or so goes the old saying. Well, here's a new twist to it. Canonero II, who was bred in the bluegrass country but has done most of his running in Venezuela, returned to his homeland early last week and won the ninety-seventh Kentucky Derby at Louisville on Saturday afternoon. Coming from far out of it in the early stages of the race, he stormed around the leaders in the stretch, and passed the post nearly four lengths ahead of Jim French. Bold Reason was third, two lengths away and a neck in front of Eastern Fleet. There were twenty starters this year—the most since 1951—and it was the opinion of racing folk that they were the most mediocre three-year-olds anyone could remember seeing in the classic. Tommy Trotter, the handicapper to the Jockey Club, who rated them in the Experimental Free Handicap, said there wasn't a solid horse in the lot, and Johnny Campo, who trains Jim French, said on television before the race that the field was too large for this Derby to be truly run. The immediate aftermath fairly bristled with the complaints of jockeys who said they'd been crowded and whatnot in traffic jams. On the whole, it was a lively gallop, but hardly the most thrilling Run for the Roses I've seen.

Calumet Farm's Bold and Able, who was closest to the rails, was quickest away, and led for about a mile, and Eastern Fleet, his stablemate, wasn't far behind. When they had only two furlongs to go, I thought they'd run one, two. (Shades of Citation and Coaltown!) The picture changed quickly, and for a split second it looked as though Jim French might do the trick. Meanwhile, Canonero II, who had begun slowly, was moving up steadily on the outside. You could follow the solid brown jacket of Avila, his rider, easily; it was the first one of that color I've seen on a race track in years. Two things helped Canonero II: He kept out of traffic jams, and the early pace was fairly fast. The first quarter was run in 0:23, the half in 0:46⅘, and the mile in 1:36⅕. The final time for the mile and a quarter was 2:03⅕, so it took twenty-seven seconds—buggy-horse time—to run the last quarter! Anyhow, Jim French was second. He looked good in the parade, despite the hard campaign he's had. I could find no excuses for Unconscious or Twist the Axe. The others? A man would be out of luck if he owned and had to feed them, or most of them.



Canonero II, if you haven't seen him, is a light-bodied bay colt by Pretendre out of Dixieland II, by Nantallah. He was bred by Edward Benjamin in Kentucky and was sold as a yearling for—believe it or not—$1,200 to a South American horse dealer, who resold him (at a sizable advance in price, no doubt) to Edgar Caibett, the lucky man who owns him now. They say he's a "plumbing executive," whatever that is. Señor Caibett was busy in Caracas and didn't see the race, but he'll get $145,500 in prize money and a gold cup for his mantelpiece. Canonero II's next go will be for the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico on the fifteenth.

I caught the Derby on TV (popped another splint in my leg, or something), and it was a good show. By the way, the sports jackets of the announcers, Heywood Hale Broun and Jack Whitaker, were wonderful in their colors. So was that of their guest commentator, Elliott Burch, who trains Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable, and needs no introduction from me. Burch was a ten-strike. It was a pleasure to hear him tell you what the horses looked like and what they were doing.

NO matter what you may think of off-course betting on the Kentucky Derby, and how it was handled in New York, it was a success beyond anybody's expectations. In the course of the three days they were in operation, the six O.-T.B. offices around town took in $1,030,432. Howard Samuels, who runs the show, thought the handle would be half a million. I'm told that people bet like mad at Grand Central and Penn Station—many of them people who were having a bet on the Derby for the first time in their lives. Apparently, it didn't cut into the handle at Churchill Downs, as that management had complained that it would, for $2,648,139—a new high—was wagered on the Derby at the track last Friday and Saturday. One thing I liked about the O.-T.B. setup was that you got a separate price against each horse, as you do abroad, there being no coupled entries and no mutuel field of horses lumped together, as is the case at the track. (The tote is set up to accommodate only twelve different tickets on a race—a hangover from the old days when mutuel tickets were sold out of a rack. To facilitate things for the sellers, the number of tickets was limited to a dozen.) Canonero II, who was in the mutuel field at the track, along with five other horses—who, incidentally, were the last five to finish—paid $19.40. In the O.-T.B. payoff, he was $59. It's a good bet that the O.-T.B. will be in business for the Preakness.

THINGS were far from dull at Aqueduct. The Carter Handicap, and eight other spins of the wheel, not counting the daily double and the exactas, brought forty-three thousand customers to the course, and they bet nearly five million—$4,994,045. In the Carter, Native Royalty, showing a smart turn of speed over the muddy track (the time for the seven furlongs was 1:22⅘), wore down Handsome Kid on the turn for home and withstood the challenge of Tyrant, winner of the race a year ago, to win by a neck. Cut the Comedy was third. Tyrant was doubly out of luck, for the stewards held an inquiry immediately after the finish and disqualified him for interfering with Forum in the early running. They ordered him placed last. Another unlucky one was Shuvee, who was beaten earlier in the week by Office Queen in the Bed o' Roses Handicap.

THE race I would like to have seen last weekend was the 2,000 Guineas Stakes at Newmarket, the first circlet of England's Triple Crown. It was won by Mrs. John Hislop's Brigadier Gerard, who beat Paul Mellon's Mill Reef, My Swallow, Minsky (a full brother of Nijinsky), and a couple of other three-year-olds. He won by three lengths, and I fancy he did it as easily as he won the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket last fall, when he first caught my eye.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

The fighter pilots said reports that the South Vietnamese operation, called Lam Son 719, had been a failure were wrong as far as they were concerned. For the first time, they said, the Communist troops were massed and brought into the open to offer concentrated targets for bombing.

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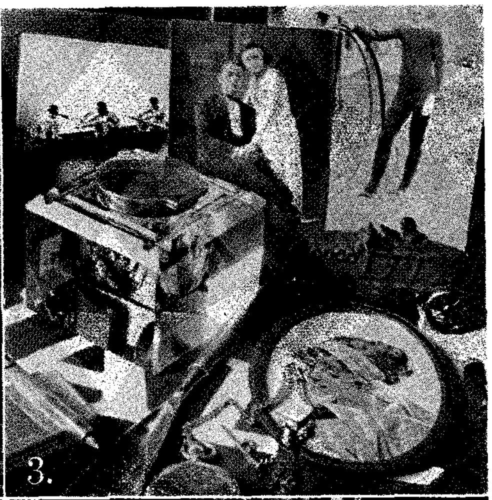

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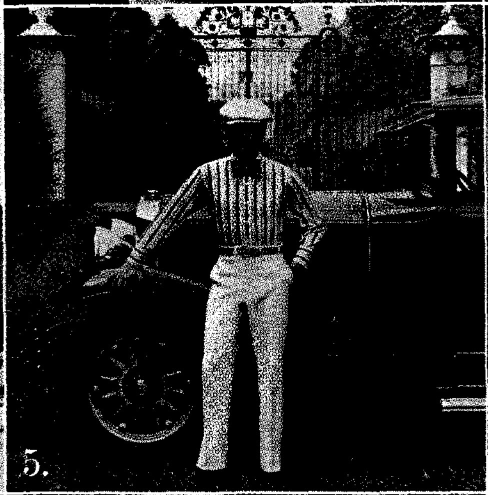

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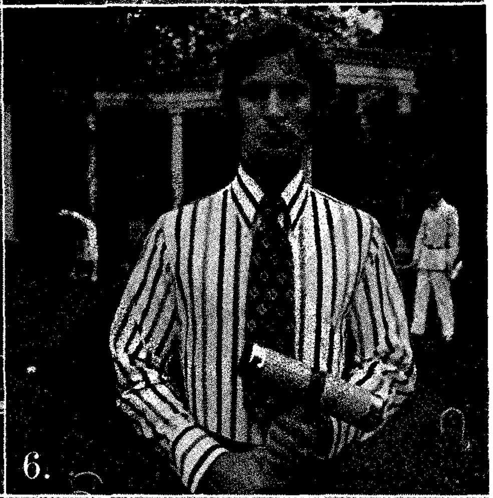

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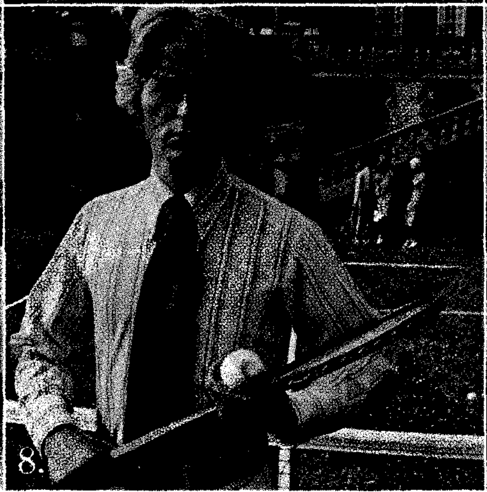

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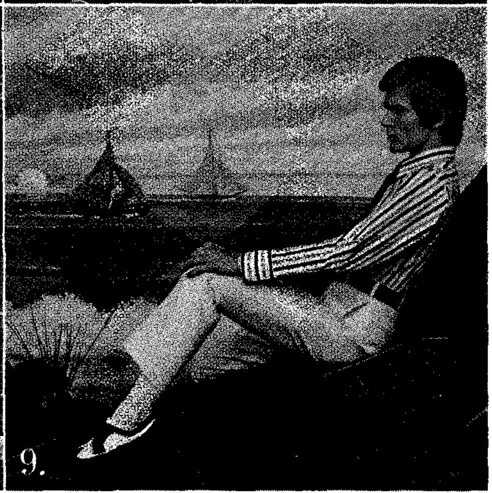

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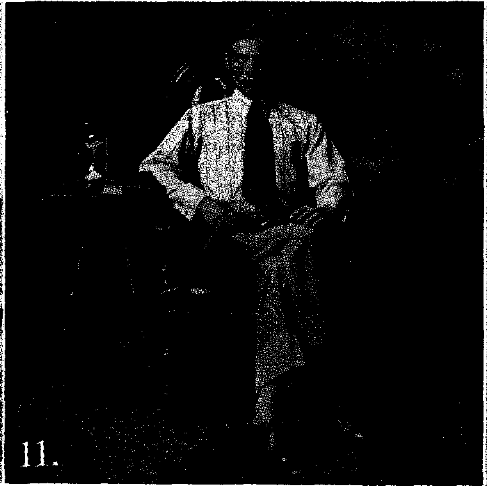

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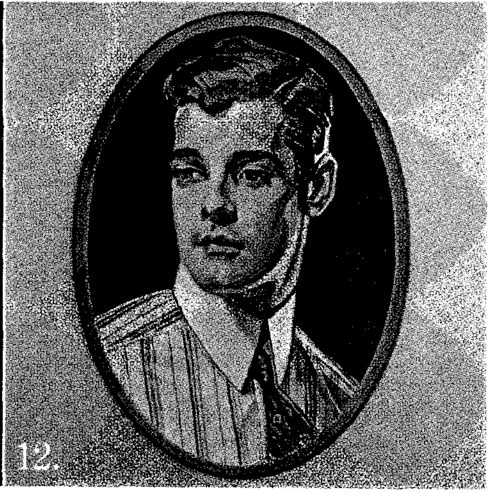

12.

Donn Russell

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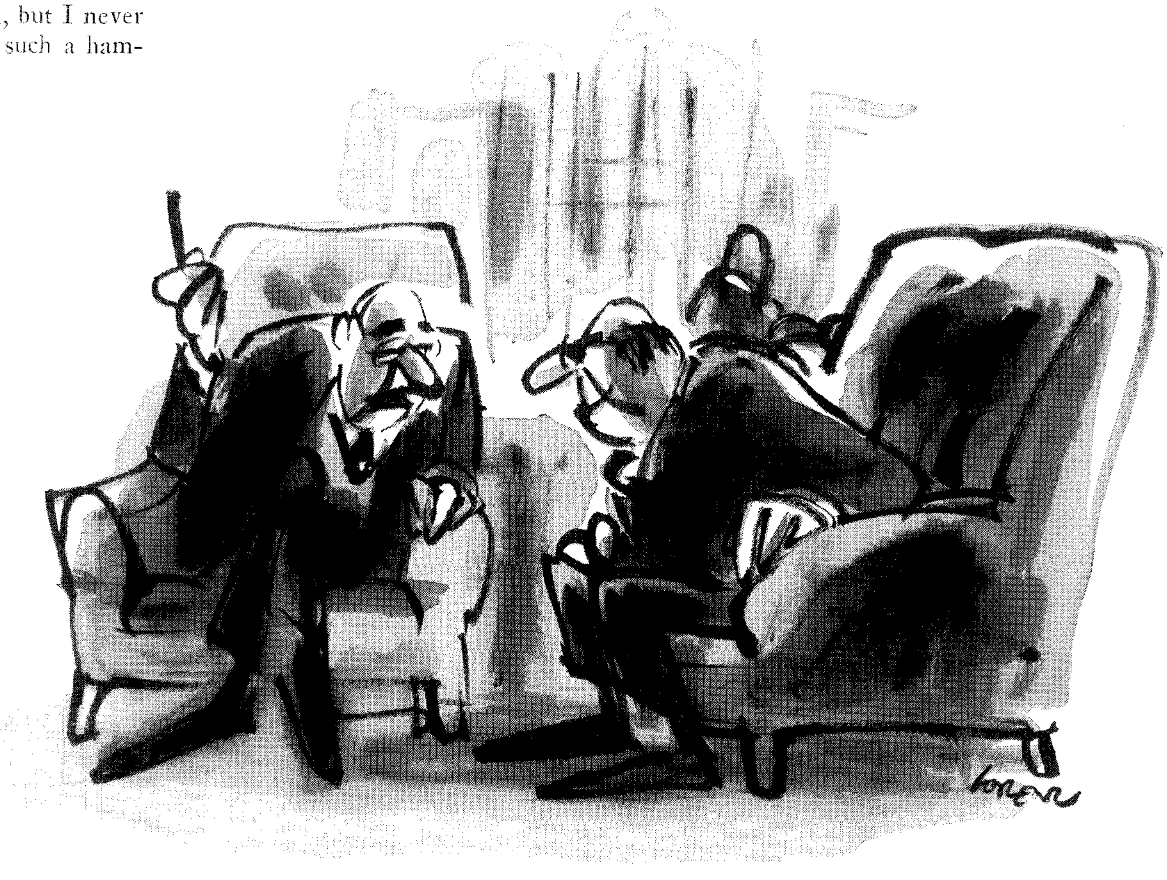
IRISH SKETCHES

A HUNDRED THOUSAND AT A GLANCE

DAFFODILS have been daring the spring since I arrived in Ireland some months ago. The spring that they've dared has nothing to do with the vernal equinox; in Ireland, where the solar rules of the road are ignored, spring comes upon the land—even if gales that make your bones feel brittle are gusting about—on February 1st, by popular demand. In this aberrant situation, I have seen daffodils outside florists' shops and on curbside barrows raise defiant trumpets against all kinds of wind and weather. No doubt these winter blooms were reared in the warmth of a hothouse, but they stood up bravely in the chill air to which they were suddenly and unexpectedly subjected. However, these pioneers no longer have to ornament the streets of towns and villages, since their unpampered kin, which have been living out-of-doors all winter, have now made their annual appearance. Whether they originate in a hothouse or an unprotected meadow, I've always been a patsy for daffodils. Years ago, in a pubescent poetic phase, I used to stroll the banks of the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia with my foolish young head full of the romantic numbers of Keats, Shelley, and Byron, but I never let the three of them get such a hammerlock upon my mind that I couldn't spare a thought for that old Lake laureate William Wordsworth, who, back in 1804, paid a pretty tribute to my favorite flower. Wordsworth, addicted to confusing the terrestrial with the celestial—you remember that violet by a mossy stone that was fair as a star when only one was shining in the sky—compared his crowd, his host, of golden daffodils to the twinklers on the Milky Way, but no matter if his eye kept rolling upward, he kept his gaze down to earth long enough to spot ten thousand daffodils at a glance. I always envied him that glance, for until the other day I'd never seen more than a handful of my beauties tossing their heads in sprightly dance. When I mentioned this yearning to gaze upon daffodils en masse to a horticultural friend of mine in Dublin, he recommended that I get in touch with Mrs. Lionel Richardson of Prospect House in Waterford. "Mrs. Richardson," my friend told me, "is the widow of a man whose daffodils are world famous. When he died, ten years ago, he had won sixty-two gold medals at the Royal Horticultural Society shows, which is surely a record for one man that will never be surpassed. Since his death, Mrs. Richardson, who was for thirty years his aide-de-camp, has been carrying on his work, and she herself has already won twenty R.H.S. gold medals, the most recent at a competition in London—damned good going, since she was bucking the windy spring we've been having, and I'm not thinking about that arbitrary February spring. If you want me to, I'll call Mrs. Richardson and arrange for you to visit Prospect House."

I thanked him, and a day or so later I was on my way to Waterford, an ancient town about a hundred miles south of Dublin. It was established by the Danes, who kept fighting with the local Irish inhabitants until Strongbow (Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke) and Raymond le Gros gave them their comeuppance and established Anglo-Norman dominance of the place.

When I arrived at Prospect House, a sprawling old mansion encircled by a hundred fecund acres and within sight of the gentle slopes of the Comeragh Mountains, I was met by Mrs. Richardson, tweedy, exuberant, and most gracious, and an aging cocker spaniel and an unusually friendly Siamese cat. I told Mrs. Richardson about my ambition to emulate Wordsworth in the daffodil-glancing line, and she said that that could be easily arranged. "We had a small boy here once," she remarked, "whose father had taught him that poem of Wordsworth's. When I showed him one of our fields, he stared for a while, then blinked and stared again. After that, he boasted to his father that he had seen twenty thousand daffodils, and could have seen a million if he had kept on blinking and glancing. Actually, we've got about a hundred thousand bulbs planted in the fields around Prospect House, but how many of them will be worth the time we spend on them is difficult to say. We have roughly three hundred and fifty named



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varieties, but hundreds more never develop into anything worth cultivating or christening. It takes five years, you know, to transform a daffodil seed into a bulb, and out of five thousand seeds you'd be lucky to be rewarded with two hundred bulbs that you wanted to keep. And at the moment I'm having a dreadful time roguing out some daffs that I had high hopes for but which were ruined by a pesticide. Nevertheless, I'm not climbing the wall, for, as every daffodil grower knows, you spend eleven months of the year in anticipation and then have one month in purgatory. But before I go on, let me get you a drink."

Mrs. Richardson led me into one of the daffodil-bedecked sitting rooms of Prospect House, seated me by a fireplace, whose warmth was welcome, since the day was nippy, and fetched me a drop of whiskey. "I'm a great advocate of a bit of the spirit," she said. "I remember how I used to administer it to Lionel, my husband, when he was called upon to say a few words at gatherings where he was being honored for his horticultural efforts. He was a very shy man, and he had ambitions in his youth to become an engineer. But he came of a huntin', shootin', fishin' family, and he was expected to be a country gentleman, and keep quite clear of anything industrial. But Lionel didn't have an idler's temperament, and just before the First World War he got interested in the genetics of the narcissus family, and it wasn't long before his hobby of crossbreeding different strains of daffodils had become so expensive that to support it he had to go into trade. I don't know whether you'd call what we've been doing at Prospect House an art or a science, but I do know that Lionel worked purely by instinct, and, alas, never got around to putting down on paper all the things he knew about the flowers he loved. I won't bore you with all the botanical niceties involved in producing different types of daffodils, but I can assure you that it's not simply a matter of fiddling haphazardly with pistils and stamens. Pedigrees are so important that I have them detailed on a computer—it's known as George—which is used by Dr. Tom Throckmorton, who lives in Des Moines, Iowa. Prospect House has eighty customers in the United States, and some of them were among the four hundred people from all over the world who urged me to keep going when Lionel died. It's not as easy as it used to be to run a farm like this—labor is in short

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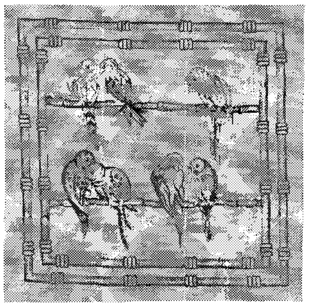

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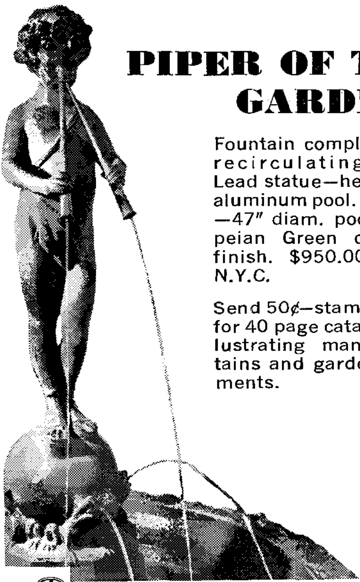

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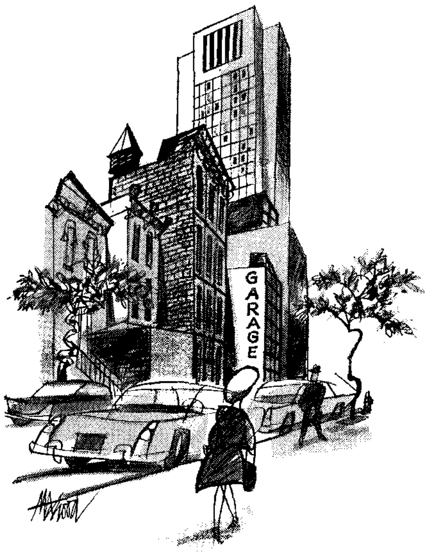
supply—but I am fortunate in having a head gardener, named Jack Goldsmith (he's been here for forty-three years), who not only sees to it that things run smoothly here but is also enormously helpful when I have to go about staging an exhibition. We sent seventeen hundred blooms to the London show the other day—a hundred and ninety varieties—but usually we send more than that. About three thousand on average. These show blooms are the only cut flowers we're interested in; to strengthen the bulbs we knock the heads off the plants after they've blossomed, which is what the bulb men in Holland do with their tulips. Daffodils have never excited frenzied speculation such as Holland had when the tulip craze was at its height in the seventeenth century. Remember the story of the man who ate a bulb worth Lord knows how many guilders after mistaking it for an onion? But while they've never been as fantastically inflated in price as the tulip bulbs, ours have occasionally proved quite valuable. Back in 1921, Lionel introduced a bulb called Fortune that was sold for eighty pounds, and I myself have had the luck to grow one that returned fifty. In the operation of Prospect House, though, the idea of making a profit never occurred to Lionel or to me. We wanted to break even or at least to keep our losses within bounds, and that's what I'm trying to do right now. Well, enough of that. Let's head for the fields."

IN row upon row, the daffodils swayed languidly in the light, chilly airs that were stirring around Prospect House. It took but a moment to leave Wordsworth behind in the daffodil-gazing stakes, and to be properly impressed with the flowers' endless variation in color. Familiar yellow, delicate



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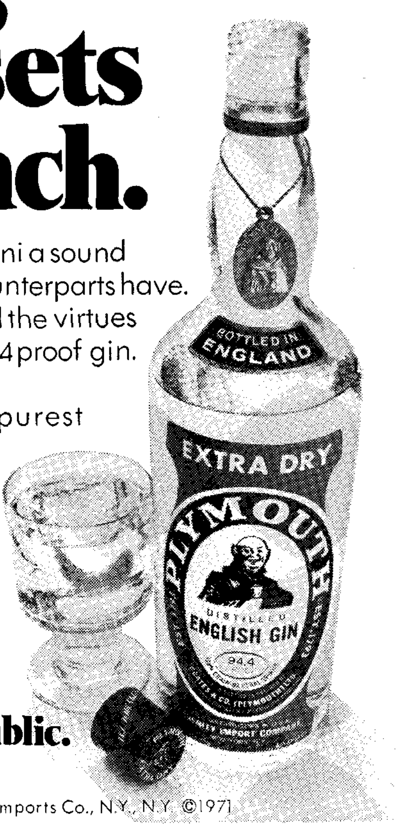

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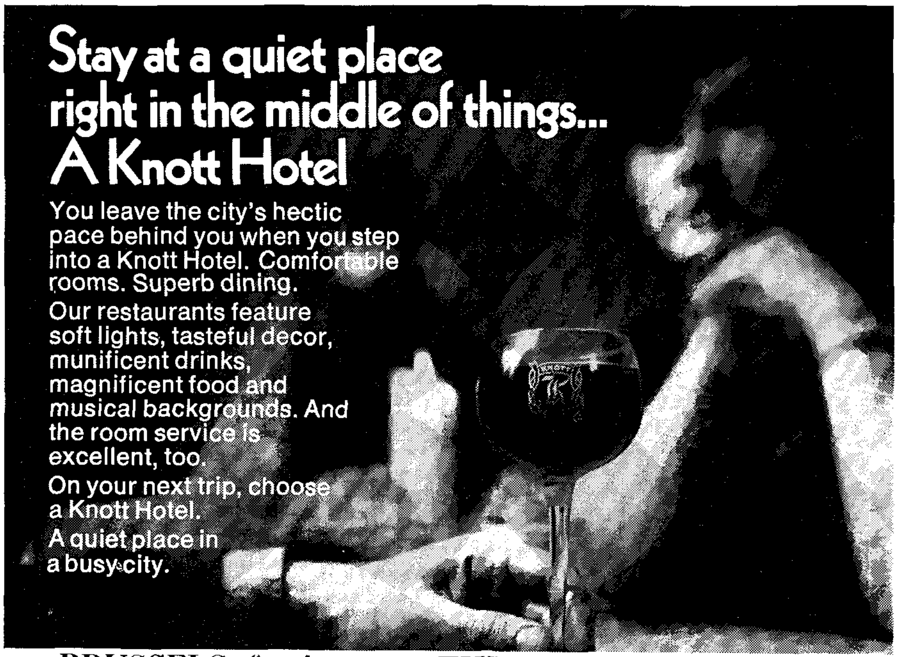

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pink, pure white—whatever the shades, they were all pleasing, and many of them had trumpets of a tint different from their perianths. "Almost all of these are Lionel's," said Mrs. Richardson, "but there are a few that were cultivated by Guy L. Wilson, who when he was alive was a friendly rival of Lionel's. He was from the North of Ireland, as was Lionel's father. I originated up there myself, but my roots have gone very deep here. There's always someone from the Waterford municipal administration proposing that I sell them some land for housing development or the like. That, of course, would be the ruination of Prospect House, and there will be no sale while I'm alive to prevent it. People, I'm afraid, tend to forget how important flowers are in their lives. One man who didn't was Winston Churchill. When he noticed a shortage of flowers during the Second World War, he asked about the matter and was told that, with the transportation shortage, there was no space for the shipment of flowers. He not only ordered that flowers were to be shipped but also saw to it that the R.H.S. shows went right on during the war. He said flowers were good for morale, and he was right.

"To get back to our daffodils, we're always hard up for names for the ones we fancy, and we usually make a point of naming one after the winner of the Grand National. You have to reserve such names with the R.H.S., but a couple of years ago, when Red Alligator won, I just couldn't do it. Somehow, alligators and daffodils don't seem to go together. Nevertheless, some other grower has reserved the name. With all the daffodils we've had to christen, we've been hard put to it to get them all titled, and we've run the gamut from Amber Light to White Prospect in our efforts to identify the daffs in our catalogue. Ironically, one of the last that Lionel bred—a Rose Caprice-Infatuation cross called Romance—didn't mature until two years after his death. But it turned out to be the advance in pinks that he'd hoped for, and I made sure that the bulbs of Romance went to the twelve individuals who had subscribed fifty pounds apiece to encourage Lionel in experimenting with this particular flower, which is large and lovely—four and a half inches in diameter, and a beautiful blend of white and rose pink with just a touch of green at the base of the cup in its center. I suppose you think I'm daft about daffodils, and in a way I suppose you're right. But Prospect House isn't exclusively devoted to daffodils, not by long odds. Although the three gardeners around the place concentrate on flowers, and are helped by a local lad, I grow such things as tomato plants for the market and have a fine big herd of Jersey cattle grazing across the road. I also have an old-fashioned Victorian garden that I'd like to show you, if you've had your fill of daffodils."

I told her that I doubted if that day would ever come, but I followed her obediently to the garden, all neatly laid out, with paths bordered by boxwood hedges, to the rear of Prospect House. "We don't devote much attention to this place nowadays," said Mrs. Richardson, "but at one time three gardeners were kept busy in this area looking after two hundred bedding plots." The garden, even without intensive care, was a lovesome thing, God wot, and I left it reluctantly to have a spot of tea, at Mrs. Richardson's invitation.

"I imagine that there must be a case for urban existence," she remarked when we had settled before the fireplace once more, "but for the life of me I can't imagine what it might be. I'm back and forth to all points of the compass to see my fellow daffodil enthusiasts, and yet I never pause in a city that stirs me like the green hills of Ireland, or, to tell you the truth, in any other meadows or fields that make me feel as happy as my own."

At this juncture, the Siamese cat jumped into my lap, purring vigorously, and the spaniel began to lick my hand. "I must say you look at home here," said Mrs. Richardson.

I suggested that I'd better return to Dublin before she and the house and the fertile land took me completely in thrall.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

• •

FLORIDA GIRL LOSES 79 LBS.

"I was the hippiest girl in town," said Wannette Davis of Jacksonville, Fla., when she weighed 223 lbs. Her husband even called her a short bale of cotton. Finally, her boss lady at work suggested she try the weight naturally. Without harmful drugs, too. Ayds are available in a chewy vanilla caramel, a plain chocolate fudge type and a minty chocolate fudge. Month's supply $3.50.—*Adv. in the Binghamton (N.Y.) Evening Press.*

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BOOKS

His Honor

ANY democracy is the sum of many tyrannies. Children are born into a world of homely despotism, which usually survives through most of their youth, until they learn to partially reverse roles with parents and teachers. Anyone who works for someone else lives in a tyranny—the clerk in the grocery store as well as the General Motors executive—for his life can be smashed to bits in a moment by the boss. Society's determination of who is acceptable within it and who is not is essentially tyrannical, and so is the tangled bureaucracy of the modern world, from the tax collector to the hospital orderly. Many millions face their God in the fetters, spiritual and intellectual, of their priests and their preachers. Most people seem to approve of the despotic condition—if not docilely, at least functionally—perhaps because, like the children they still are in part, they need to be told what to do and when and how to do it; many of them would accept almost any lot rather than assert their full rights as human beings. The freer a nation is, the more its citizens are likely to condone, or even demand, their own servitude. It is their only certainty, their quiet cove in a storm of faction. In the United States, a huge majority of the people seem ready to give up the rule of law, their true sanctuary, for the sake of order. And an astonishing number of them would like to kill those who have laughed in the face of that despot, social propriety, by wearing their hair long and their clothes as they please.

The forms of tyranny must be endlessly fragmented if any sort of democracy is to survive. Socially, these forms most often show up in small towns or small groups within cities; economically, in employment of all kinds; and, politically, in minor fiefdoms in the South. It is exceedingly uncommon to find despotism of the magnitude that Mike Royko, a reporter and columnist for the Chicago *Daily News*, describes in "Boss" (Dutton), which demonstrates, step by step, how Richard J. Daley became mayor of Chicago and how he has used his practically unchecked power to create a totalitarian state within America. It would be inaccurate to call Daley a Fascist, for he has no program except retaining his own power, and little interest in anything outside his domain; moreover, what he has done seems to have been done more or less unwittingly. Clearly, he has no historical understanding of his country and no malevolent intent on a large scale. Rather, he is a petty man who has filled his emptiness with personal power; any threat to that power or any criticism of his use of it is the supreme danger to Daley, for without power he would be reduced to himself. Royko's assertion that Mayor Daley is one of the most powerful men in the country is probably true. He may also be the most dangerous—not so much because of his control over the four million people who live in Chicago as because he is a terrifying example of how even a banal politician can attain a position of such power that he can ignore local and state laws, violate the Constitution, brutally exploit the helpless, feed the repressive instinct that is growing across the nation, and change the course of world history for the worse. Finally, he has done all this and not just got away with it but been praised. He has managed both because he has put to use the truth that George Orwell pointed out: the people don't mind tyranny as long as it is imposed on them in an acceptable way.

Essentially a narrow man, with neither foresight nor hindsight, Daley, in Royko's view, knows almost nothing except Chicago, which he knows extraordinarily well. Born in the Bridgeport section of the city, the only child of a sheet-metal worker and a devout mother, who took her son to Mass every morning, Daley grew up in a tough Irish neighborhood, where Negroes, Poles, Italians, and Slavs were beaten and sometimes killed if they happened to enter it. He went to the Church of the Nativity elementary school and then to the De La Salle Institute, a commercial high school run by the Christian Brothers, one of whom, "after slamming a student's head into the blackboard, let the brow-sized dent remain in the board for years as a stimulant to learning." At the age of thirty-two, Daley received a law degree from the DePaul University School of Law, which he attended at night, but he has never practiced. Throughout his youth and early manhood, he spent much of his spare time at a neighborhood spot called the Hamburg Social and Athletic Club, whose members were less inclined toward social and athletic pursuits than they

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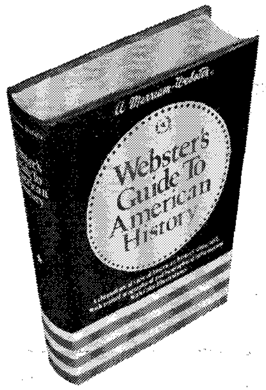

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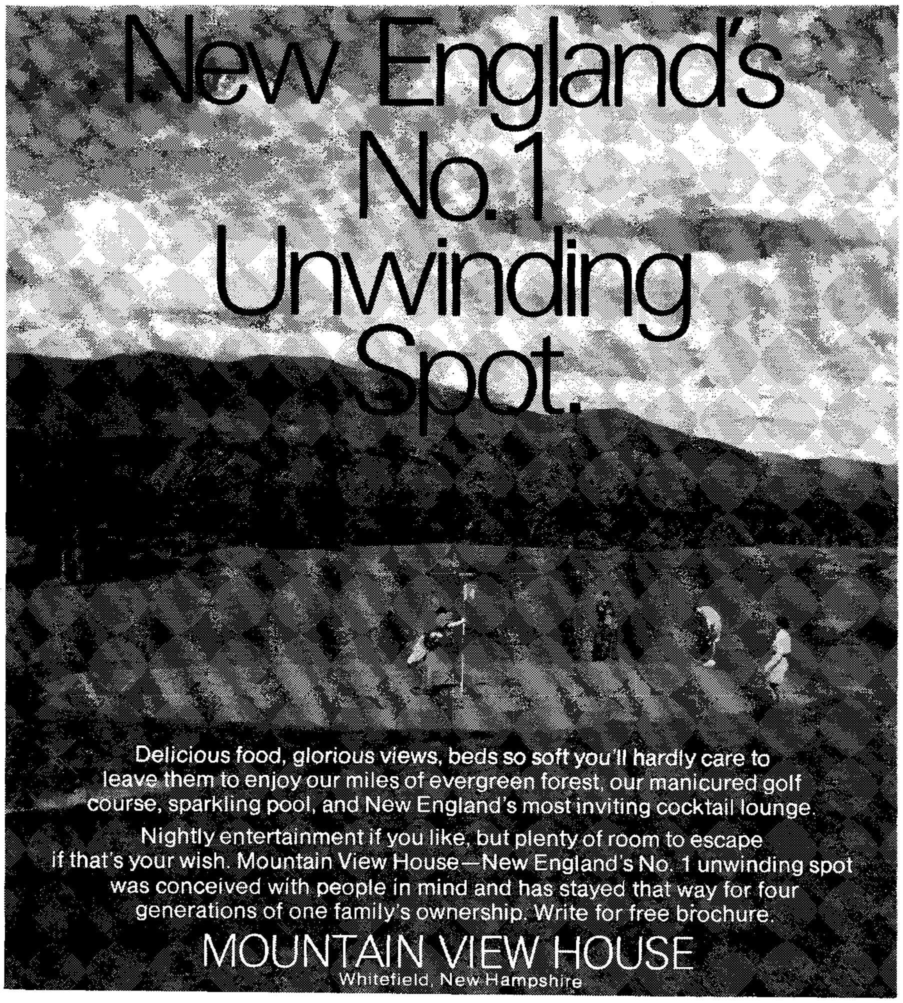
were toward functioning as a political arm of the Democratic Party and as a street gang devoted to keeping outsiders out of the area and keeping political dissidents in line. Just about everything in Daley's youth—his education, his religion, his social life—bred in him an acceptance of tyranny and trained him in its usages.

One of the older members of the Hamburgs, as they were known, was a man named Joe McDonough, and after he was elected to the city council he made Daley, who was then twenty-one, his protégé in the ward and a precinct captain there. Soon afterward, McDonough promoted him to a clerkship on the city council. Daley's responsibilities in both positions were modest, but his opportunities to learn about local politics were large. At ward headquarters, he observed the smaller uses of patronage—putting the fix in for friends, punishing enemies or recalcitrant associates by way of rigorous city inspections, and juggling votes at election time. At the city council, he witnessed such practices as selling property owners the right to install driveways, granting rate and fare increases to coöperative utilities and transportation systems, and rezoning to inflate the value of friends' property. McDonough allied himself with Anton Cermak, a former coal miner, who created the first ethnically balanced ticket in Chicago and became mayor by means of it—and incidentally provided anyone who, like Daley, had a soul made of ambition with a ready blueprint for the future. When McDonough moved up to become city treasurer, Daley moved up with him as his assistant, and saw at first hand how taxes were or were not collected, how public funds were banked to help friends and harm enemies, and, above all, how patronage on the highest level was manipulated to generate the greatest amount of campaign funds and the greatest number of votes.

The chief virtues in a political machine are plodding patience, an utter lack of imagination, unsqueamishness in the face of greed and brutality, and a feel for the jugular. Daley was naturally endowed, and he slowly lumbered upward through the Democratic machine, aided by the good fortune of being in the right place when, as frequently happened, someone above him died. Early in Daley's career, a Republican state representative in his district died a few days before an election; Daley was so eager for office, whatever the auspices, that he ran as a Republican in the dead man's place, and won. Two years later, a Democratic state senator in the district died, Daley ran for his seat, and again won. He was a model legislator. "Most of the time he kept to himself, stayed in his hotel room, and worked hard," one colleague recalled. "In Springfield you could tell real fast which men were there for girls, games, and graft. He wasn't. I'll tell you how he made it. He made it through sheer luck and by attaching himself to one guy after another and then stepping over them." While Daley was in the legislature, he also served as comptroller of Cook County—a still more valuable lesson in local politics, since the millions of dollars spent by county agencies were recorded in his books. To anyone who could read between the entries, it was obvious that certain contractors were favored, that certain public-works projects were covertly expanded with "extras" until they bore no resemblance to the original authorizations, especially in terms of cost, and that certain supply companies were given most of the city's orders. From there, Daley went on to membership in the Cook County Democratic Central Committee, and became one of the inner circle. In time, he also became county clerk (when the incumbent suddenly died) and then chairman of the committee (when the leading contender for that post was killed in an automobile accident).

To transform oneself from a tiny cog into a big wheel in the Chicago machine, one had to deliver the vote. Daley was an expert at this, and when he became mayor he took the unprecedented step of retaining his chairmanship of the committee. That gave him the right to get rid of anyone who didn't perform to his satisfaction, and also to make sure that no one could do to him what he had done to his predecessor, Mayor Martin Kennelly, who was denied renomination by the committee so that Chairman Daley could run in his place. There are more than thirty thousand patronage jobs in Chicago, and Daley will not fill one of them, however lowly, without examining the vote-producing record of the nominee. Thirty-five hundred precinct captains can have city jobs if they want them, and so can assistant captains and precinct workers if they show that they can get out the vote or if they are close to someone else who has got out the vote. Precinct workers have to buy tickets to an endless round of political banquets, transport their families and friends and associates to the polls, and, in many wards, contribute two per cent of their salaries to the machine. If they fall behind their quotas at election time, they can always steal the votes they need. The Daley machine "never misses a chance to steal a certain number of votes and tramples all over the voting laws," according to Royko, and he adds, "Most of it goes on in the wards where the voters are lower middle class, black, poor white, or on the bottle. To assure party loyalty, the precinct captains merely accompany the voter into the voting machine." In Daley's first race for mayor, in 1955, a Democratic precinct captain who was an expert at stealing votes decided to go straight and run for alderman—until "some men came to his home and told him that if he did he would be shot." At great risk to himself, he decided to take revenge by working for Daley's opponent, who sent him into a polling place with a hidden tape recorder and a small camera. The precinct was run by a leader known as Short Pencil Louie, who was recorded on film as he erased the X's next to the opponent's name and placed them beside Daley's name. Afterward, the election board conducted an inquiry and censured Daley's opponent.

Daley's large outside circle of supporters and his large inner circle of sycophants invariably cite the rebuilding of Chicago as his finest achievement. Most of the construction that has remade the Chicago skyline has consisted of high-rise apartment buildings. There are hundreds of them, and almost all were designed for the comfort of the upper middle class and the enrichment of real-estate developers, contractors, labor leaders, and bankers, who are Daley's principal financial backers at campaign time. Out of his first bond issue for public works Daley set aside seventeen per cent for slum clearance in a city that has some of the worst slums in the country. During his sixteen years in office, he has torn down the homes of thirty thousand people and put up a third as many housing units, almost all of them priced far out of the reach of those who were displaced. In his own defense, Daley often cites the more than thirty million dollars he got from the federal anti-poverty program in less than two years. That, too, was a fraud. "Contrary to the spirit of the anti-poverty legislation, Chicago's program was dominated by city hall," Royko points out. "Not a penny of federal money could come into Chicago without clearing through Daley. . . . Urban renewal was the greatest deceit. True, slum property was being cleared. But it wasn't being



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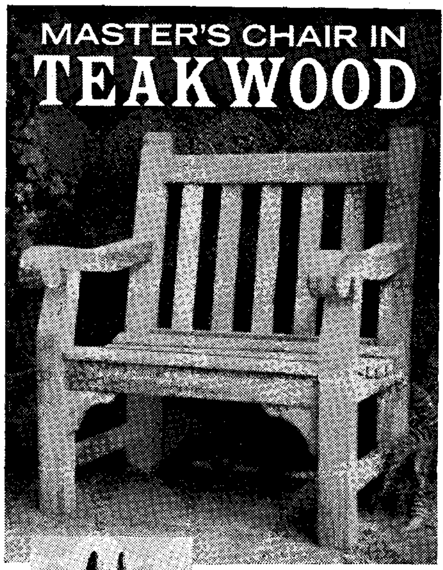

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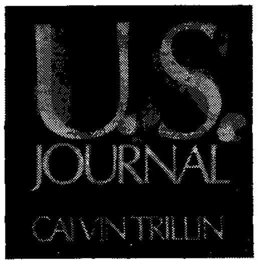

U.S. JOURNAL
CALVIN TRILLIN

This work originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

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replaced by housing for those who were dispossessed. The poor were moved into other marginal neighborhoods, and highly profitable upper-middle-class developments replaced the slums." Since Illinois is one of the few states that permit the "hidden land trust," which conceals the property owner's name, speculators, banks, churches, fraternal organizations, and universities have covertly bought slum buildings, turned their modest-sized apartments into warrens, and charged exorbitant rents. And in many cases when blacks have tried to move into white neighborhoods, including Daley's, there have been riots, and the police and city officials have forced them out. (That, of course, is an old story, but it is not an old story when such a policy is devised and carried out by the most powerful Democratic politician in the country, who made Adlai Stevenson a Presidential candidate in 1956 and John F. Kennedy a President in 1960.) Daley's solution to the city's racial problems has been adaptation of the *cordon sanitaire* to the domestic scene: to contain blacks, he has altered plans for new expressways so that they would form boundaries around the slums, and has vetoed all proposals for breaking down the ghettos by scattering public housing throughout the city. This policy undoubtedly pleases most of the white voters in Chicago today, but rotting black slums surrounded by white plenty supply all the materials for spontaneous combustion. Of course, by the time the explosion comes, the Mayor will probably have finally retired, and Chicago will blame his successor. Daley has always had that kind of luck.

While Mayor Daley does not believe in helping Negroes, he firmly believes in their helping themselves. Royko reports that a nun who did social work on the black West Side went to talk to the Mayor about the number of black children who had died from eating plaster off the crumbling walls of their slum quarters (one of the factors that made Chicago's infant-mortality rate as high as Ceylon's), the lack of housing-code enforcement, the bribing of city inspectors by slum landlords, and the white unions' practice of keeping black adults from work. Daley said that he and she came from the same kind of background, and added that "those people . . . should lift themselves up by their bootstraps like our grandparents did." The nun tried to explain that Irish immigrants had usually got jobs the week they arrived in Chicago, whereas blacks commonly got a stinking hole or a jail cell to live in and little chance for work. "She tried to get into the matter of trade unions," Royko continues. "His own father had been in the sheet-metal workers' union forty years earlier, but blacks were still kept out. She barely got a word in. Every time she tried, he came back with more of the bootstrap theory." Of course, Daley is compelled to talk like a simpleminded racist, whether or not he is one, because the entire structure of his empire rests on the black man's back. In the South, there is profit to be made out of black men—cheap labor. In Chicago, Daley has multiplied the profit many times—cheap labor plus enormous profits from the costly apartments built on inexpensive slum land, which can be parcelled out among campaign contributors, friends, and supporters. Then, there are high wages for white workingmen and graft for union leaders. Labor officials sit on every policymaking city board or committee. They participate in the proceedings, and, if they have a mind to, they share in the proceeds; just before the publication of "Boss," eleven thousand union members held what they called the biggest dinner in human history, to honor Daley. It is small wonder that Chicago, unlike other major cities, has not been beset by strikes.

Mayor Daley fears black men as much as he mistreats them. Most of all, he feared Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., who chose Chicago as a promising urban target for the civil-rights forces because, as a black clergyman who worked with him said, "he thought Chicago was unique in that there was one man, one source of power, who you had to deal with . . . [which] wasn't the case in New York or any other city." According to an associate of Daley's, when Dr. King went to Chicago to lead demonstrations against the city's racial policies, the Mayor called him "a dirty son of a bitch" and "a bastard," and went into one of the purple-faced rages that increasingly overcome him when anyone crosses him, or even disagrees with him. (Daley's rule is so absolute that few members of the city council dare to.) Daley has chosen whites, including white Mafiosi, to run the black wards of Chicago, and for many years he had the most powerful Uncle Tom in town, the late Congressman William Dawson, on a string. But Dr. King backed the Mayor against a wall by holding one march after another and disrupting the city. That left Daley with the choice of arresting him, which even George Wallace hadn't had the nerve to do when Dr. King led the march from Selma to Montgomery, or arresting the whites who were stoning, beating, and spitting on him and his followers, which would have been shown on television to the certain fury of white voters. Finally, Daley called a "summit conference," and gave in to most of Dr. King's demands. Then, after the civil-rights group left town in triumph, the Mayor ignored his promises. A local black leader asked the head of the city council when the summit meeting's agreement was to be carried out, and was told, "There is no summit agreement." While many of Mayor Daley's defenders point to Chicago's financial stability compared to, say, New York's instability, they do not mention that he has used the black man to accomplish this, too: New York adds seven hundred million dollars in welfare costs to what it gets from the federal and state governments, whereas Chicago adds fourteen million dollars. The summation of Daley's feelings about his black constituents finally appeared during the riots after Dr. King's assassination, when the Mayor ordered the police "to shoot to kill any arsonist" and "to shoot to maim or cripple anyone looting." One year, the worst black slum area in the city gave Daley more than twenty thousand votes to eight hundred for his opponent.

By any measure, the gravest peril to the freedom of the American people that Daley has posed came when he transformed the Chicago police into a political force—most clearly demonstrated when its members violated local and state laws and the Constitution, with the Mayor's firm approval, during the Democratic National Convention in 1968. Even before that, he had turned many of them into secret police. In one of the more chilling passages in "Boss," Royko writes, "His police department's intelligence-gathering division gets bigger and bigger, its network of infiltrators, informers, and spies creating massive files on dissenters, street gangs, political enemies, newsmen, radicals, liberals, and anybody else who might be working against him." After listening to the nonsense this group, known as the Red Squad, passed on to him about the likelihood of mass insurrection at the Democratic Convention, Daley panicked, and gathered twelve thousand policemen, five thousand National guardsmen, six thousand Army troops, and two thousand official and private guards—that is, twenty-five thousand armed men to

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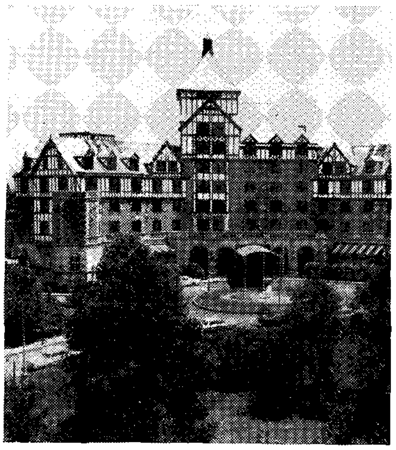

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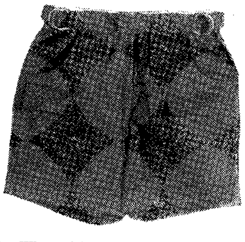

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control no more than five thousand demonstrators, almost all of whom were peaceably inclined. Never before in the nation's history had citizens—including women and children, reporters, and obviously innocent passersby—been beaten into insensibility, and then beaten some more by policemen gone mad, in full public view. According to a national poll, two-thirds of the public approved of what Mayor Daley and his police had done. To these citizens, at least, he had made tyranny acceptable. Moreover, the outburst of police brutality at the Convention was by no means a single aberration, as some claimed afterward. Although the event was not reported nationally or in any extensive form locally, the Chicago police force, Royko reveals, had gone on an identical rampage four months earlier when a few thousand peace marchers assembled there, with grudging official permission. They, too, were wantonly, and illegally, beaten, were locked in police vans that were then filled with Mace, and were pursued into private homes and places of business and beaten again. The repetition of this bloody misuse of power proved that the police were carrying out not just their own desires at the Convention but Mayor Daley's policies. There is not much doubt that Daley put Richard Nixon in the White House, and there is even less doubt that any Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1972 who does not have Daley's support—and his delegates—cannot hope to win the nomination. In short, he holds not just Chicago but much of the nation in thrall.

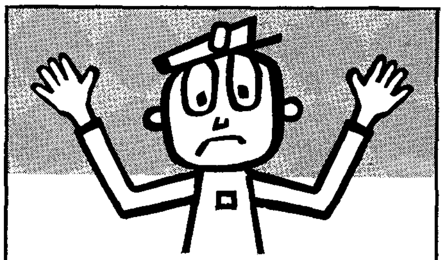
Mayor Daley still lives in the Bridgeport area of Chicago, in a modest pink bungalow, less than a block from where he grew up. Inside, Royko reports, there are "only a few volumes—the Baltimore Catechism, the Bible, a leather-bound 'Profiles in Courage,' and several self-improvement books. All of the art is religious, most of it bloody with crucifixion and crosses of thorns." Each weekday morning, when the Mayor leaves in his official limousine, he makes one stop on the way to city hall—to pray at St. Peter's Church.

—RICHARD HARRIS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MR. BONE'S RETREAT, by Margaret Forster (Simon & Schuster). This wry variation on "Kind Lady" tells of Mr. Bone, a spinsterly London gentleman, and of his charming Re-



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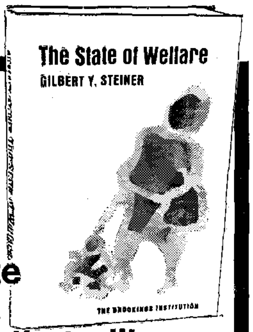

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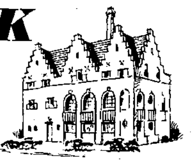

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gency house, which loses much of its dignity when a pregnant young woman and her loutish lover take refuge there one icy Christmas Eve. Miss Forster's writing is bare and informative.

GENERAL

THE SADDEST STORY: A BIOGRAPHY OF FORD MADOX FORD, by Arthur Mizener (World). Any biographer of Ford is in for an unhappy time of it, for the man not only led a terribly untidy life but also had a way of lying about the simplest matters. Mr. Mizener has obviously tried to write an orderly narrative, but the overall effect is still one of mess. Ford was a phenomenon: an Edwardian literary light (editor of the *English Review*, collaborator of Conrad, friend of Wells, James, Bennett, and just about everyone else who mattered in writing) who metamorphosed himself into an avant-garde literary light in the Paris of the twenties and thirties (editor of the *Transatlantic Review* and close associate of people like Hemingway, Pound, Joyce, and Gertrude Stein). All this, together with the solid worth of his best novels, should have made him one of the greats of twentieth-century literature, but there were too many flaws. Ford moved about a lot (in England, in France, in the United States), and wherever he was he soon ended up in trouble—with women, with tradesmen and landlords and bankers, with his professional peers, with his friends, with the law. He was a man of great talent and industry, but he was not a genius. If he *had* been a genius, these flaws would have been of no account; as it is, they remain to haunt his memory and his biographer. Twenty dollars (and at that price the book might have been given a decent index).

THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: THE NORTHERN VOYAGES, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Oxford). At eighty-three, Admiral Morison is still laying out grand designs. This fat volume, first of a planned three-volume work on the exploration of the Western Hemisphere, covers the voyages to the North American continent that were made, or were said to be made, from A.D. 500 to 1600. It is in all ways admirable, written with wit and easy scholarship, and loaded with maps and pictures as well as little nests of footnotes appended to each

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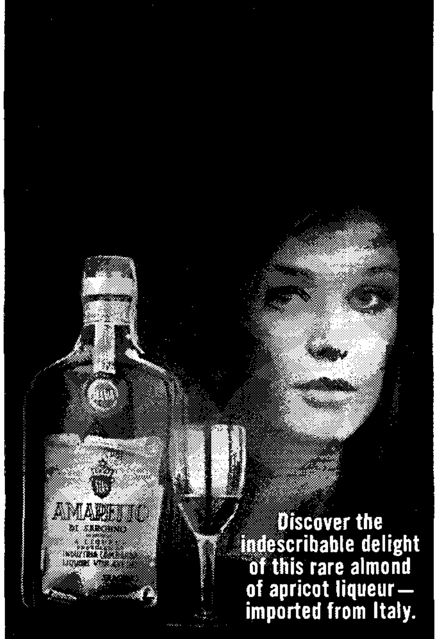

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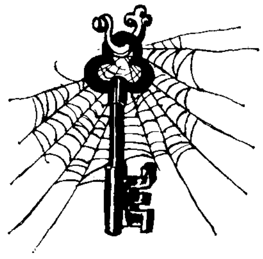

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chapter, in which he gets down to specifics on the matters at hand, pokes a little fun at the more gullible among his fellow-historians, exposes some hoaxes, old and newer (the Yale Vinland map is one of them, he thinks), and is generally at his entertaining best. The chief figures in this volume are Leif Ericson, the Cabots, Verrazano, Cartier, the Corte Reals (father and sons), Gilbert, Frobisher, and John Davis, many of whom lost their lives in great efforts that, by the year 1600, seemed to have been all but fruitless—in contrast to the sensational successes of the Spaniards, Italians, and Portuguese in the southern parts of the world. The succeeding volumes will, of course, chronicle the fantastic payoff. Fifteen dollars. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, by B. H. Liddell Hart (Putnam). The author, who died after completing this work, was Great Britain's most astute military theorist, and his legacy, as one might expect, is the best book of its kind. Written in spare, plain prose, it is a crisp professional critique of the strategic concepts and tactical methods of all the contending forces. Liddell Hart writes with no national bias, and is as critical of British—and Allied—performance as of the enemy's. He demolishes a number of long-cherished alibis for failure—for example, he says that France did not fall in 1940 because the Allies lacked equipment; he takes inventory of tanks and planes, and shows that the French and British had more than enough but did not know how to use them. A by-product of Liddell Hart's dispassionate summary of the past is the authoritative resolution of a number of contemporary arguments: the effectiveness of air power, for one, and the limited usefulness of advanced matériel in primitive countries, for another. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

ANTONIN ARTAUD: POET WITHOUT WORDS, by Naomi Greene (Simon & Schuster). Wallace Stevens' brilliant maxim "The poem is the cry of its occasion, part of the res itself and not about it" serves as a summary of Artaud's poems and essays on the nature of language and thought; it is also a summary of Artaud's singularly tortured life, which he hoped at first would prove identical with language and thought, and which, when that expectation failed, he hoped to purge of language and thought. It is the distinction of this thorough, elegantly written, and compassionate study of the prophet of "the theatre of cruelty" that its author never flinches from a close scrutiny of the folly of Artaud's intellectual speculations and the revoltingness of his emotional needs. Miss Greene maintains an exemplary equanimity in the presence of her subject's increasing madness; she neither diminishes the significance of his scatological thrashings nor makes greater claims for his theories of poetry and drama than they can afford to bear. For Artaud wasn't merely mad—it was in him, as it was in many of the sanest of his surrealist contemporaries, not to be able to think straight, and their pronouncements on speech, myth, primitive man, and the like are often embarrassingly simplistic. Miss Greene gives Artaud's mutilated genius as high marks as possible, and not alone because he was an outsider, a sufferer, and a perennially dying man (more dying than the rest of us, so he frantically boasted, since he felt it more). Artaud was always loudly and painfully and pitifully the cry of his occasion, and the echoes of his cry are very much to be heard in our present theatre and movies, if not in our poetry. The subtitle of the book is perhaps a misnomer, Artaud having discovered that one could not be a poet—could not, indeed, be a man—without words. To quote Stevens again, "Words of the world are the life of the world," and Artaud found this principle so hard to accept that he would do almost anything except stop writing and speaking in order to disprove it. Janet Flanner has written a brief and masterly introduction.

•

The politicians say they are on the side of the underdog—and who isn't? But what they refuse to admit is that some underdogs are deadbeats. Undeniably, they would not take a job and turn in a solid day's work if you hit them over the head with a club.—*Henry J. Taylor in the San Francisco Examiner.*

Not for a while, anyway.

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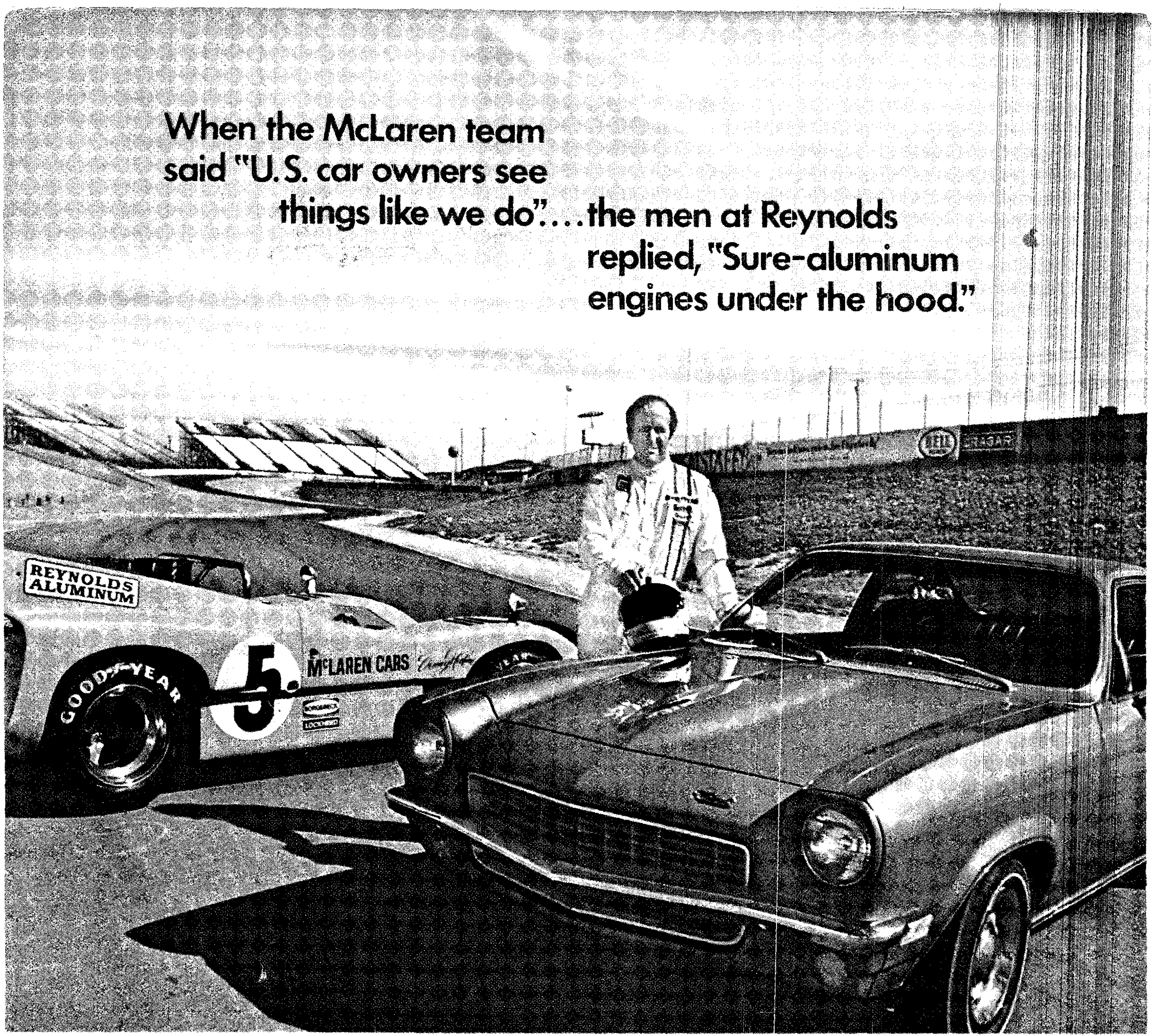
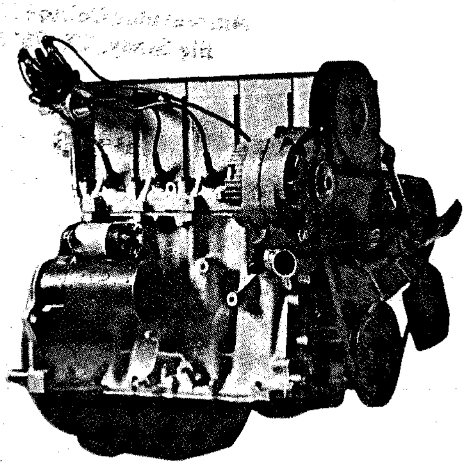


Denis Hulme of the 1970 Can-Am champion McLaren team, at Riverside, California, where the team won its 9th victory in 10 Can-Am races.



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